

THE HISTORY OF ROCK

1968

★
FROM THE
ARCHIVES OF
NME &
MELODY
MAKER
★

A MONTHLY TRIP
THROUGH MUSIC'S
GOLDEN YEARS
THIS ISSUE: 1968

STARRING...

THE WHO

*"I'm interested in the
progression of pop"*

THE BEATLES

ROLLING STONES

LED ZEPPELIN

FLEETWOOD MAC

CREAM

ARETHA FRANKLIN

THE DOORS

SLY & THE FAMILY STONE

BOB DYLAN

PLUS! PINK FLOYD | HENDRIX | JOHN PEEL | GEORGE BEST | TIM BUCKLEY

1968

MONTH BY MONTH



Welcome to 1968

AFTER 1967'S COLOURFUL revelations and occasionally grandiose musical experimentation, 1968 has its feet more firmly planted on the ground. The gurus and the hallucinogens of the past 12 months have imparted their knowledge, and the music world is now for the most part slightly more suspicious of whim and fancy.

No-one precisely says this is their plan (although Paul McCartney has been murmuring about “getting back” for a while), but there is a palpable swing away from the head trips of the studio and towards the heart: to early inspirations, live music. Later in the year, the double album released by The Beatles will contain strong flavours of blues and rock’n’roll, the year’s two principal revivals. Does this now mean The Beatles are taking a step backwards? As Ringo Starr philosophically remarks, “It’s not forwards or backwards. It’s just a step.”

Bob Dylan also sets an anomalous tempo, established early in the year with the bucolic minimalism of *John Wesley Harding*. Dylan’s continued absence from the promotional scene allows him to move with a freedom not permitted his British contemporaries, and his absence creates a vacuum that myth, and under-the-counter recordings, step in to fill. British groups like our cover stars The Who, meanwhile, grasp the opportunities of America. So effectively, in fact, that even The Beatles are thinking about playing live again.

The “underground”, with its light shows and flowery clothing, has for the most part dispersed – but still, new scenes are springing up from a reinvigorated, more informal live music circuit. With them comes a new generation of reporters, less immediately concerned with proximity to established stars, but with these new musical stirrings, and dedicated to seeking out the personalities behind them.

This is the world of *The History Of Rock*, a monthly magazine that reaps the benefits of their reporting for the reader decades later, one year at a time. In the pages of this fourth issue, dedicated to 1968, you will find verbatim articles from frontline staffers, compiled into long and illuminating reads. Missed one? You can find out how to rectify that on page 144.

What will still surprise the modern reader is the access to, and the sheer volume of, material supplied by the artists who have become the giants of popular culture. Now, a combination of wealth, fear and lifestyle would conspire to keep reporters at a rather greater length from the lives of musicians.

At this stage, though, representatives from *New Musical Express* and *Melody Maker* are where it matters. At a pub lock-in with Paul McCartney. On the set of *Performance*, awaiting the arrival of Mick Jagger. Discussing laxatives with Louis Armstrong in Batley, West Yorkshire.

Join them there. And, like Louis says: “Leave it all behind ya.”

1968

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JAGGER, SCOTT S
UNION GAP INTERVIEW
100 TOP NEWS • TREMS
SMALL FACES • JULIE DRISCOLL
NEW ALBUM



Jumpin' Jack Flash
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long-discussed opera, *Deaf, Dumb And Blind Boy*.

THE HISTORY OF ROCK

Time Inc. (UK) Ltd, 8th Floor, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark St, London SE1 0SU | **EDITOR** John Mulvey, whose favourite song from 1968 is *Panis Et Circensis* by Os Mutantes **DEPUTY EDITOR** John Robinson 1983... (A Merman I Should Turn To Be) by The Jimi Hendrix Experience **ART EDITOR** Lora Findlay Hung Up On A Dream by The Zombies **PRODUCTION EDITOR** Mike Johnson Afterglow by the Small Faces **ART DIRECTOR** Marc Jones Pictures Of Matchstick Men by Status Quo **DESIGNER** Stuart Jones Step Inside Love by Cilla Black **PICTURE EDITOR** Kimberly Kriete The Weight by The Band **COVER PHOTO** ©Art Kane Archive all rights reserved, photos available at Snap Galleries Ltd, London **THANKS TO** Helen Spivak, Anna Savva **MARKETING** Charlotte Treadaway **SUBSCRIPTIONS** Sonja Zeven **PUBLISHING DIRECTOR** Ed Beale **MANAGING DIRECTOR** Paul Williams **COVERS PRINTED BY** Polestar Wheatons **TEXT PRINTED BY** Polestar Chantry | WWW.UNCUT.CO.UK

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JANUARY—MARCH

**FEATURING THE WHO,
FLEETWOOD MAC,
SMALL FACES & MORE**

“They are expected to study for three months”

MELODY MAKER FEBRUARY 24 The Beatles announce a new single, then leave for an Indian retreat with the Maharishi.

THE BEATLES' NEW single "Lady Madonna", a Lennon-McCartney composition, will be released on March 15. The B-side will be "The Inner Light", written and sung by George Harrison. George's song has Indian instrumental accompaniment recorded under his supervision in Bombay last month when he was recording music for the film *Wonder Wall*. John and Paul contribute vocal harmony but are not instrumentally involved in this track. Both recordings were made within the last three weeks, but the group have not recorded any tracks for a new album.

The group have recorded two film clips for promotional TV spots. Paul McCartney and Ringo Starr, with Maureen, Ringo's wife, and Jane Asher, flew from London to India on Monday to join John Lennon and George Harrison and their wives at the Himalayan retreat of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. John and George are expected to study with the Maharishi for about three months, but Paul and Ringo will return before that. Former Beatles press officer and independent publicist in America Derek Taylor is to take charge of The Beatles' Apple Records, it was confirmed this week. But no date has been set for his takeover.

"The farther one travels..."
The Beatles at Maharishi
Mahesh Yogi's ashram
near Rishikesh in India,
February 1968: (on dais,
from left) Ringo and
Maureen Starkey, Jane
Asher, Paul McCartney,
George Harrison, Pattie
Boyd, Cynthia and John
Lennon, Beatles roadie
Mal Evans and Beach Boy
Mike Love



1968

JANUARY - MARCH

January 27, 1968:
Captain Beefheart
& The Magic Band at
the second Midem
music festival, Cannes:
(l-r) Jeff Cotton,
Jerry Handley, Don
Van Vliet, John French
and Alex St Claire



“We got high in the desert”

MM FEBRUARY 3 Introducing... Captain Beefheart & The Magic Band. “I was unhappy as a child,” says Beefheart. “Now I’m happy and growing.”

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART WAS sitting in the corner of his hotel room in London, running through a new song, as I entered. The Magic Band, Alex St Claire and Jeff Cotton playing acoustic guitars, and Jerry Handley plucking his bass guitar, were seated on beds working through the backing. When they finished, the Captain greeted me and told me the group hadn’t slept since their gig at the Middle Earth the night before. The Magic Band kept on playing and conversation with the Captain was carried on between songs.

“Frank Zappa and I were making a movie and decided to start a band,” he explained to my questions about the origins of the Magic Band. “But we didn’t. I went and started with Alex, and Frank started a band called the Mothers. We recorded a song, ‘Diddy Wah Diddy’, which was a turntable hit in the United States, then the turntable stopped turning and we stopped doing ‘Diddy Wah Diddy’ – and started realising that everything was nothing. We had a year of isolation in the desert and got ourselves together. We got high in the desert.”

“The numbers on the *Safe As Milk* album were written about 18 months ago and the album has been out in America for about 11 months. We found Bob Krasnow, who didn’t think our music was negative. He put out the record and it did OK in the United States.”

Conversation was broken by another song and then I asked the Captain about the blues influence in his music. “I was unhappy as a child – now I’m happy and growing. I like to talk, too. When I’m talking I’m practising my singing and when I’m singing I’m practising my talking. And when I’m walking I’m practising my stalking...”

The Captain and his Magic Band have appeared at the Avalon Ballroom and the

Fillmore Auditorium, San Francisco; “In fact, anywhere there are cars, man.”

He was impressed with London’s underground centre, Middle Earth. “It was one of the warmest audiences we’ve played to recently. When I came off the stage, I nearly broke my leg. I put my foot through the stage and I saw these two green eyes shining through the floor. It might have been a rat, but man, it was really avant garde.”

Pause for another song with words about “blue cheese lace, blue cheese lace” (he told me he had written two songs about England, one with Pete Anders of the Anders & Poncia duo, fellow Kama Sutra recording artists, who went travelling with the Magic Band. “The love imagery is fantastic. The castles, the bricks, everything is positive here – unless it’s made negative. But even after we’ve gone, we’ll still be here. I wrote a song with Pete Anders. I also wrote another one called ‘Fifth Dimensional Judy’. We physically love England,” added the Captain.

The Magic Band, meanwhile, were grooving along nicely and John French, their tall, mysterious drummer had come in and was beating tattoos on a case with drumsticks.

“We’re making a new album – it’s really far out,” continued the Captain. “I hope we don’t get in vogue.” The new Beefheart album is still being prepared but the cover has already been planned. The album itself will be titled “It Comes To You In A Plain Brown Wrapper” and the cover will appear to be a wrinkled brown paper envelope addressed to Captain

Beefheart & The Magic Band with the wording “5,000 Microgrammy Tubular Planet Estates, Glasdom”.

The stamp on the envelope will bear the heads of the Magic Band, engraved and superimposed on to old Spanish stamps. It will be a double album and the Captain would like to get it mixed in England. He then asked me was I going to ask him who he liked. “Alright,” I replied, “who do you like?”

Said the Captain, “I like Zappa, Ornette Coleman, Anders & Poncia and Penny Nicholls and dimes and quarters and Billy.” Before I could find out who Billy was, the Captain was away into another song with Pete Anders of

Anders & Poncia, songs unlimited, throwing lyric suggestions to the Captain. After that song, the Captain turned to me and said, “What I would like to say is, ‘Let the living live, and the dying die.’ That’s from one of our new songs, ‘You Gotta Trust Us’.

“Ma, I’d like to have sung that in front of the Immigration Bureau. Those customs people who were so stately. Yeah, it’s with a hyphen,” added the Captain leaning over my pad. It was at this point that Bob Krasnow, Beefheart’s record producer, entered to break up the session and get the Captain Beefheart Magic Band on the road for the Speakeasy. The Captain was saying something about sleep but went off instead to do another interview. Anders & Poncia picked up where the Magic Band left off and I walked into the cold, Sunday night, slightly dazed, slightly amazed. *Tony Wilson*



“What I would like to say is, ‘Let the living live, and the dying die’”

NME TOP 30

(Week ending Wednesday, March 27, 1968)

LAST WEEK	THIS WEEK			WEEKS IN CHART	HIGHEST POSITION
6	1	LADY MADONNA	Beatles (Parlophone)	2	1
3	2	DELILAH	Tom Jones (Decca)	5	2
1	3	CINDERELLA ROCKAFELLA	Esther and Abi Ofarim (Philips)	7	1
5	4	THE DOCK OF THE BAY	Otis Redding (Stax)	6	4
2	5	LEGEND OF XANADU	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)	7	2
11	6	WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD	Louis Armstrong (HMV)	7	6
15	7	CONGRATULATIONS	Cliff Richard (Columbia)	2	7
4	8	ROSIE	Don Partridge (Columbia)	7	3
7	9	JENNIFER JUNIPER	Danovan (Pye)	6	6
9	10	ME, THE PEACEFUL HEART	Lulu (Columbia)	5	9
16	11	STEP INSIDE, LOVE	Cilla Black (Parlophone)	3	11
14	12	IF I WERE A CARPENTER	Four Tops (Tamla Motown)	3	12
8	13	FIRE BRIGADE	Move (Regal-Zonophone)	8	3
12	14	SHE WEARS MY RING	Solomon King (Columbia)	11	3
18	15	LOVE IS BLUE	Paul Mauriat & His Orchestra (Philips)	5	15
10	16	GREEN TAMBOURINE	Lemon Pipers (Pye Int.)	7	9
	17	IF I ONLY HAD TIME	John Rowles (MCA)	1	17
13	18	DARLIN'	Beach Boys (Capitol)	11	11
19	19	GUITAR MAN	Elvis Presley (RCA-Victor)	6	18
	20	VALLERI	Monkees (RCA-Victor)	1	20
	21	CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU	Andy Williams (CBS)	1	21
	22	AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT A HOUSEPARTY	Show Stoppers (Beacon)	1	22
30	23	SIMON SAYS	1910 Fruitgum Co. (Pye Int.)	2	23
	23	CAPTAIN OF YOUR SHIP	Reparata & the Delrons (Bell)	1	23
24	25	AM I THAT EASY TO FORGET	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)	12	2
17	26	MIGHTY QUINN	Manfred Mann (Fontana)	11	1
26	27	VALLEY OF THE DOLLS	Dionne Warwick (Pye Int.)	3	26



"Whatever sounds best, we do": Status Quo in '68 - (l-r) John Coghlan, Rick Parfitt, Francis (Mike) Rossi, Alan Lancaster and Roy Lynes



"We stick to our own ideas"

MM FEB 10 Introducing... Status Quo, formerly The Traffic. "We had a bit of trouble with Stevie Winwood."

EVERY SO OFTEN a record suddenly appears in the chart without anybody seeming to know anything about it. Such is the case with Status Quo's "Pictures Of Matchstick Men", which made an unheralded entry into the Pop 30 last week.

The group - Rick Parfitt, guitar, 20, from Woking, Surrey; Alan Lancaster, 18-year-old guitarist from Peckham, London; Mike Rossi, lead guitar, 18, from Bromley, Kent; Roy Lynes, organ, 24, from Redhill, Surrey; and John Coghlan, 21, drummer, from Dulwich, London - have been together for four years.

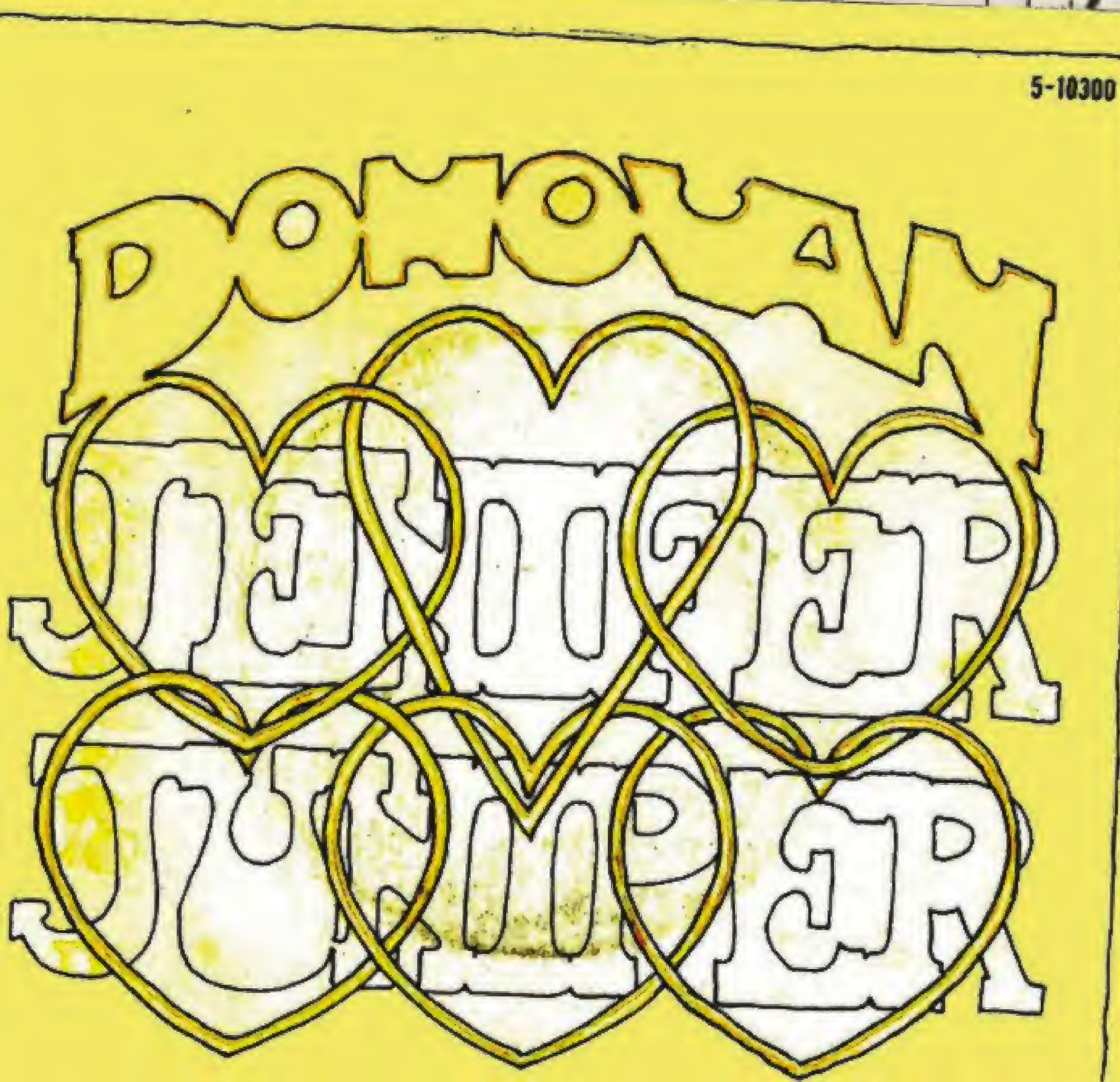
They used to be called "The Traffic" but, says Alan Lancaster, "We had a bit of trouble with Stevie Winwood over that. Before then we were known as The Spectres."

The group have recently been backing Madeline Bell, and in fact still are. "We'll stick with her for the next couple of weeks or so," says guitarist Rick Parfitt, "until our gigs booked with her are finished. It's great working with her, but of course we can't keep on with it. It's not good for us, but on the other hand we just can't leave her."

"We try to keep as original as possible. We don't like using other people's numbers," adds Alan. "We stick to our own ideas. We try to get a commercial sound. Just as long as the audience like it we don't mind. Whatever sounds best, we do."

With "Matchstick Men" beginning to move well now, the group are turning their thoughts to an album. "We've made arrangements for an album. As far as we can tell it's going to be called 'Picturesque Matchstickable Messages From The Status Quo'." »

REX FEATURES



1968

JANUARY - MARCH

Rock revival!

NME MARCH 9 Reissues. Live dates. Rock'n'roll is back!

TO SPEARHEAD ITS rock'n'roll revival campaign, MCA is reissuing four classic rock titles by Bill Haley and Buddy Holly - and it was announced this week that Bill Haley & The Comets will fly to Britain in the early spring for a promotional visit. Another chart star from the golden rock era, Duane Eddy, is returning to this country in April for radio, TV and club dates.

On March 22, MCA issues two former Bill Haley smash hits on one single, "Rock Around The Clock" and "Shake Rattle And Roll". Out the same day are two Buddy Holly evergreens, "Rave On" and "Peggy Sue".

Haley and the Comets arrive in Britain at the end of next month, and open at Hammersmith Odeon on April 30. Other dates already set include Hanley Place (May 2), Dunstable California (3), West Bromwich Carlton and Birmingham Town Hall (4) and Folkestone Tofts (5).

They appear on BBC's *Dee Time* on May 4 and play a week in cabaret at Batley Variety Club from May 19. Duane Eddy has been booked for ballroom and cabaret dates by promoter Laura Wallis. Following his British visit the guitarist will go on to Germany for further bookings. Eddy arrives in this country on April 22 for promotion on a new single - he is now signed to Reprise and will make radio and TV appearances before opening his tour at Pontypridd Municipal Hall on April 26... his 30th birthday.

GEORGE STROUD, GETTY



April 29, 1968: Bill Haley is greeted by British teddy boys and fans at London Airport

Stan Webb and Chicken Shack get down at Redcar Jazz Club in North-East England

"The scene is strong all over the country"

MM MAR 2 How to account for the British blues boom? "Record companies are realising blues is saleable. They sell better than pop."

WHY IS THERE a surge of enthusiasm for the blues in Britain? Why do thousands of fans idolise John Mayall and Peter Green? Why are new blues groups springing up every month?

"I've no idea at all, I really couldn't tell you." This is the reaction of a man closest to the core of the thriving British blues scene, Richard, one of the Brothers Vernon. Richard, aged 21, is promotion man for Blue Horizon, the independent label released by CBS which specialises in groups like Peter Green's Fleetwood Mac and the Chicken Shack. His brother Mike, aged 23, is an equally fervent blues enthusiast and produces the records of Mayall, Green and the Shack.

Their combined enthusiasm in convincing big record companies of the market for blues has brought forth a spate of big-selling albums, and increasing attention to a music scene once pooh-poohed or ignored by the critics - the British blues scene.

The British blues scene has peculiar roots. Men like Alexis Korner and Chris Barber laid the foundations of interest and development in the '50s. Later came what was known as the

R&B revival when groups like The Rolling Stones, Graham Bond Organisation, Manfred Mann, Yardbirds and Spencer Davis Group emerged. Today's top men in the field all have widely differing backgrounds. Tracing their past affiliations can be complicated - and fun.

For example, Eric Clapton came up with The Yardbirds, disappeared, returned to even bigger fame with Mayall, then formed the vastly popular Cream, which has even scored chart

success, something of a sin in the eyes of hardcore fans.

The other two members of Cream, Ginger Baker and Jack Bruce, both used to play together with Graham Bond's Organisation, and Jack has played with Mayall and Manfred Mann. Ex-Bond tenorist Dick Heckstall-Smith is now blowing with Mayall.

Dick also has a long history of jazz playing and still does the occasional solo club gig. "Today the scene is equally strong all over the country," he says. "In the large cities and towns, new blues groups seem to be continually starting up. The larger record companies are now tending to take blues seriously and are beginning to realise it is a saleable product; and, in fact, the albums sell more than a lot of pop stuff."

Ten Years After are the most controversial as they use distortion freak-outs



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JANUARY - MARCH 1968

➤ A new singer and guitarist has joined Pink Floyd, increasing their lineup to five. He is 21-year-old David Gilmour. A childhood friend of the Floyd's Syd Barrett and Roger Waters, Gilmour has rehearsed with the group for several weeks, and will now join them on their first European tour, which starts on February 18 and includes a performance at the First European International Pop Festival in Rome.
MM JAN 27

(slide guitar, piano), John McVie (bass) and Mick Fleetwood (drums). Their album is said to be selling over 1,000 a day.

After a stint with Jeff Beck (ex-Yardbirds), Aynsley Dunbar formed the Retaliation and is currently working with American singer Tim Rose. Aynsley is a friendly, enthusiastic Scot, hailed by the Marquee Club's John Gee as "a young Buddy Rich". Their lineup includes Victor Brox (vocals, organ, piano, harmonica and trumpet), John Morshead (lead guitar) and Alex Paris (bass). They have a single released called "Warning".

Fans are looking forward to the first LP by Chicken Shack, titled *Forty Blue Fingers, Freshly Packed And Ready To Serve*. They are unusual in having a girl with them, Christine Perfect on piano and vocals. The rest are Stan Webb (vocals, guitar), Andy Sylvester (bass) and Dave Ridwell (drums). Their first single was "It's OK With Me Baby".

Ten Years After, featuring Alvin Lee on guitar, are probably the most controversial because they move into a semi-jazz feel at times, as well as making use of feedback, and distortion freak-outs usually associated with the hipper pop groups. But their fans are equally fanatical and cheer to the echo of Alvin's lengthy workouts on "Help Me". They recently had their first album released and the lineup includes Ric Lee (drums) and Chick (no surname) on organ. Their first single is called "Portable People".

Savoy Brown Blues Band were formed a year ago and are well established on the club and college circuit. Their first LP was released in September last year on Decca and they have played in Denmark and toured with John Lee Hooker.

All these groups are hit by frequent personnel changes but the latest lineup consists of Chris Youlden (vocals, piano, and guitar), Kim Simmonds (lead guitar), Rivers Jobe (bass), Roger Earl (drums) and Dave Peverett (second guitar, vocals). Bob Hall is on piano when available.

Every week new names appear on the club circuit - Cliff Charles Blues, Sugar Momma Blues Band, Jethro Tull, Spirit Of John Morgan, Shakey Vic, Skye-Wine, Doctor K's, John Dummer and the Boiler House which features a 15-year-old guitar wonder, Danny Kirwan.

British blues bands are now being rated all over the Continent, especially in Holland and Denmark, and Mayall recently returned from a successful tour of America.

There is even a blues group operating in Helsinki, Finland, led by English singer Jim Pembroke, called the Blues Section. Once again British enthusiasm is reviving interest in an American music form. British players may not be able to fully express the emotions of the American black man that led to the original outburst of the blues, but they are keeping the tradition alive with a mixture of loyalty, dedication and ability. *Chris Welch*



The Vernons started producing blues records about two-and-a-half years ago, running from their home the legendary Purdah and Outasite labels on a mail order basis, releasing singles by Eric Clapton and John Mayall. The final result is Blue Horizon. "We tried a lot of companies to release the label before CBS. They were the only company prepared to give us an identity."

Biggest sellers of albums are the Mayall bands. Decca releases include *Blues Breakers*, featuring Clapton; *A Hard Road* with his replacement Peter Green; and *Crusade* with his replacement, Mick Taylor. Their latest is an exciting two-volume set of material taken from John's tape recordings made at clubs, concerts and ballrooms all over England, Ireland and Holland during October, November and December last year. It features the current lineup of Taylor (guitar), Chris Mercer (tenor and baritone), Keith Tillman (bass), Keef Hartley (drums) and John on organ, harp and vocals. It is probably the most consistent of all his bands.

In summer last year, Peter Green formed the Fleetwood Mac and recently had their first release on Horizon. Their lineup includes Peter (guitar, vocals and harp), Jeremy Spencer



➤ The Beatles have been asked to produce and write the music for Twiggy's first film. Twiggy asked the group if they would be interested in the venture and they are considering the production for their company Apple Films. Press officer Tony Barrow told the MM: "The boys were asked if they would consider producing Twiggy's film and doing the music, but nothing has been decided at present."
MM JAN 27

➤ Syd Barrett has left the Pink Floyd to concentrate on songwriting. His place in the group has been taken by guitarist David Gilmour. The new guitarist will be heard on the single "It Would Be So Nice", to be released on April 19. **MM APRIL 6**

British blues—the big build-up

BY CHRIS WELCH

Barber laid the foundations of interest and development in the '50s. Later came what was known as the R&B revival when groups like the Rolling Stones, Graham Bond Organisation, Manfred Mann, Yardbirds and Spencer Davis group emerged.

Today's top men in the field all have widely differing backgrounds. Tracing their past affiliations can be complicated—and fun.

For example, Eric Clapton came up with the Yardbirds, disappeared, returned to even bigger fame with Mayall, then formed the vastly popular Cream which has been scored

ing up. The larger record companies are now tending to take blues seriously and are beginning to realise it is a saleable product and, in fact, the albums sell more than a lot of pop stuff."

IDENTITY

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Their line-up includes Victor Brox (vocals, organ, piano, harmonica and trumpet), John Morshead (lead guitar) and Alex Paris (bass). They have a single released called "Warning".

semi-jazz feel at times, as well as making use of feedback and distortion freak-outs usually associated with the hipper pop groups.

But their fans are equally fanatical and cheer to the echo Alvin's lengthy workouts on "Help Me". They recently had their first album released and the line-up includes Ric Lee (drums), Leo Lyons (bass) and Chick (no surname) on organ.

Their first single is called "Portable People."

COLLEGE

vocals). Bob Hall is on piano "when available."

Every week new names appear on the club circuit - Cliff Charles Blues, Sugar Momma Blues Band, Jethro Tull, Spirit Of John Morgan, Shakey Vic, Skye-Wine, Doctor K's, John Dummer and the Boiler House which features a 15-year-old guitar wonder Danny Kirwan.

British blues bands are now being rated all over the Continent, especially in Holland and Denmark, and Mayall recently returned from a successful tour of America.

1968

JANUARY – MARCH



The Small Faces in the studio, 1968: (l-r) Ian McLagan, Ronnie Lane, Kenny Jones and Steve Marriott



Their high spirits have given the **SMALL FACES** a bad reputation, but also inspired a huge hit single, “Lazy Sunday”. Behind closed doors, experimental musical business is in progress. “It’s really something new, isn’t it?”

“Dirty, beer-swilling, ragamuffins”

— **NME** JANUARY 6 —

ONCE MORE UNTO Andrew Oldham’s inner sanctum off Oxford Street to interview his group – the Small Faces – and discuss the fate of “Tin Soldier” with songsmiths Steve Marriott and Ronnie Lane. It was just like old times when music, laughter and sarcasm were the hallmark of many a colourful interview with another well-known group that Andrew managed.

When I made my entrance (one cannot simply enter Andrew’s office as you walk through and onto a raised balcony) I was not totally prepared for the “Alice In Wonderland Tea Party” scene that unfolded before me – but then life is full of little surprises!

Gambolling about the office were two lanky Afghan hounds and a black-and-white collie of doubtful pedigree, apparently playing trains, while seated about the round table were Steve, Ronnie, Andrew and a journalist left over from a previous interview. He was apparently asleep and remained affixed to his chair throughout the interview. In beautiful green tumblers on the table was “Black Russian”, a delightful drink which will often affix a journalist to a chair. »

BRIAN MOODY/REX SHUTTERSTOCK

We played some nice discs like Aretha Franklin and a newcomer on Immediate records, Billy Nicholls, who sang a great song called “You Wouldn’t Believe” backed by the Small Faces. After joining the party, I provoked Ronnie into verbal activity.

“Your new record is not very progressive, is it?” I challenged.

“What?” grinned Ronnie. “I’m progressing very nicely, thank you. In fact I’m progressing out of this world. I’m progressing like a pig!”

Steve put on his “interviewed” face. “We wanted to make a record that was really us,” he said. “‘Tin Soldier’ is the real us and ‘Itchycoo Park’ is a really nice kind of send-up. Some of the kids were saying that we were not so wild as we used to be and we thought ‘yeah’ and came up with ‘Tin Soldier’. We can play this one live but we could never get the same effects on ‘Itchycoo’.”

“Yeah,” said Ronnie. “And we used to have a lot of trouble getting the RAF to send over jets at the right time on ‘Itchycoo Park’ to coincide with the recording!”

How did the Faces explain that strange, coloured single-sleeve where all their faces are deliberately blurred in the photo? Steve picked up a copy of it lying on the table and viewed it dispassionately. “We must have moved,” he said.

“Either that or the photographer had DTs,” added Ronnie.

The group are currently suffering from those misguided people who believe it’s their job to protect fellow mortals from making up their own minds about songs and human beings.

“There is one idiot out in America who got on the radio and warned all the stations not to play ‘Itchycoo Park’ because it was advocating the use of drugs and encouraging kids to stay away from school,” said Steve. “I can’t remember his name but he’s a kind of Irish Catholic Goldwater!”

“Most of those people have got rubber suits hanging in their wardrobes,” growled Ronnie. “They’ve all got their own dirty little scenes going on in their minds. They’re silly people.”

Were the boys concerned that some people were beginning to think of them as “the disappearing Small Faces” owing to their decision to do so few personal appearances?

“We still do a couple of gigs a week,” said Steve. “We’ve just cut out the ballroom scene. We’ve done all that. We have worked seven days a week for over 18 months. We need more time to produce good records. We don’t mind if they don’t make the charts as long as we have given our best to people. Anyway, we’ll be doing a tour in the spring!”

We played “Tin Soldier” in stereo and “the affixed journalist” awoke to murmur “beautiful” at the end of it and then went back to sleep. Next we played a Phil Spector record of Phil singing – made some years ago. Steve said he wanted to go to America if “Tin Soldier” followed “Itchycoo Park” into the American charts. Ronnie said he must catch a bus to Formentera and went home.

Steve said he thought The Herd would recover from “Paradise Lost” and not to take all the things he said too seriously. Don’t say Steve is mellowing too! *Keith Altham*

— NME JANUARY 27 —

“**T**HAT’S MY BODY you’re laughing at!” said Ronnie Lane indignantly, having removed his shirt to reveal a torso which could have given Charles Atlas a nasty turn. To other remarks about his freckled back from the Small Faces he retorted, “That’s a map of the stars, that is!”

The group were at their image-battering best while rehearsing for Southern TV’s *New Releases* in Southampton. Washing his hair in a sink in one corner of the room, Steve Marriott was also happily thinking pop star idols.

“It’s amazing that I should have to wash my hair like a real person really,” said Steve sarcastically. “Sometimes I even go to the toilet and that amazes me too! D’y’know, when I was born I was yellow all over – had jaundice. Must have given my old man the horrors.”

Perhaps the most refreshing thing about the Small Faces today is that they are not frightened to be themselves and any attempt to place them on a pedestal is derided by the group.

“We’ve been all through that phoney scene of being the ‘Four Little Mods’ for the public,” said Steve. “We’d turn up for a TV show and they

“We’ve been through that phoney scene, being the ‘four little mods’”

would say, ‘Where are all these trendy clothes you’re supposed to wear?’ We were just four ordinary ‘geezers’ having to pretend we were pop stars. Now we’ve stopped pretending anything.

“We recorded rubbish like ‘My Mind’s Eye’ because we knew it was commercial and it would sell. Now we can afford to do what we like. I feel sorry for groups like The Herd, who are capable of doing things much better than ‘Paradise Lost’, but they do it because they want to sell. No-one wants to own up, that’s all!

“There’s nothing worse than doing something you don’t dig or being something that you are not. Take today. We’re down here to back Pat [PP Arnold] on her record because we want to do it. In the old days they would probably have stopped us because it might look bad for our image. Well, to hell with that – we played on her backing track – we produced the disc and we like Pat. You don’t need any other reasons.”

A man from the makeup department called to instruct them to get made up for rehearsals. “Oh man, not for rehearsals,” pleaded Ronnie. “It brings me face out.”

There was a general strike by the other three in support of Ronnie’s face.

“If you don’t get made up you won’t do the show,” said the man politely.

“Yah boo,” said Mr Lane.

Finally, producer Mike Mansfield came down to reason with the rebels. They remained unmade-up for rehearsals but quickly cooperated for the final run-through. The Small Faces’ new single, “Tin Soldier”, has got off to a slow start but recovered momentum following Steve’s very “live” performances on TV recently.

“New TV shows like *New Releases* are a very good scene for us,” said Steve. “We needed to sell ‘Tin Soldier’ live – it’s a very visual record. But again it is a case of being able to generate excitement because we are excited by our song. It’s nice to be able to vent your feelings on something like ‘Tin Soldier’ – really let go. That *Top Of The Pops* where we were all on stage together with Pat dancing behind us was the seller. They set it up well and we could all get going together. Colin Chapman, who is their new producer, really seems to have the right ideas.”

At this point enter Mr McLagan, who was about to shave.

“Alright. Who’s going to lend me an electric shaver?” he demanded.

“Haven’t got one,” returned Ronnie.

“What about you, Steve?” asked Ian.

“Sorry,” said Steve.

“Oh well,” said Ian, unpacking his suitcase, “I’ll just have to use my own, then!” For this he was resoundingly beaten!

The Faces are all on their way to Australia for a tour this week and then to Japan.

“I can’t say I’m looking forward to the travelling,” said Steve. “I get more frightened each time I get on a plane, but it’ll be good to groove about onstage with The Who. When we come back we’re going to get the British scene going again. At least three gigs a week,” he promised. *Keith Altham*

— NME FEBRUARY 17 —

THE ABOVE HEADLINE [“Small Faces Sink Australia”] was sarcastically suggested by Ronnie Lane, who declared after the group’s recent trip down





On French TV show *Bouton Rouge* performing "Tin Soldier" with Immediate labelmate PP Arnold (broadcast March 2, 1968)

under, "They would even have accused us of that if it had happened while we were on tour!"

When a short-haired, meat-eating, brawny, bronzed, brash, "son of an Australian surf" meets a long-haired, vegetarian, small, pale "son of the British beat scene" on his home ground, you might expect the kangaroo fur to fly. The Small Faces found they had little in common with the male adult Aussie.

Press reports boomeranged back here about Steve Marriott offering to take on a hostile Sydney audience one at a time, and both The Who and the SFs being forcibly ejected from a plane for swilling beer and "behaving in such a manner as to constitute a risk to the aircraft".

Very competently conducting his own defence, Steve Marriott put the group's eye view at a recording session last week. "I'm sitting in the plane from Sydney to Melbourne reading a book and minding my own business," said Steve. "Suddenly out of nowhere this pilot leans over me and says, 'You're a scruffy little man.' Well, what do you do? I look up ever so politely and say, 'Go to hell!'"

"Apparently the trouble all began over a bottle of beer which Paul Jones' backing group—who were Australian anyway—had bought on board and were drinking. Because of this they refused to serve any of us with coffee and Paul exchanged a few words with the stewardess. He was insulted and provoked into retaliation.

"Well, I'm sorry, but you don't insult passengers and don't refuse to serve them coffee, especially if it's Pete Townshend, and expect no retaliation. That was why we were thrown off, but all those reports about 'beer-swilling pop groups' were down to one bottle between four Australians!"

Steve dealt with reports that he had insulted their audience in Sydney and threatened to "come among them".

"Let's get this straight," said Steve. "The kids were great—all of them. It was one guy in the front who was looking for trouble, calling me names and flicking things at me on stage. I just threatened to go down and sort him out. The place that we played in was a temporary building erected 'yonks' ago for a World Title boxing match and never taken down.

"Many of the kids only got a look at our backs because the revolving stage wouldn't revolve—naturally they were disappointed. We couldn't turn round because of our equipment and they never really saw us. I got 40 geezers to push the thing round in the second house and it wouldn't move.

"All our real trouble came from these adult males with big body complexes. In Melbourne there were about six of them waiting outside the hotel and Keith Moon was with me—he doesn't frighten easily. We started breathing hard through our noses and Keith asked if anyone wanted a kicking? No-one did and they ran off. But can you honestly believe that we went looking for trouble. I ask you—how could I afford to be hostile with my body?"

New Zealand, according to Steve, was much better and he found all the people far more relaxed and friendly. The Kiwis even suffered Steve's 21st birthday party in Wellington with stoic reserve, which is »

On sale Friday, week ending February 17, 1968

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

SMALL FACES SINK AUSTRALIA

It's the head-line the Faces are surprised they didn't see!

THE above head-line was sarcastically suggested by Ronnie Lane, who declared after the group's recent trip down under—"they would even have accused us of that if it had happened while we were on tour!"

When a short-haired, meat-eating, brawny, bronzed, brash, "son-of-an-Australian-surf" meets a long-haired, vegetarian, small...

By

Keith Altham



1968

JANUARY – MARCH

remarkable when one considers that Messrs Townshend and Moon obliged with one of their unique “smashing” party demonstrations and a certain chair went through a certain window.

I took a turn around the studio below, where Ronnie, Ian and Kenny were making music. Provisions had just arrived and Kenny kindly offered me a sausage – I declined.

“Quite right,” said Ronnie, a strict vegetarian now. “It’s like Pete Townshend says, ‘Eat the food of Satan and your stomach will be turned into a steaming, boiling pit!’” Kenny continued eating his sausage regardless.

Steve followed me down from the control room to play me a chorus of “Renee The Dockers’ Delight” – just a little something he had written on tour and Ian informed me that the group’s new war cry is “NUF DNANIS REEB.” If you spell those words backwards you get the message.

Ronnie decided that, having been in the studios since early morning, he must get some air and so I took him for a walk round the block. He was wearing his inevitable hand-painted Cuban-heel boots.

“Can’t get ‘em off,” explained the irrepressible Ron. He went on to talk about how valuable the overseas tour had been to them for getting together their stage numbers. But he denied the possibility of a tour here with The Love Affair. “Nothing against The Love Affair,” said Ron. “Good luck to ‘em but it’s not on – I think Tito Burns may be deputising for us!”

Back in the control room, I watched Steve at work producing, until a mysterious whine suddenly interrupted operations and Ian McLagan came into the control room with a lengthy explanation of some obscure technical difficulty. After listening patiently to Ian’s long story, Steve said, “Don’t worry it’s all in the cans!”

Ian looked blank for a minute and then smiled. “Nice!” he said and went back to the studios.

A remark by me about whether the Faces really played on their records was greeted with a grin by Steve. “You won’t believe this, but when I first started some years ago I remember a session guitarist turning up to play on our disc with a session tambourinist. ‘A SESSION TAMBOURINIST!’” he cried in despair and went back to making music with his friends.

Keith Altham

— NME APRIL 20 —

TO VISIT THE Thameside abode of Small Face Steve Marriott is something of an experience – to put it mildly! Come with me and you’ll see what I mean.

A clatter on the letterbox (the bell has ceased to function many fan pulls ago) produces a pack of assorted dogs, all barking joyously, and the tenant himself who gesticulates violently that I should go round to the front of the house as the back door has also ceased to function. Marriott’s home is something between a “Palace Of Delights” and “The House Of Horrors” at a funfair.

Once in the hallway I am assaulted by a bathroom door which suddenly opens of its own accord and smashes me in the face.

“It’s a mystery door,” explains Steve apologetically as his collie, alsatian and mongrel sniff about my kneecaps. “C’mon, the dogs,” urges Steve and we climb up the crooked staircase to the lounge above.

In the lounge, Steve’s sidekick Ronald “Plonk” Lane is strumming happily upon a guitar as I stroll nonchalantly into the middle of the room and crack my skull against a low-hanging oil lamp.

“Mind the low light,” says Plonk dreamily. I thank him. On one



June 15, 1968: Steve Marriott in rehearsals, two weeks after his marriage to model Jenny Ryland, Rod Stewart’s ex

wall is a huge mural of a Viking god with hammer and a large balloon drawn from his mouth reading – “Amazing gear!”

“Thor?” I ask intelligently.

“Thor,” says Steve mimickingly, “I’ll thay I’m thor I can hardly thit down!”

I sit on a chair and the arm comes away, so I move off and pick up a piano stool – the lid comes off that. I stand admiring books. The three dogs in the room have now been joined by two cats, namely an “Arfur” and a “Tibs” – Mrs Tibs has lately given birth to a beautiful batch of kittens and is magnanimously given to distributing her fluffy little bits of happiness about the immediate locale.

“Some geezer knocked at the door this morning holding one of Mrs Tibs’ offspring by the scruff of its neck,” said Steve. “He lives a couple of doors away. He holds it up like it’s not very nice and says, ‘I found this deposited on my bed this morning.’”

We sit to talk about the new single [“Lazy Sunday”]. Why did they choose this one? Steve decides to go into his Alf Garnett approach. “Cos it’s good, innit?” he bellows. “I mean, take yer Beatles like what make yer good records. So we fought we’d make a good record like, di’n’t we? Tell ‘im, Ron.”

“I agree wiv ‘im wholesomely!” says helpful Ron.

“And ‘es ejukated, ain’t ‘e?” emphasises Steve.

In a slightly more sane moment I discover that the special effects on the disc – birds singing, waves breaking on the shore, bells – are produced from a special sound effects album. Were the Small Faces concerned that they would not be able to reproduce the disc on stage?

“It’s not really the kind of record we want to play on stage,” said Steve.

“We managed to get away with ‘Itchycoo Park’ by using a tape recorder for phasing, but this is going to prove more difficult.

“The point is that it is a good record and that’s all that matters really. We’ll get round the live performance somehow.”

The group had recently returned from a tour of Sweden much sooner than they anticipated as the venues were not up to required standard.

“They were ‘khazies’, terrible ‘khazies’,” declared Steve. “If we wanted to play in places like that we could play in much better ‘khazies’ than that over here. And not only that but we were assured that ‘doubles’ we were playing would be a reasonable distance apart. Some of them were at least 200 miles apart. And I’m telling you that’s hard in a rowboat! And when we arrived at the places they’d like set the piano up in the audience. I mean – TURN IT UP! Who needs it?”

Are the Faces at all worried that this latest overseas disturbance, coupled with their Australian troubles, is going to give them a reputation as villains?



"As far as Australia was concerned we were a success," said Steve. "We've been asked back again. 'As far as the kids were concerned they loved us – as far as the papers were concerned we were dirty, beer-swilling, ragamuffins and if that's what people want to believe... well, I don't believe they will. We've been unfairly accused of being difficult because we have clauses written into our contract that state 'clean soap and towels to be provided by the management in the dressing rooms' – now really, is that asking too much?"

We continued talking about records and the Faces admitted they were having difficulty getting the recording studio they want to finish their LP.

"The place where we usually go is booked solid," said Ronnie. "These film people move in and take the place over for a cornflake ad for six months."

In spite of their enormous popularity, the Small Faces are finding it difficult to get just the right kind of tour together for England.

"We had a lot of trouble on the Roy Orbison tour," recalled Steve. "They thought we were too loud. I mean, I can understand it in a way – these poor old dears came in to hear Roy Orbison and after 12 bars of 'Shake' they run out – can't take it. The only time when we run into trouble is when we get a split audience like this."

"We are loud and some circuits have banned us because of it, but only from that Orbison tour. We did a tour with The Hollies which was great and a tour of our own which was great, because the audience were all kids and they understand. If we had done a tour with The Who no-one would have complained because we would have had the right audience."

Finally we all sat down and watched a coloured film on Steve's TV all about apples. Steve, having seen it before, stoically sat through it all again. Then we played "Lazy Sunday" on the stereo for the benefit of the neighbours. It is only a personal opinion, but mine is that this record is the best thing they have done and if it does not reach No 1 there ain't no justice! *Keith Altham*

— NME MAY 4 —

ONCE MORE UNTO the magic cave – better described as Andrew Oldham's emporium from whence all things Immediate happen – and the office where I was to meet the Small Faces. There was Steve "Face" hopping about the round table while puffing a fag and assuring me he was "rude as well", while Ronnie "Face" smiled impishly and told me how "Lazy Sunday" was "breaking big in Caracas!" There was Ian "Face" clutching his new copy of the Beach Boys single, and Ken "Face" who sat quietly in the background on a radiator, radiating!

Andrew lounged along his black leather sofa looking magnificent – like some eastern potentate – in black and gold embroidered silk robes. He fed some sounds in the stereo machine. The beautiful, blue-crystal goblets were produced and filled with sparkling liquid and then what one laughingly calls an interview began. More party-time than question-time, but who is complaining.

For half an hour they bombarded my senses with sounds from the completed side of their next album – and what an album it is. I am sworn to secrecy about the format but I can tell you that they have come up with a fantastic narrator to link the tracks and every track I heard was brimful of good fun, excitement and the kind of happy music that is driving some in desperation back to the simple, slaphappy sounds of Haley & His Comets. The boys themselves bounced happily about the room and seemed to take as much delight in my reactions to their songs as the music itself.

"We've got to complete the mixes on the other side yet," said Steve, "but we're chuffed with what we've done so far. It really is something new, isn't it?"

There was the inevitable copy of the *NME* on their table, open at Neil Smith's cartoon of Dave Dee.

"Gives me the 'orrors," said Steve. "I mean, it's very clever, but he must be..." and he started to shake!

Ronnie thought someone should do a cartoon of Neil and Ian ventured to suggest he would not like his dreams. By this time Kenny had done his famous disappearing trick and Ian explained that Kenny is the retiring kind. "If he gets bad vibes he just does a run-out," smiled Ian. "Kenny's really a happy Face. He just gets on with the drums and lets the rest of life run itself – rather like Bobby Elliot in The Hollies."

One by one the other Small Faces drifted out of the office and left me with Ian to interview – at my request – and Rufi, who is a not-so-distant relation of Seamus who is Stevie's dog. We talked of many things the "McLaghan" and I like – of Maurice of the Bee Gees, who is also a "happy

Face" who we both happen to like. Of Ian's desire to have money to go places in South America but no desire to be a millionaire. He is quite happy in his small pad with Rufi and Rusty, his cat. We talked of Steve, who never gets to bed, and Ronnie, who is always up "first thing". And Ibiza, the island where Ian hopes to go on holiday later this year. Finally we arrived at "Lazy Sunday".

"Yes, it'll be nice for all our mums and dads if it makes No 1," grinned Ian. "We're very happy that it is as high as it is, though."

"When we first cut the record everyone thought it was a laugh. Steve started singing it in the recording studio and began to laugh at the song. Then we all began laughing at it. It was really quite a straight song to begin with until Steve began chucking in 'inky pinky poos' for a giggle. When we finished it we all thought it was very funny. But we had no intention of releasing it."

"None of us wanted to release this record at first. Humour is such a strange thing. You never know whether other people will see it the same way and we felt that 'Tin Soldier' was much more the kind of thing we wanted to do. It was really the enthusiasm of people like Andrew and Tony, Michael d'Abo and yourself which won us round and we began to think, well maybe everyone

else will see it as a giggle too."

We talked of Martin Luther King and his tragic assassination. Ian felt that it was a disaster, but maybe now people were beginning to realise what a good man he was.

"Violence, and particularly race-violence, is something I've always detested," said Ian. "When those riots began not so long ago at the Chinese Embassy I rang up the Chinese Secretariat to try and reason with him. All I got was this guy screaming down the phone, 'British imperialists are killing Chinese people.'"

"I am not a violent person myself. The only time I can really remember losing my temper was in Glasgow when we were being torn to bits outside our hotel entrance by some fans and the doorman refused to let us in. I walked straight through the plate glass door, shattering it in all directions."

Ian is not a TV addict but was very impressed by the TV showing recently of the Tom Courtenay film *The Loneliness Of The Long Distance Runner*.

"That was the kind of film which explains the obstinacy of people like ourselves to bow before authority," said Ian. "Here was this guy in borstal, under almost the complete control of the governor, who had him trained like some pet horse to win the race. The runner defies him by the only way he is able to by coming in about 50 yards ahead and stopping to let the others pass him. The most precious thing of all is freedom, and no-one can make you their slave if you fight hard enough."

Along with a lot of others, Ian is looking forward to hearing and seeing The Comets and Bill Haley.

"Bring 'em all back," grins Steve. "Let's have Tommy Steele and 'Singing The Blues', and The Everly Brothers doing 'Wake Up Little Susie'. Sends shivers down my spine, it does! At least they knew how to have fun and enjoy their music."

So do the Small Faces! *Keith Altham* •



"It's a good record... We'll get round the live performance"

1968

JANUARY – MARCH



"Next stop is Canada... we're all homesick": The Who in the US, 1968 - (l-r) Roger Daltrey, Pete Townshend, Keith Moon and John Entwistle

ALAMY



“The English scene doesn’t compare with America”

Aggressive performances and the taxman are taking their toll on THE WHO. During a year of heavy US touring, Pete Townshend and Roger Daltrey try to keep strong links with home, and check in to discuss LSD, San Franciscan vibes, “the race scene” and the difficulty in procuring a Fair Isle sweater. “Things do tend to get out of perspective,” Townshend admits.

1968

JANUARY - MARCH

— NME MARCH 16 —

PETE TOWNSHEND WRITES: "After our last visit to San Francisco, just before the Monterey Pop Festival last year in the summer, we were all left with an impression of really good social relations between the town's straight and not-so-straight residents. They had the friendliest police force, the country's best pop promoter – Bill Graham – aware audiences, good groups, Haight-Ashbury, Chinatown, and lots of other things to combine to give San Francisco a great atmosphere. We felt at ease and happy there.

"Today things are different. At the airport we were approached by several young people – not hippies and not fans. They were asking for 'spare change' and looked as if they needed some. Unfortunately we were completely broke and just had to explain to one guy why we didn't carry any money, but it seemed he didn't really care. He certainly wasn't well enough to open his eyes wide enough to know we were who we were.

"In Haight-Ashbury now this is a common occurrence. Lots of kids live solely by begging; for many, times are hard. If the summer's dropouts want to drop back in, they must drop in via Vietnam. The Fillmore Auditorium, however, and its big sister, Winterland, are very much the same. The audiences seem younger, but then the last time we played was the hippy summer, with hippies of all ages coming from all over the States to SF.

"The audience there is always friendly and the sound is the best in the world for rock'n'roll. Bill Graham, the man who runs both venues, has installed over \$35,000 worth of microphone system. It's fantastic and it wouldn't happen in Britain. Nobody could make that much as easily as he can. He's a brilliant man and works hard to make sure the shows he puts on are the best in the States.

"Despite the general decline in atmosphere, SF is still the centre for the States' hippies. There are rumours that many will spend this summer in Vancouver, Canada. We hear that Vancouver isn't too pleased at the thought. Although flower power wasn't condemned quite as smartly as it was in England, it's dead now.

"If there's anything the American man in the street hates, it's happiness that isn't paid for, or earned. Pop music in this area is as good as ever. We realise that most English record buyers haven't cottoned on to West Coast groups yet, but we think they soon will. Country Joe & The Fish are easily the least contrived group from the USA, and there are countless numbers of equally refreshing groups with guitar frontlines that could break in England. The Buffalo Springfield, the Moby Grape, The Association are all capable of consistently good records and personal appearances.

"Jimi Hendrix, the Cream, the Bee Gees, Traffic, The Nice, John Mayall (and ourselves) have all played successful shows on the West Coast. On most of our shows in SF we played alongside Cannonball Adderley and his band. He was well received by the rock-hungry audience and so encouraged, played brilliant sets. His pianist, Joe Zawinul, was fantastic, playing the kind of music which comes from somewhere inside, possible for anyone to like. Despite their talent for R&B, I don't think it could happen outside of a discotheque in England, but who knows until it's tried?

"In England our music came first. Here our music comes second, similar to the way The Move made it in England as guitar monsters! Our albums are well liked here, though, and our singles sell well now. I'll be happy to see the day when some of the energy that goes into a Who 'finale' goes into something useful like quarrying or demolition."

— NME MARCH 23 —

PETE TOWNSHEND WRITES: "After San Francisco we went directly to Vancouver in Canada. The trip was made by coach and took three days. The bus, however, is one we hire ourselves and is fitted with beds and all modern conveniences – like beer and Scotch and comics and numerous back copies of *Playboy* to help us while away the hours.

GETTY

"Luckily heaven and Kit Lambert [Who co-manager] intervened and arranged a week's press and recording work in Los Angeles. We have lots of friends in LA and heard that the Cream, Animals and Richie Havens were playing at various nightspots in town. Unfortunately, we proved to be so busy that there was little time to get to see any of them. We made vague contact via friends. I did bump into Vic Briggs of The Animals at Richie's press opening at the Troubadour Club (I was too late to see Richie play). Keith also bumped into him at the Whiskey A Go Go, but that's another story!

"When in Los Angeles we normally stay at the Beverly Hills Hilton Hotel. This time, owing to reduced finances (Decca Records were footing the bill), we stayed somewhere more modest. Lucky for Decca! Last time we stayed at the Hilton the bill was \$1,500 for a few days. Pop goes the weasel!

"Our first job was to finish our latest record, 'Call Me Lightning'. We recorded a trial tape in England and finished it in Gold Star recording studios in Hollywood. They have an echo chamber there which must be the cleanest, deepest sounding in the world – like the Grand Canyon or something. It has been used by Phil Spector on many of his productions. Most of the Righteous Brothers hits, 'River Deep, Mountain High' and much early Chiffons work is recognisable for its deep, resounding reverberation.

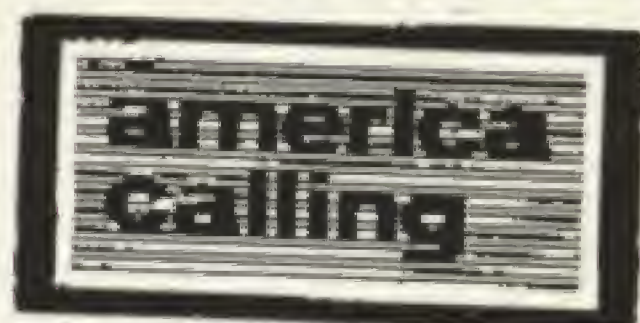
"Jim Hilton is our engineer there, and he's extremely helpful and good-tempered. A lot has been said about the different merits of British and American studios, but as we record more and more it becomes clear that a lot depends on the engineer. Glyn Johns, for example, who engineers Small Faces hits, achieves a characteristic 'tight' sound wherever he works. The Bee Gees, ourselves and many other groups are engineered by Damon [Lyon-Shaw] at IBC Studios.

"Our second recording project in Los Angeles was the recording of a song called 'Little Billy'. This is a jingle, similar to 'Odorono' on our last album. It is planned for use by the American Cancer Society on US radio stations. The song dissuades youngsters from taking up smoking. Americans will hear a lot of it because the American government has granted the society as much air time to dissuade people from smoking cigarettes as there is time to persuade them to buy them. If it does well it could be released on a future album or single.

"In order to amuse ourselves and get our 'boats' on celluloid into the bargain we decided to make a funny film. It was meant to be something like the plug we did for 'Happy Jack', everyone playing robbers. We found an old deserted warehouse in Hollywood and overcame resistance from the officious watchman by putting money in his hand. It looked very much like the factory used in the closing scenes of *The Ipcress File*. Subsequently



PETE TOWNSHEND WRITES FROM HOLLYWOOD



They have an echo chamber there which must be the cleanest, deepest sounding in the world – like the Grand Canyon or something.



It still uses the old freight lift, and chandeliers hang from the girdered ceiling. Despite this it is homely and typically Hollywood in every way. A far cry from Traffic's cottage in the country.

Traffic's latest album delighted all us Whos, and we were disappointed when Dave Mason left to go solo. However, we hope to see him back soon.



our funny film turned out rather macabre. The director was a brilliant young man who recently made a much-praised short film for Jimi Hendrix. He really deserves all the plugs he can get. Unfortunately I've forgotten his name.

"Next on the menu was Decca Records' press reception for us at the lush, expensive, fabulous, overwhelming Beverly Hills Hilton. Decca never let us forget it.

"Next door to us was another absurd get-together. A party of 'Shriners' were celebrating something (they are similar to England's Freemasons) and were all wearing little red turbans. As we walked through, one of them said, 'Keep America beautiful – cut your hair.' We suggested America would benefit in beauty if they took off their stupid hats. Oh dear. Trouble. Actually, after a few hours they were very much like anyone else. Drunk.

"Our reception was a success. If only for the fact that all The Who arrived! Our Stateside publicist Henry Rogers took us to the Factory. It really is an amazing discotheque. It was, as the name implies, a factory. It's huge inside, covering over the size of an average British dancehall. It still uses the old freight lift, and chandeliers hang from the girded ceiling. Despite this it is homely and typically Hollywood in every way. A far cry from Traffic's cottage in the country. Traffic's latest album delighted all us Whos, and we were disappointed when Dave Mason left to go solo. However, we just heard his latest release and, with any luck, it will be a big hit for him.

"Traffic's new single also is a sensation. If it gets to the top five, I'll take back everything I said about England's young marrieds. Our road manager, Plum, must be their greatest fan, and spends most of his spare time with their equipment man, Albert. A horrific pair!

"It's become clear that a lot depends on the engineer"

"The last thing we did in LA before we left for Canada was to visit music's greatest fans, B Mitchell Reed and Ed Mitchell, at their new underground radio station, KROQ-FM in Pasadena. We were amazed to find that the studio really is underground – under a church, in fact. The atmosphere in the studio was fantastic, progressive pop, rock'n'roll and blues pouring out over LA. John Cage records even! B Mitchell wasn't expecting us, but all the same he stopped the show to give us an airing.

"Unfortunately, LA's powerful police force is out to crush the hippy movement in that area.

They have already closed down many great clubs and there are rumours that one of the finest, Whiskey A Go Go, is soon to go.

"Next stop is Canada. The whole of March and some of April has yet to pass and we are all homesick." *Pete Townshend*

— MELODY MAKER MAY 4 —

A TYPICAL WHO SOUND blasted in stereo from a battery of speakers – screaming guitar, vocals, bass and drums. But Roger Daltrey, John Entwistle and Keith Moon were not involved. The "group" was all Pete Townshend.

Pete's songwriting for The Who is a complicated business of getting words down on tape with the aid of a guitar, then building up four- and eight-track recordings in the studio at his home in Victoria, London. Pete once had a fabulous flat in Wardour Street, Soho, complete with recording equipment, drums, organ, guitars, mammoth hi-fi set up, massive record collection and a giant rubber plant. Most of it has been transferred to his new home, and it was there Pete played me a tape of »

GETTY

a song called “Now I’m A Farmer”, which even the rest of The Who hadn’t heard. It is a song from Pete’s project, the long-awaited Townshend Opera, which he has been working on in different forms, on and off, for a couple of years. Heavy commitments in America have held him up, and also Pete was disappointed at the image of pop opera created by Keith West’s “Teenage Opera”.

Pete, tall, angular and energetic, dressed in blue jeans, a dinner jacket and Fair Isle pullover, ready for an open-air drink at his local. “Ooh – Pete Townshend has got Paul McCartney’s pullover,” sniffed Pete, loading himself up with tissue paper to hold a spring cold in check. “I tried like mad to get this. It was the only one in the shop, but they wouldn’t let me take it. When I got home, there it was! My girlfriend had bought it for me.”

In the pub he fought the usual battle for service, then launched into an amazing conversational marathon full of startling ideas and wild enthusiasm. How did he enjoy The Who’s first performance in England for many months at London’s Marquee Club last week?

“I enjoyed the Marquee very much. For the first few minutes I was very scared the whole thing was going to go wrong. But the audience was lovely. Although we have played there hundreds of times, it seemed strange to play such a small place after the States. In some places 50,000 turn out for us at huge stadiums. And they really turn out in those numbers for pop in Canada and America.

“Those flop tours over here recently were a drag. I don’t think the ‘names’ were very well balanced. Last year’s English tours were great, and I really thought we were getting the young kids back into pop. At the Marquee, we weren’t particularly together because we hadn’t actually played since we got back from the States. We didn’t do any special act because we tried all those things at the Saville last year and they always make me feel uncomfortable.

“I smashed up two guitars at the end of the show, because one I was using had recently been repaired and broke as I came onstage, so I played another one I use for recording. At the end I thought, ‘What the hell,’ and smashed them both. Sure – I lost money, and the amps, which were borrowed, will cost about £20 each to repair. The Gibson Stereo cost £200. I can’t put it down on tax because when I say I use 70 guitars a year, they don’t believe me. They put it down as part exchange.

“We make a profit, but it is a disaster for us to go touring America, because we never make any bread. Other groups do, I suppose. We make our money on recording. I enjoy going to America very much. It’s changing – for the better. The war has taken the sting out of their aggressiveness.

“They’re scared of war and they are beginning to respect the views of the young because of their persistence. Just think – the billion dollars a day spent by America on the war in Vietnam would keep every Vietnamese in two cars and a TV set.

“As for the race scene here... Jamaicans are such nice friendly people; I’m sure the English don’t really hate them as much as they insist they do. The world is a melting pot and the sooner we are all a bronzed brown colour the better. Half-castes are much better looking than pure-breds,



April 23, 1968: at his flat in Ebury Street, London, Townshend prepares for the evening’s gig



“I like writing for The Who, but I can’t do that on tour”

who are the most disgusting, despicable characters of all. Eventually race will be non-existent, but by then the interplanetary races will be coming over here and we’ll get the whole thing over again. Would you let your daughter marry a Venusian? ‘But mother, we’re in love!’ ‘I don’t care, I’m not letting you marry one of those spon.’”

How are The Who changing, and what are Pete’s plans for the future? “I like writing for The Who, but I can’t do that when we’re away on long tours. The group sound is changing –

probably getting more sophisticated. We’re conscious now of sound balance, and we do play quiet numbers. You can hear the vocals now, which you couldn’t a couple of years ago.

“I’m working on an opera, which I did once before, and I am thinking of calling it ‘The Amazing Journey’. I’ve completed some of it, and I’d like to put it on an LP. The theme is about a deaf, dumb and blind boy who has dreams and sees himself as the ruler of the cosmos.

“I’d like to call it ‘Journey Into Space’, but there might be problems because of the old radio show. I love pop, and so much can be done through a pop medium. Pop is today. I don’t think about yesterday’s pop – although to make a terrible admission, I like Cliff Richard and always have done for years and years.

“Basically, I’m interested in the progression of pop, and I don’t think it’s as exciting at the moment as it should be... And I’m not saying that because we haven’t got a record in the chart.” *Chris Welch*

— MELODY MAKER JUNE 15 —

IT LOOKS AS though we may be getting a full Pete Townshend opera as a Who LP. "Pete has written most of it and it may run up to two hours," Roger Daltrey told the *MM* this week. "We will probably do it on a complete album and it is more than likely we might do live performances as well."

"Actually, Pete has been writing these operas for some time and a lot of our hits have come from them. 'I'm a Boy' was from an opera he wrote about living in the year 2000 when there is a machine that helps you select the sex of your baby. That song was about a woman who couldn't believe that the machine had made a mistake and she's got a boy instead of a girl. 'Happy Jack' was from another opera he did. I don't think it will be our next LP. We will probably have to get one out fairly quickly, and that means it will be just a set of different songs. When we come back from our next American tour we will really get down to the opera thing."

But the main thing on The Who's collective mind at the moment is their new single, another Townshend original, about a greyhound, called 'Dogs'. "Why have we been so long between singles?" Roger echoed my question. "Mainly because we didn't have anything worth recording. We've been touring so much there hasn't been time to get it together, and we feel it isn't worth doing a single unless you have something worth releasing."

The group is off to the States for a new tour on June 26 and seem to be looking forward to it. "Last time there were tensions," agreed Roger. "You have to tour for at least six weeks over there. The first three weeks pays for fares and all the expenses. The fourth week pays for your road managers, the fifth pays for your manager. The sixth is profit for us. In our sixth week Martin Luther King got shot. There was no business, and we came back with nothing."

"And please don't think we've forgotten about Britain. We all love working here, but what is the point with the tax we pay? It's stupid. We pay 18s 3d in the pound, so it's hardly worth working. At the moment we are doing two gigs a week, mainly at universities."

Roger doesn't agree that, musically, it's all happening in the States now. "The Mothers Of Invention and Moby Grape are marvellous," he said. "But the rest are a lot of rubbish. It's time somebody told the truth about the American scene. Really, most of their groups really don't know where it's at. Their material is good. They have this environment which seems great for writing songs. But the groups themselves are nothing on stage. Part of the trouble may be that people don't take groups seriously over there."

"We naturally want to keep moving. Like our stage act—we've been doing roughly the same act for a year now. It's so tight; it's fantastic for people to watch. But we want to change it because we want to do something different." *Bob Dawbarn*

— MELODY MAKER SEPTEMBER 21 —

THE STATES ARE where The Who now have their biggest hits, most fan fever, and excitement. Pete Townshend, Keith Moon, Roger Daltrey and John Entwistle flew back last week for a holiday before offering their wares to the home market. "Magic Bus", due for release on September 27, is an exciting reversal to The Who's old sound, although Pete prefers to call it a completion of full circle.

There is a heavy Bo Diddley beat, some screaming guitars, and insistent, chanting chorus. Simple but tremendously effective, and high in the American Hot 100. But how far will the "Bus" ride as new groups and a new generation of fans move in? Over lunch, Pete talked—as lucidly and as honestly as ever—about the group, TV, radio, America, and the perennial topic of drugs.

"The English scene for us, unfortunately, doesn't compare with America. I don't think our old fans will care for that statement and new pop fans won't care at all. But the States offers us more money, fans and excitement. When The Who started off here the business was much more exciting, there were more good TV shows and radio was better. Pop was a new, exciting industry."

"For us, reaching a stage of planing off, just getting No 9 records, and interviews on BBC2, the States becomes a more exciting place. We've



been getting the adoration of the masses once again and it has helped us to extend out life's work. A couple of years ago, I didn't figure we would last this long and I didn't think pop would last as long as it has."

"I hate Radio One, it's basically a 'light' music station, except on Sundays when it gets a bit more interesting. I'd sooner listen to the Home Service

with *The Archers*—seriously. And the drama is getting better. I really like radio plays. They're much better than all that rubbish on Radio One."

How does Pete feel about "Magic Bus"? "In the States everyone says it sounds like 'My Generation' and that we are reverting to our old style. But we have just gone full circle, or looped the loop. We like to play it on stage because the rhythms are ones we play well. It cheers us up and gives us a kick in the pants. It's an old song, written at the time of 'Generation', and it was recorded by an American group called The Pudding in 1966. It flopped."

"I don't think we will get the legendary No 1 hit, though. We've never had a proper No 1 hit in England. 'I Can See For Miles' was a potential No 1. I hope 'Bus' will do very well, but I'm not really too bothered because we start working on our next album soon and we are very keen and excited."

What are The Who's future plans? "Our biggest project will be the album, apart from the single, of course. We start work on September 22 and we'll have it out on September 24. Well, we want it out before Christmas. We'll be doing the operatic thing we have been talking about for so long. We all like working and we're going to do some university dates during the recording period."

"We've also got another single in the bag that hasn't been written by the group. We've worked so hard on the album and touring the States that we have had to be less proud and do somebody else's song. We did a 'live' album at the Fillmore, recorded by the same people, who did the Cream. But it came out pretty badly. We're not as

good as them. We jump about too much, which people expect from us on stage, and you can't play so well trying to be windmills."

The conversation moved onto the continually agonising subject of drugs, which has now moved out of the realms of glib talk about expanding minds and into the realities of 11-year-olds turning on.

"Among most of my friends there is a strong movement against drugs of all types. There is a guy called Dr Alan Cohen who lectures at the Arts Lab and could explain it better than me. He is against drugs, not only for the physical reasons but because they are an impediment to spiritual advancement. Human beings have the highest consciousness in the universe and some drugs can give extra enlightenment. But the person who takes LSD every day for six months for entertainment is really avoiding the gift of LSD."

"The best way to enjoy life is by not being selfish and just saying, 'I'm Pete, I want to get the most out of life.' You should enjoy it by selflessness and doing your job properly and giving benefit to other people. Before I took LSD I tried to imagine what it would be like, and when I did it was as big as I expected and blew my head off."

"So if I could imagine what it would be like, what is the point of taking it? All drugs do is strengthen the illusion of what you see around you. If you see a piece of orange peel lying on the pavement, it's stupid to try and see it as anything other than a piece of orange peel. Things do tend to get out of perspective." *Chris Welch* •

"All drugs do
is strengthen
the illusion of
what you see"

MM. EXCLUSIVE

Bus ride
back to
Pop 30
for Who

THE STATES are where the Who now have their biggest hits, most fan fever, and excitement. Pete Townshend, Keith Moon, Roger Daltrey and John Entwistle

“We play what we like”

Who is the real voice of the blues? A new London band, **FLEETWOOD MAC**, may have some answers.

Their leader Peter Green is no purist, but walks it like he talks it. “If I was playing what Cream are playing,” he says, “I wouldn’t call it blues...”

— MELODY MAKER MARCH 16 —

AMONG BRITAIN’S YOUNG blues fans, Eric Clapton was once hailed as a god, then discarded when he left John Mayall’s Bluesbreakers for the Cream. Taking his place in their affections was Peter Green, a 21-year-old from Bethnal Green, hailed as the true voice of the blues guitar and symbol of dedication.

Peter left Mayall to form his own group, the Fleetwood Mac, and it may come as something of a shock to his fans to learn that he is not a raving blues purist and started life as a rocker.

“The group has been very successful since we formed it last August. There is a big interest in blues in Britain, although not what I call real blues, more progressive stuff from Jimi Hendrix and the Cream. But it’s definitely spreading. There are only two places in the whole country where we don’t go down – a couple of dead universities.”

“John Mayall has been the spearhead in reviving interest in blues. He’s really done a lot for it. I’ve been playing blues guitar for about three years, and before that I was playing bass. When I left John, I didn’t want to form a group. I wanted to go to Chicago, but it was difficult to be sure of being safe and I ended up dropping the idea. I was happy doing nothing, but Mike Vernon said, “Why not?” and he talked me into it.”

Peter has been featuring rock’n’roll a lot in his act. What did he think of the current revival?

“I’m a bit chocked about it. I hope people don’t think we’re doing it because of the revival! »

GETTY



Peter Green, whose emulation of BB King contrasts strongly with the Elmore James-style slide guitar of bandmate Jeremy Spencer

1968

APRIL – JUNE

I was first interested in rock'n'roll and Bill Haley when I was 10 years old. It has a big place in my musical heritage. I had a picture of Haley on my bedroom wall. We're all big rock fans in the group. We started out doing 'At The Hop' as a joke, then we did 'Ready, Teddy' and 'Lucille' and we really enjoyed them.

"A lot of so-called blues purists are against us doing it, but I don't care what they think. We play what we like – we're not just playing for purists. I'm not a blues purist. I don't know every record ever made, or their numbers, and I'm not interested in talking about the blues all night. I just play blues – and rock'n'roll." *Chris Welch*

— NME MARCH 23 —

FOR A GROUP challenging John Mayall's dominance of the blues LP market, Fleetwood Mac are full of surprises. They thumb their noses at the blues purist; admit frankly that what they seek is commercial success; and to those who scoff and accuse them of copying the irreplaceable American blues maestros they answer openly, "Sure we do. And why not?"

But like most British bluesmen, the four Macs are decided anti-stars who, in the words of their handouts, dress for comfort rather than effect. Take the group's soft-spoken 19-year-old guitarist Jeremy Spencer (and I use the word "take" figuratively, because there are certain places you couldn't take him. The Savoy and the Ritz, for instance!)

However, in the Soho coffee bar where we met, he blended well with the surroundings. The midget-sized Jerry – 5ft 4in in his socks – was sitting on a stool, munching sardine-and-cucumber rolls and waiting for fellow Mac guitarist Peter Green, who never did arrive.

Jerry's choice is clothing for comfort rather than effect: white plimsolls, blue denim jeans, a cord Levi's jacket and a black duffel coat. To add to the image, Jerry rolls his own cigarettes and has a mop of black curly hair that doesn't know where to draw the line, spilling as it does down the sides of his face and meeting haphazardly under his chin in an undecided beard.

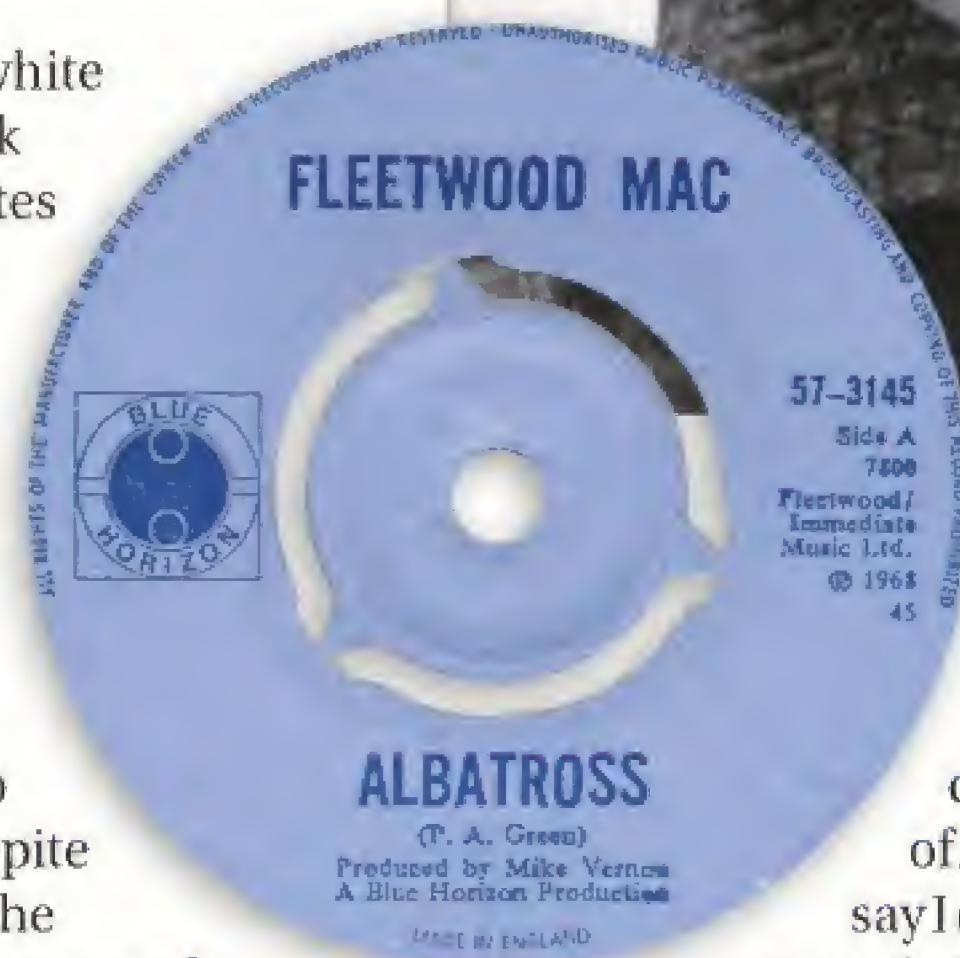
So much for appearance; now for the facts. Fleetwood Mac, for the uninitiated, are four highly talented blues musicians whose first LP, *Peter Green's Fleetwood Mac*, is doing very nicely in the *NME* album chart. Individually they are: Peter Green, lead guitarist from East Putney, who replaced Eric Clapton in John Mayall's Bluesbreakers. Despite the title of the LP, he would like it known that the name of the group is simply Fleetwood Mac. Peter, says Jerry, is a down-to-earth type, plays guitar with no frills, is the leader of the group, is heavily influenced by BB King and can make a guitar sing.

Bass guitarist John McVie, also a former Bluesbreaker, is from Ealing and, says Jerry, is the Bill Wyman type and likes wine, women and song. On drums is another former Bluesbreaker, Mick Fleetwood, the giant of the group at 6ft 4in tall. He comes from Salisbury, lives on the Edgware Road and is very tall and very funny. Finally, there's Jerry himself, who plays "bottleneck" guitar after the style of his idol, the late Elmore James, although he states that the piano is really his instrument.

Though it seems they have been around much longer, Fleetwood Mac was formed only last August and played their first date at the Windsor Festival. Since then they have accumulated a large and loyal following from dates all over the country. Besides the blues, the group's stage act also includes a generous sprinkling of rock'n'roll (a group feature long before the rock revival) and Jerry also throws in some hilarious impressions of, among others, Cliff Richard, Elvis, Alexis Korner and sundry other stereotype characters.

"Rock'n'roll isn't far from the blues," says Jerry, "and vice versa – the blues isn't far from rock." Probably they like their audiences to stand and listen to them, I asked. "No," says Jerry, "we like them to listen to the slow ones but to have a rave to the fast ones."

Then probably they resent pop fans in an audience. "People who like us are the young girls who may not know the first thing about the blues – we have gone down well with crowds where John Mayall would have died. We don't like the purist element, who won't take music for what it is worth, its face value."



They want to start analysing the music and take it to pieces. Young girls and young audiences are more open-minded, less analytical."

What about allegations from the purists who claim that British blues will always be a weak copy of American blues. "People may say we copy. They say I copy Elmore James. I agree, but why shouldn't I? He to me is the greatest. I've got every record he ever made at home. Sure we copy the style, but we think we add something to it."

I noticed he was wearing a badge on his lapel proclaiming "Believe I'll Dust My Blues", which Elmore James fans will know is a line from one of his songs.

Because of the differing styles of their lead guitarists – Peter with his BB King leanings and Jerry with his Elmore James influences – the Mac are able to offer a varied act on stage. It seemed puzzling to me, however, that two guitarists of such conflicting styles should have come together in the same group, particularly as Jerry said that often when Peter is playing he stands down and vice versa when Jerry is doing his style. "We just got together because we both admired each other's style," he explained. "When we started out we wanted to play more sort of down-to-earth blues and also sweet melodic blues. We didn't want to play to a brick wall."

I interpreted the last remark as meaning that they wanted chart success. "Yes, that's right," said Jerry. "That is what we hoped would come along." The group's manager, Clifford Davis, offered the news that the LP was rising higher in the charts and that it was even outselling Bob Dylan's *John Wesley Harding*.

"Outselling Dylan!" exclaimed Jerry in surprise. And he fell into silence to contemplate the thought, muttering, "No, no."

Singles success has so far eluded the group, because they have put only one release out, their version of the Elmore James classic "Believe My Time Ain't Long".

"Did you read the reviews it got in -----?" he asked. I answered, naturally, that I read nothing other than the *NME* (a lie, of course). "It was ridiculous," Jerry continued undaunted. "They started taking it to pieces and analysing it. Now your paper and some others had good reviews. They accepted it as just another record for the pop market, which it was."

Clifford Davis interposed and suggested that the group had the appeal of an early Rolling Stones. I asked Jerry if he agreed. He said he did from





Three former Bluesbreakers and an ex-member of The Levi Set: Fleetwood Mac—(l-r) Mick Fleetwood, Peter Green, Jeremy Spencer and John McVie—on June 17, 1968

the point of view of image. "We do have a 'couldn't care less' attitude on stage and we joke around with the audience a lot. We are very casual and there is more contact with the crowd. But if we did get big we would stay as we are. I am sure if the Stones had stuck to what they were doing they would be much bigger now."

A new single from the group is due out on March 29. Titled "Black Magic Woman", it was written by Peter Green. Jerry describes it as commercialised blues. "It won't be a hit," said the ever honest Jerry.

"I think it will because of the large number of fans who are buying the album," countered Clifford.

"No it won't," Jerry retorted. The issue descended into a good-natured argument.

With the matter still unresolved, Jerry added, "I didn't play on it, you know!" I stood back and waited for revelations of session men and ghosting. But the explanation was more simple.

"Peter wrote it and it is in his style, not mine. But the other side is mine, another Elmore James thing. 'The Sun is Shining', I play on that. But you should hear the one we have planned to follow that. It is something like Buddy Holly or Tommy Roe. 'It's got a sort of 'Sheila' beat about it."

As I said, Fleetwood Mac are full of surprises. *Nick Logan*

— MELODY MAKER JUNE 29 —

"WE WANT PEOPLE to have a good time," says Peter Green, leader of the Fleetwood Mac, whose album, *Fleetwood Mac* on the specialist Blues Horizon label, is currently doing well in the album chart. "That's why we play a few rock'n'roll numbers. It would be nice if everybody let themselves go—but they don't," adds Peter, who with the group flew off to their first United States tour last week. Peter was having a dig at the more dedicated blues fans who stand and listen with all the solemnity of a funeral gathering.

Warming to the subject, Peter says, "We don't care about fans. We care about people and we want to make them laugh and cry. In fact we find it

"If you haven't got the blues, you can't play or sing blues"

better to play to girls because they are not worried if you are going to play fast or slow or whether there is going to be a drum solo or a bass solo. I think that girls are more emotional."

Emotion is an important factor in listening to, and playing, blues, thinks Peter. "Blues are blues. It doesn't matter if it's by Duster Bennett or BB King, it's emotional," he says. "If someone is singing a sad blues and it doesn't get through, forget it. But that's in the case of slow blues, and you can't play slow blues all night or the audience will go to sleep. We usually play one fast one and then one slow one, because this is what the band wants to do. We don't want the audience to just sit and listen."

A few weeks ago Long John Baldry accused British blues bands of being boring. Long John's opinion was not met with sympathy by Peter. "Anyway, Long John Baldry, in my eyes, is not a blues singer but a jazz singer. I've never heard him tell his story in anything he has sung, and as far as I am concerned he's no blues singer," comments Peter.

Turning to other bands on the blues scene, Peter says, "Most of them are lifting straight from Americans. There are three groups and singers who knock me out. Duster Bennett is one—he is great. He makes up his songs as he goes along. He may take someone else's song and the first couple of lines may be from the original version, but the rest is all his."

"In the past I've sung other people's songs," admits Peter, "but now I sing all my own songs on stage and the next album will be all our own songs. I used to play a lot of BB King numbers and people said that I sounded just like him. I think he is the one I sound most like."

Who were the other musicians that Peter rated? "Danny Kirwan," replies Peter. "He is really good, and Danny plays all his own material. The only other guitarist I like is John Moreshead with 'Aynsley Dunbar'."

Another point which Peter Green feels strongly about is the definition of what is blues and what is not blues. "If I was playing what the Cream or Jimi Hendrix are playing, I wouldn't call it blues," says Peter. "There is such a sick thing about what is blues and there's all this talk about

progressive blues. The blues, really, is having the blues. It is something you have and if you haven't got the blues about anything, you cannot play or sing blues, forget it. Some people think that it is just a way of playing guitar, but it isn't."

One of the first requirements for a good blues singer, says Peter, is sensitivity. "You've got to be sensitive like Duster Bennett, who sings about worldly things, but most blues are about women. About nine out of ten blues are about women and not about being black."

Had Peter noticed any changes in his style of playing since he first started? "Well, I've always played what I played on the *Hard Road* album with Mayall and what I play on my own LP. It's me," replies Peter. "I've become a lot more competent and I'm playing with less notes to express myself now, although I have an occasional night when I have to have a rave."

The American black man gave the world of music the blues as a musical form. Would Peter like to play to an all-black audience?

"I would like to," says Peter, "but at the moment it's so violent there, you have to be known anyway. We will be playing in New York and Detroit and I hope there that the audiences will be mixed."

Tony Wilson •

EMOTION!

"We want people to have a good time," says Peter Green, leader of the Fleetwood Mac whose album, "Fleetwood Mac" on the specialist Blues Horizon label, is currently doing well in the album chart.

THAT'S THE BLUES SECRET

on the page of slow blues and you can't play slow blues all night or the audience will go to sleep. just like him, I think he is the one I sound most like. Who were the other musicians that Peter rated? "Danny Kirwan," replies Peter. "He is really good, and Danny plays all his own material. The only other guitarist I like is John Moreshead with 'Aynsley Dunbar'."

1968

JANUARY - MARCH



September 18, 1968: Radio One DJ John Peel, scourge of "mediocre showbusiness performers", at New Zealand House in London after being named Britain's top DJ in a Melody Maker poll

"This is so beautiful. I must listen"

MM MARCH 30. John Peel reviews the singles, among other things. "I was supposed to meet Tolkien the other day..."

SINGLES

Fleetwood Mac Black Magic Woman (BLUE HORIZON)

Have you got any Tyrannosaurus Rex records? You can take that off - I know it by heart! Everything Blue Horizon do is good. I'm glad Peter Green's LP is doing well and it's great to release a single, because it gives me the opportunity to play him, but sales-

wise it won't mean much. Peter has one of the best five groups in the country, along with The Nice, Pink Floyd and John Mayall. They're very human on stage and their music is very exciting. They were doing rock'n'roll before the revival, which I think is a bit of a drag, incidentally. You can't recapture an era. When The New Vaudeville Band did "Winchester Cathedral", nobody started

a Noel Coward revival. I was so choked and disillusioned by the Beatles record; I could live without hearing it again, whereas I have to hear 'Walrus' regularly otherwise I have withdrawal pains.



are on another planet. I used to rig the chart like hell in California and get their records in. Captain Beefheart was up at No 4 when he had sold not very many records.

Tim Buckley Wings (ELEKTRA)

An Elektra record - that'll be good. Another song I know by heart. Tim Buckley - a work of art. Very sad people don't hear records like this. If you listen to Tim Buckley

Roger Whittaker Talk To The Animals (COLUMBIA)

Oh, take it off, it's Rex Harrison, or somebody trying to sound like him. That's awful, take it off! That's just a job, he's not involved in what he's doing. I first heard this by Sammy Davis Jr, who's so uncool. I thought at

first, "What a nice idea, talking to the animals." But really, the way these mediocre showbusiness performers are lionised. Did you see Tessie O'Shea on *The Eamonn Andrews Show*? It would be good to have communication with the animals, though; I could go home to my

JOHN PEEL

singles out the new singles



With a seemingly drab voice that disguises a wealth of poetic thoughts and images, John Peel has broken completely free from the stereotyped "be nice to everyone" pattern of disc jockeys. Although his favorite adjective may be "nice," he is only concerned propagating the music he believes in, and to hell the rest. After experience in American radio, came to fame in Britain with programmes like *Garden on Radio London*, mixing poetry withgressive pop. He managed to sneak into Radio One the pirates were swept away and his Sunday *Top Gear*, is regarded as a bastion of hip sound world of relentless commerciality.

HARPER'S BIZARRE: "Cotton Candy Sandman" (Warner Bros.).

You've got me here. The voices sound as if they have been speeded up. Nice start, but they are a bit like an American Her-

really the way these ocre showbusiness formers are lionised. Did you see O'Shea on the *Eamonn Andrews Show*? It w are to have com tion with animals. I could go home to hamster, Biscuit, "What sort of you have?" I'm terrified Wa or someone would of Lord Of The was supposed to been at a rece





new hamster, Biscuit, and say, "What sort of day did you have?" I'm terrified Walt Disney or someone will get hold of *Lord Of The Rings*. I was supposed to meet Tolkien at a reception the other day, but I was thrown out. I'm sure there are elves about – but not in Kilburn.

Roy Harper *Life Goes By* (CBS)
Take it off. That's Roy Harper. I don't like it as much as the other things he's done, although I suppose it's more commercial. People keep saying he's England's Bob Dylan, which is a drag because he's England's Roy Harper. There are some beautiful things on his LP. He must have had a hang-up life because it comes out in his music. There are some very bizarre things in his songs. He empties himself in front of you. I'd sooner see him in the chart than the turgid people who seem to have suffered pre-natal death.

Procol Harum *Quite Rightly So* (REGAL ZONOPHONE)
This is Procol Harum. I haven't heard this one. You can take it off. Everyone will say it's not similar to the others and be too afraid to say that it is. It is. I like it, but it won't do as well as "Homburg", which didn't do as well as "A Whiter Shade Of Pale", which is a shame. When I met them, they were definitely stars, which is sad because the fellow can write some surrealist words and the guitarist is good. I'm always very suspicious of groups that suddenly arrive with a bang and all dynamic promotion people. The quicker

they come, the quicker they go. It's better to sweat it out for a few years and have 10,000 kids behind you rather than one dynamic promotion man. Look at The Beatles. They went through some really gross times, and they have made their mark, I think you could say.

Harper's Bizarre *Cotton Candy Sandman* (WARNER BROS)
You've got me here. The voices sound as if they have been speeded up. Nice start, but they are a bit like an American Herman's Hermits – a bit twee. Not exciting enough to have last thoughts on. I hate to put records down, but that's a bit bland.

Leonard Cohen *Suzanne* (CBS)
Oh wow, this is Leonard Cohen. This is so beautiful. I must listen. The world should be flooded with this, so we could all float away. This fills you up with summer. Leonard Cohen is a poet. It's so good that he can sing as well – a very spare and simple voice. No embellishments. All poets should record. I see Tolkien has an LP of things from *Lord Of The Rings* with music by Donald Swann. It's good because it's crossing the barriers – like Donovan. You can buy a person in a cellophane packet and they live for you on the turntable.



“Simplified, unelectric”

MM FEBRUARY 3 The verdict on John Wesley Harding: “Dylan’s voice has changed.”

BOB DYLAN MADE his first public appearance since his motorcycle smash in August 1966 at the Woody Guthrie memorial concert last week. It was in the same month as his accident that CBS issued his last album, *Blonde On Blonde*, in Britain. Since the issue of that album – nothing. We were reminded of former efforts with *Bob Dylan's Golden Hits* but nothing new has been issued. This month sees the release of his first LP since 1966. Titled *John Wesley Harding*, it has been out in America for about a month but a copy found its way to the MM offices.

The title track opens Side 1 and is an outlaw ballad very much in the folk vein, as is the second number, “As I Went Out One Morning”, although drums and bass prevent them sliding back into the folk bag completely. “I Dreamed I Saw St Augustine”, “All Along The Watch Tower” and “The Ballad Of Frankie Lee And Judas Priest” are more like the pre-crash Dylan of two or three years ago, with the lyrics becoming somewhat more complex. “Ballad” has the familiar Dylan spoken narrative. “Drifter’s Escape”, the story of a hobo’s get-away during what seems to be an act of God, namely a thunderbolt of sorts, is clever storytelling.

The second side opens with “Dear Landlord” with a strong beat backing and a hint of blues carrying the song along. “I Am A Lonesome Hobo” is quieter and early Dylan in feeling. “I Pity The Poor Immigrant”, with half its tune taken from the traditional British song “Come All Ye Tramps And Hawkers”, completes a set of three songs that comment on human situations and social predicaments.

“The Wicked Messenger” has much more of the deep imagery and meaning of the *Bringing It All Back Home* era, but the last two tracks are particularly interesting. “Down Along The Cove” is a straight 12-bar blues and “I’ll Be Your Baby Tonight”, with steel-guitar backing, is definitely country & western in flavour.

Dylan’s voice has changed. Gone are the rough edges, replaced by a slightly strained but smoother vocal sound, possibly a result of his accident, but still recognisable as Dylan. It seems that he has backtracked and the record,

despite its new songs, is an appraisal of what he has written in the past applied to what he is writing now.

The new Dylan album is interesting and intriguing, but because of the variety of song-types and styles, gives no definite indication as to where he may go next – if he does go anywhere. The beat-group backing is replaced by a simple bass-and-drums rhythm section with occasional addition of a second guitar and harmonica playing. The new Dylan is simplified, unelectric and still one of the best songwriters of the decade.

Dylan’s album will be released by CBS in Britain on February 23. *Tony Wilson*



ALBUMS
REVIEW
1968

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NEED ANY BACK ISSUES?
SEE PAGE 144

Readers' letters

MM JAN-MAR Raves and rants about... Jimi Hendrix, John Peel and The Beatles.

VICTORIA CROSS

Thanks to the disastrous Who-Small Faces-Paul Jones tour, I don't think there is anyone left in Australia willing to promote a show with British acts. Just how masochistic is British pop?

ED NIMMERVOLL, Mordialloc, Victoria, Australia (MM Feb 17)

Who leader PETE TOWNSHEND writes: If Australia thinks it's getting off that easily it's wrong. More, yes many more, masochistic, unwashed English beetroots are on the way to name but one. Air hostesses and anyone that knows all the verses of "Waltzing Matilda" had better hold their noses.

Before we know it, we'll be back in the land of opportunity and Foster's lovely lager. No thanks to the humiliation we went through last time. In fact, the promoters have already asked us back. In fact, the Prime Minister himself. In fact, the whole police force of New Zealand would be glad to see us again! Yes? In New Zealand every policeman is your drinking partner. In Australia every hostess is partly drinking.

There, there Australia. If we can bind our wounds, you can bind yours. See you soon. **(MM March 2)**

DJ APPEALS AND APPALS

If Martin Brooks (MM February 10) thinks DJs are repetitious, why pick on John Peel when Jimmy Young says nothing but, "Hello, who's that I'm speaking to?" Peel must be the most original DJ and if it wasn't for him we would hear very few nice records by Chicken Shack and Fleetwood Mac.

PAT LEE, London, N7 (MM Feb 24)

I'm sick of hearing John Peel and other DJs making derogatory remarks about pop and the musical taste of the British people. It's time they realised their opinions are in the minority, and they shouldn't resort to downright rudeness to try and prove otherwise. Pop fans prefer discs with a good rock'n'roll beat or the sentimental appeal of big ballads.

There's no such a thing as "progressive" music - it's just a term used by inverted snobs who want to think themselves way ahead of the "common herd". So long live Amen Corner, Dave Dee, Tremeloes, Engelbert and all the

unpretentious artists who give the public what they want.

MISS LIN SHOREY, St John's, Worcester (MM Feb 24)

PET SOUNDS OFF

WHAT on earth is Petula Clark talking about (MM January 6)? Jimi Hendrix a hoax? Rubbish! Jimi isn't aiming at the over-30 age group, but just ask some kids who have been to his shows. No, Petula, Jimi isn't for you - but for teenagers he is the most exciting act in the country.

M HAMM, Yeovil, Somerset (MM Jan 20)



Although the appalling Petula Clark [above] nauseates me in her condemnation of Hendrix, I realise she is entitled to her own opinions, however misguided they may be. However, I object to her reference to the "general public", not liking Hendrix. The "general public" she refers to are the over-30 record buyers. It is by pandering to this audience that Petula and her cohorts, Engelbert Humperdinck and Des O'Connor, earn a steady income.

Jimi is a genuine musician who appeals to teenagers who don't buy so many records nowadays. Because of this we have to put up with Petula Clark shows on TV. But that's the way it goes folks.

ERIC CRIMMINS, Cleveley Avenue, London (MM Jan 20)

Viva Petula Clark. At last someone in the pop world has the audacity to express their true feelings about Jimi Hendrix, king of this new weird "music". I have seen both artists and there is no doubt in my mind who is better.

JOHN AUTREY, Ealing, London (MM Jan 20)

Petula Clark's comments regarding Jimi Hendrix being

a "hoax" were timely. But saying, "If he can get away with it, good luck to him," is most irresponsible, as it reveals an attitude all too prevalent on the pop scene today, which is responsible for many "hoaxes" perpetrated on the long-suffering pop fan.

Hendrix has been compared with the Cream, but really there is no comparison, for the Cream are talented musicians, songwriters and singers who really are progressive. If more people like Pet would speak up, I'm sure untalented people would be deterred from inflicting themselves on the pop scene.

CHARLES BRUCE, East Kilbride, Glasgow (MM Jan 20)

FABS FLICK FURORE

The biggest disappointment of 1967 was certainly The Beatles' *Magical Mystery Tour*. After the publicity build-up, The Beatles proved they cannot write, direct or edit their own films. They are masters of songwriting and record producing, but should leave film production to experts.

BAVIN COOK, Style Film Productions, Bexleyheath, Kent (MM Jan 6)



BRIT PARADE

Reader Tony North (Mailbag, December 23) is too hard on

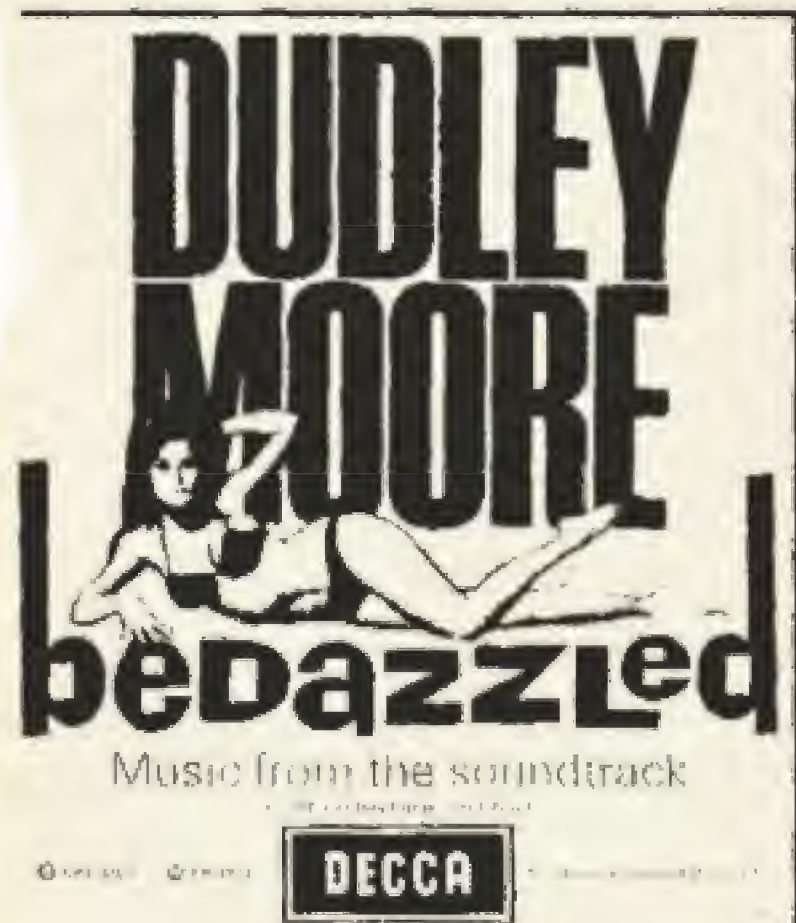
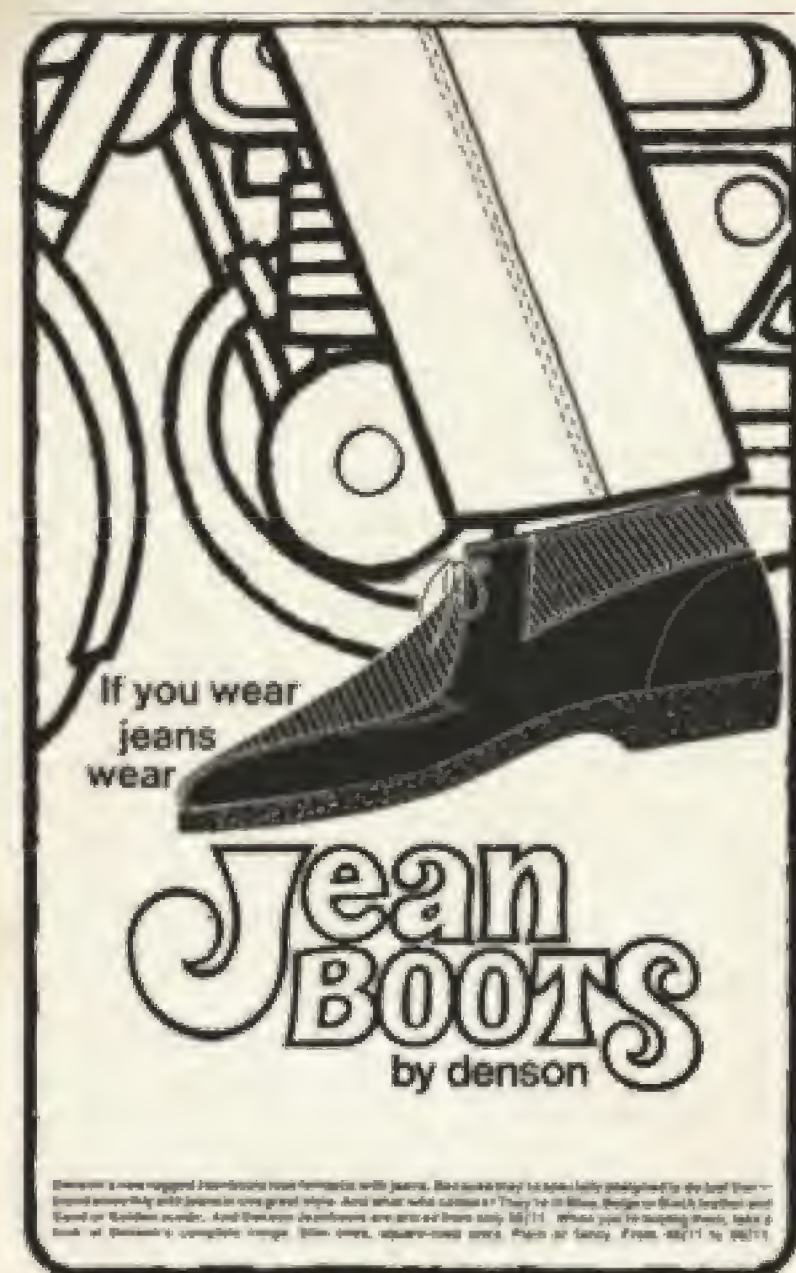
the English groups. While not arguing the excellence of Love and Doors, there are many equally good groups here, like the Pink Floyd, Family, Soft Machine, Nice, Blossom Toes and Tyrannosaurus Rex, to name but a few. They may not have the professional sound of American groups, but are still worth a listen.

M TAYLOR, Sanderstead, Surrey (MM Jan 6)

HAVE A 'G', PLEASE, BOB

WHY is the spelling on the new Bob Dylan album *John Wesley Harding*? In fact, it should be "Hardin" without a G. He was a Texas gunfighter who killed his first man in his early teens. He is reputed to have killed over 40 men. After a long term in prison he was shot in the back of the head while playing dice with a bartender.

J HARBY, Sleaford, Lincs (MM Feb 10)
A CBS spokesman says: The Texas outlaw had no final G to his name, but Bob Dylan decided to put one on.



melody Maker

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1968

APRIL — JUNE

BOB DYLAN, THE CREAM, THE BEATLES, ARETHA FRANKLIN & MORE



Tim Buckley in Germany, September 1968. Earlier in the year, an appearance with The Incredible String Band at the Royal Festival Hall and solo at London's Speakeasy and Middle Earth have gone down well

GETTY

“You have to be open...”

MELODY MAKER **APRIL 13**

Introducing... Tim Buckley. In the UK via LA, the Mothers and Elektra. “I’m constantly writing,” he says. “The main thing is the music.”

TIM BUCKLEY IS slightly built, and a mass of brown curls wreath his head. He is a quiet, rather serious person but is quick to smile when something appeals to his sense of humour. At 21 he is one of the best of the contemporary singer-songwriters to emerge in recent years, as his two albums, *Tim Buckley* and *Goodbye And Hello* prove. Call him a poet and he denies being such. “Poetry is poetry and songs are songs,” says Tim, currently on tour in Britain. “I know poets who write things I could never write. I’m originally from New York, then my folks moved to the West Coast because all the work was there.”

Tim started his musical career playing country music, teaching himself first banjo, then guitar. “I learnt to play for a country band,” says Tim. “I played with them for a couple of years, then I started getting into my own thing.”

Tim first came to light when he was working clubs with Larry Beckett, whose poetry he set to music, and bass player Jim Fielder. At a club called It’s Boss he met Mothers of Invention drummer Jim Black, who introduced him to the Mothers’ manager, Herb Cohen. Herb booked Tim into New York’s Night Owl cafe, and there he was heard by Elektra Records chief Jac Holzman in August 1966, and two months later Tim’s first album was released. Critics acclaimed it, and from thereon in Tim began to work the big clubs and festivals throughout America.

It was while appearing at the Cafe Au Go Go in Greenwich Village that the late Brian Epstein went to hear Tim on the recommendation of Beatle George Harrison.

In June 1967, Buckley cut his second Elektra album, *Goodbye And Hello*, from which a single, “Wings”, has just been released in Britain. Though Tim denies being a poet, there is a poetic feeling about his songs.

He points to no particular influences, saying, “I listen to what other people are doing, but »

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I have never been a chameleon. Of course you learn from other writers and you learn from everything around you. I don't learn anything from pop—I'm not saying that to be careful, I mean it. One person I have learned from is Eric Clapton. We just sat and played guitar together.

"But there is a vast difference between what happens on stage and on an album. Some people have more time to sit and write. It depends on how much time I have. I write on stage. If you are playing three sets a night for three weeks, then you have to have new things. A different city suggests different ideas. But you have to be open or you don't really communicate with people. You have to keep up with people in order to communicate."

Has Tim's music changed much? "It's not for me to judge," he replies. "I'm living too close to it. It's a transition. I have to be ruthless and say what is happening. I'm not sentimental over old songs. I'm constantly writing. The main thing is the music."

Tim was worried at the start of his visit as to what he should sing and what the reaction would be. Judging by his appearance on the recent Incredible String Band concert at the Royal Festival Hall and London's Speakeasy club, it has been good.

"I'm writing things now that are unbelievably simple, very commonplace. I guess you would call them clichés, but they are clichés to the point of how you say them," he says.

Tim Buckley is concerned only with his music. He dresses casually, simply. Perhaps the story he related about his appearance on the Monkees show sums it up. He had been writing with Monkee Mike Nesmith in Texas before Mike had become a Monkee.

"They asked me to sing on the show. I went along and there was Mike in his mohair suit, and I turned up in working shirt and trousers. Mike said, 'Hey, you're still wearing the same old clothes.' I replied, 'Yes, and I'm still singing my own songs.'" *Tony Wilson*

"Don't call me a poet" says Tim Buckley

Careful with that axe: the Pink Floyd go from four-piece to five-piece and back to four again (from left, Rick Wright, David Gilmour, Roger Waters, Nick Mason)



"A whole scene has gone"

MM MAY 18 Minus Syd, the Pink Floyd propose an adventurous way ahead.

FIFTEEN MONTHS AGO, the Pink Floyd, with their own avant-garde electronic music and somewhat less sophisticated light show, heralded the short-lived era of love-ins, be-ins and cash-ins. Today, with two reasonably successful records, "Arnold Layne" and "See Emily Play", behind them and their new single, "It Would Be So Nice", out now, the Floyd are working harder than they have ever done. But the singles market is one that the Pink Floyd don't place too high a value on.

"It is possible on an LP to do exactly what we want to do. The last single, 'Apples And Oranges', we had to hustle a bit," says drummer Nick Mason. "It was commercial but we could only do it in two sessions. We prefer to take a longer time."

"Live bookings seem to depend on whether or not you have a record in the Top 10," Roger Waters states. "I don't like 'It Would Be So Nice'. I don't like the song or the way it's sung. Singles releases have something to do with our scene, but they are not overwhelmingly essential. On LPs we can produce our best at any given time."

"Singles are a funny scene. Some people are prepared to be persuaded into anything," says Nick. "I suppose it depends on if you want to be a mammoth star or not."

The Pink Floyd have seen changes in themselves and in their material and Nick thinks that in the past year their ability and technique has "improved vastly—which makes a difference".

"A whole scene has gone," continues Roger Waters, who plays bass. "Light shows have gone well out of fashion, but if people still like them there must be something in it."

The Pink Floyd are innovators and they have ideas that go beyond the normal accepted boundaries set by the economics of the pop world. They are very much concerned with the visual aspects of presenting music.

Roger had the idea of a circus, in a big tent, which would use human acts, such as jugglers and escapologists, and groups like themselves, the Cream and Jimi Hendrix. An exciting imaginative project squashed by those who held the purse strings. Now the Floyd have approached the public body of the Arts Council for a grant in the region of £5,000 to finance another project combining a number of the arts.

Says Roger, "It would be a story, using other groups, written as a saga, like *The Iliad*, so that it doesn't just become a pop show with someone walking on and introducing groups. I don't want any of that scene. There would probably be a narrator, possibly John Peel, and there would be quality in the production of the material."

"It would be a non-profit making scene—nothing to do with selling records. I'd like Arthur Brown to play the Demon King, with the Floyd providing the music. It would be like telling a story like a fairy tale. A definite scene with good and evil." *Tony Wilson*

"I'd like Arthur Brown to play the Demon King, with the Floyd providing the music"



"We have a country album"

MM MAY 25 A much changed Byrds check in. "It's a fresh area," says Roger McGuinn.

THE BYRDS HAVE changed. In looks, lineup and partly in repertoire. Gone is the long hair, which, back in 1965, earned them the description of "looking English". Gone are Michael Clarke, drummer, David Crosby, guitarist and singer, and guitarist Gene Clark.

Of the original group, Jim McGuinn, who now prefers to be called Roger, and Chris Hillman remain and they have been joined by drummer Kevin Kelley and Gram Parsons, singer, organist and guitar player. The change in repertoire – or perhaps addition might be more accurate – is that The Byrds are featuring a number of country & western-style songs.

The Byrds came on a last-minute trip to England following their appearance at the Rome Pop Festival. "The trip wasn't planned," explained Roger McGuinn, just before The Byrds returned to the States. "We went to Rome for the festival and there we were told that we were going to play in England – that was the only reason."

The Byrds made three appearances, twice at Middle Earth and once at Speakeasy at Blaises. Each show earned them well-

THE CHANGING FACE OF THE BYRDS

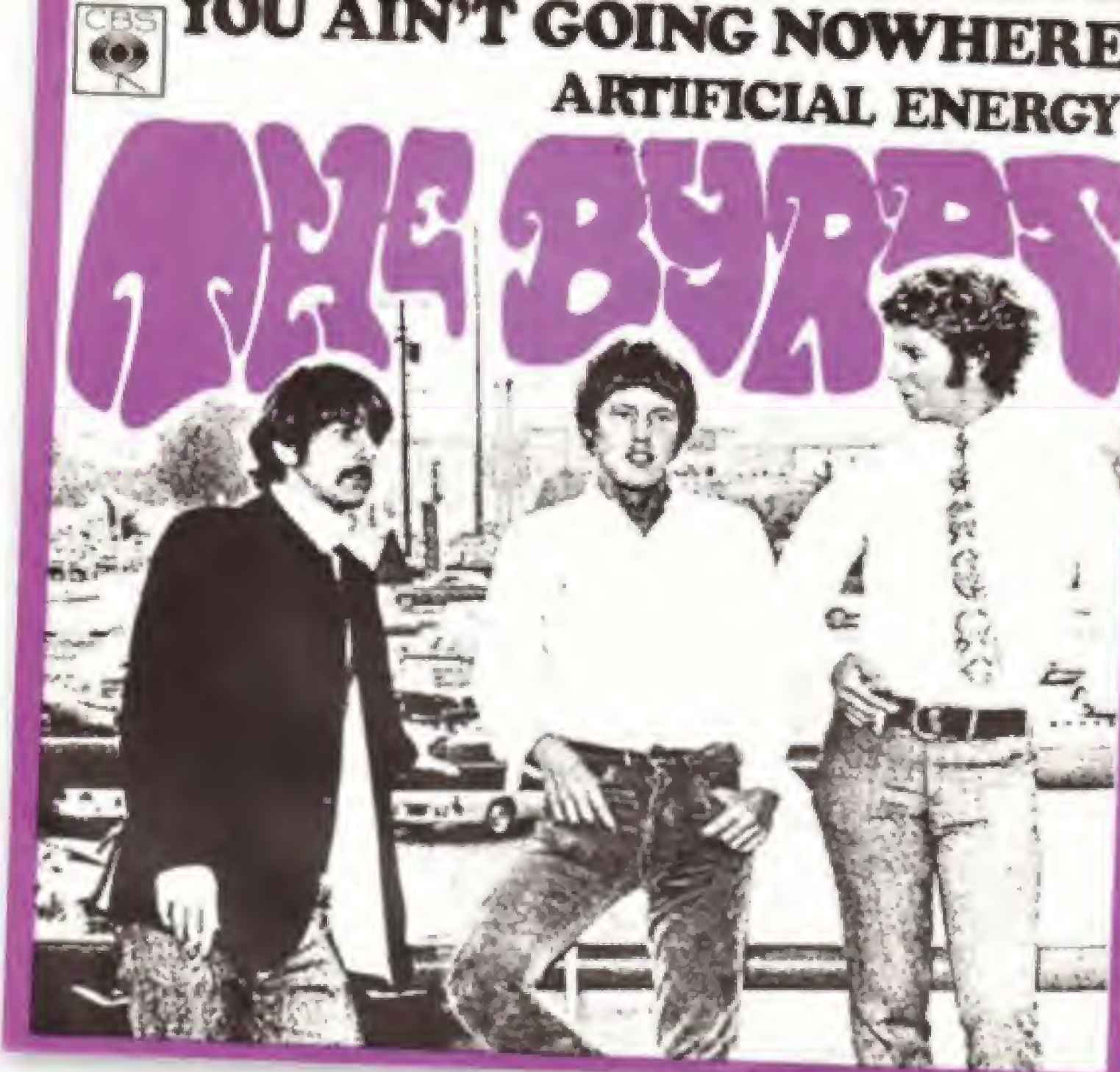
"It hasn't really been done... and it's a relief from all that psychedelic garbage"

deserved ovations and at the second Middle Earth stint a large petition was signed asking for their return as soon as possible. As well as things like "Mr Tambourine Man", the hit that brought them to Britain first in 1965, "Eight Miles High", "Turn, Turn, Turn" and "Rock And Roll Star", with Roger leading the vocals, Gram Parsons was heard to good effect on country numbers such as "Hickory Wind", "Sing Me Back Home" and "You Don't Miss Your Water Till Your Well Runs Dry".

"I don't think we'll go into country music 100 per cent. But it's pure and it hasn't really been done by pop artists. It's a fresh area," said Roger, "and a relief from all that psychedelic garbage."

And what next on record from The Byrds? "We have a whole country album that we are releasing – that's completed," said Roger, "and we'll be following that with an album of electronic music, but we haven't done that yet."

The Byrds now seem to have really got it all together and there is no doubt about their musical abilities and their communication with audiences – their three appearances proved this beyond doubt. Forget their past appearances. That's all history now. Their shows last week, and the happy results, must be encouraging to The Byrds, and will surely make them consider a fuller tour. Will it happen? Well, Roger McGuinn is not a planner by nature and anything further than about three or four days ahead he dislikes having to think about.



APRIL – JUNE
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► Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars are to open a two-week cabaret engagement at Batley Variety Club on June 16 – the booking is said to be worth £10,000 a week. **NME APRIL 20**

► A cheque for \$5,000 has been presented by Atlantic Records to Mrs Martin Luther King as advance royalties on Solomon Burke's



new US single, "I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel To Be Free". Atlantic are also paying five per cent of the royalties on the Hudson Chorale's recording "I Have A Dream" to the late Rev King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference. **MM APRIL 27**

► Bob Dylan to tour Britain in the autumn! A spokesman for the Harold Davison Agency told the **MM** on Monday: "There is a strong possibility he will do a tour in the autumn now that he has started doing appearances again. He'll probably do a short English tour and include some continental dates. That's all I can say at the moment." Bob was last here in June 1966 when he did a controversial tour with an electric-guitar backing group. Later he was involved in a serious motorcycle accident which interrupted his career. **MM APRIL 27**



Goodol' Byrds: (l-r) Kevin Kelley, Gram Parsons, Roger McGuinn and Chris Hillman in '68

1968

APRIL - JUNE



Dylan in '68: his 18-month seclusion is broken when he performs with The Band at the Woody Guthrie Memorial Concert at New York City's Carnegie Hall on January 20, 1968

“He doesn’t want to be spoken about”

BOB DYLAN’s new album and return to the stage don’t remotely lessen his mystique in 1968. Musicians like Julie Driscoll have hits with his songs, and rumours abound about a secret cache of Dylan recordings. “There is music from his house,” The Band confide, “and music from our house.”

— MELODY MAKER APRIL 13 —

THE WALL OF silence surrounding Bob Dylan is strengthened by the refusal of those who know him, or have met him, to say very much about him. His *John Wesley Harding* album, released here in February, and his appearance at the Woody Guthrie Memorial Concert in New York last January, brought to an end more than a year’s withdrawal from public activity following his reported motorcycle accident.

Arlo Guthrie, Woody’s son, currently in Britain for a short tour, didn’t give much away about Dylan when he visited the *Melody Maker* office last week. When Arlo met Bob at the Memorial Concert, it was the first time he had met him since Dylan’s departure from the American music scene. “I don’t know if he had an accident,” said Arlo. “I don’t think he just disappeared. He needed some time. He was getting pushed in every direction by everybody.”

“At the concert, he was beautiful. He was nervous at first, but I was more nervous myself, and I didn’t pay too much attention to him. He talked to everybody, but I don’t know what he said.”

Although the lineup for the concert included star names such as Tom Paxton, Judy Collins, Odetta, Ramblin’ Jack Elliott and Pete Seeger, all eyes, naturally, were on Dylan as he sat in the row of performers on stage chatting to Paxton. Dressed in a grey suit, blue shirt and grey suede boots, Dylan looked healthy, sported an ear-to-ear beard and a shorter hairstyle.

Near the end of the first half, backed by piano, organ, electric bass and drums, Dylan, with guitar, moved forward to the front of the stage to sing his three songs (all Woody’s): “Big Grand Coulee Dam”, “Dear Mr Roosevelt” and “Ain’t Got A Home In This World Any More” — an appropriate choice, this last one, considering his inaccessibility.

“He just did his thing,” said Arlo. The finale was all the performers joining in “Bound For Glory”. When it came to Dylan’s turn, he hesitated. “He just didn’t know any words,” continued Arlo. “Everybody had a verse. Nobody told him anything. Pete Seeger told him to sing the chorus. The audience dug him there, but it wasn’t this crowd. I don’t know what he is doing now.” »

BETTMANN/CORBIS

1968

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After the concert there was a party and it is believed that Dylan attended. He has moved from his former home at Woodstock and taken his wife and child to a new home. "Nobody knows where, and if they did they wouldn't tell you," Arlo stated. With Arlo in the office was his English girlfriend and road manager, Carol-Anne-Davis. She was more explicit.

"He doesn't want to be spoken about," she said curtly, and added, "We owe him something. If you buy his record you owe him something, not only Dylan but anybody else who makes records."

"If he puts out a record he likes a reaction from people, and we can assume he can feel something. All Dylan wants is a reaction from you," Arlo commented. No doubt those who buy his records would like a little reaction from Dylan too.

But if the aura of mystery surrounds Dylan, thankfully it is not so with Arlo Guthrie, whose album *Alice's Restaurant* and his personal appearances—of which the high spot is the "Alice's Restaurant" dialogue that starts off with a true tale about garbage dumping and finishes up as an indictment of conscriptions for the Vietnam war—have been receiving favourable reviews.

A prolific writer, he has been writing since he arrived in London a week ago. "I've just written a song that I think has something like 30 verses. It's a calypso called 'Fant The Giant'. With 30 verses it must last a long time, but thankfully time passes by, so it isn't noticeable."

The saga of "Alice's Restaurant" is due to be made into a film. Arlo is planning a second album, to be recorded soon.

"We might do it back in England. There are a lot of good people to work with and good recording studios. I like England—it is very nice, nicer than New York. We were going to stay at the Europa Hotel when we arrived, but it was too expensive. We wanted to stay at the Europa so we could throw rocks at the American Embassy. But at the Europa we had to pay for the rocks." *Tony Wilson*

— MELODY MAKER JUNE 29 —

IN THE LAST few months a number of Bob Dylan's songs have been recorded and released. These include Manfred Mann's chart-topping "Mighty Quinn", the Brian-Auger-Julie Driscoll hit "This Wheel's On Fire", The Byrds' last single, "You Ain't Going Nowhere", also covered by Unit Four Plus Two and Paul MacNeill and Linda Peters, "I Shall Be Released", recorded by folk singer Marc Ellington and Boz, Peter, Paul & Mary's "Too Much Of Nothing" and "Down In The Flood" sung by bluegrass stars Earl Scruggs and Lester Flatt on their *Changin' Times* album issued recently.

Last week a tape recording of the original versions sung by Bob Dylan at secret recording sessions held over six months ago, probably in Nashville, arrived at the *Melody Maker* offices. It was known that such a tape existed in Britain. The question was where?

Early last week a chance conversation put the *Melody Maker* on the trail of these recordings and consequently they were obtained in return for being allowed to hear the tape. *Melody Maker* was sworn to secrecy over their source—a bargain which will be kept until we are told otherwise.

As well as the songs already mentioned, the tape contained another five as yet unreleased by anybody in Britain. The backings for the songs are a combination of Dylan's acoustic guitar, electric guitars, drums and bass, and among the session musicians understood to be heard on these remarkable recordings are Al Kooper, Dylan's regular session organist, guitarists Bruce Langhorne, Mike Bloomfield and Pete Drake, Charlie McCoy and, on one track at least,

country singer Johnny Cash is heard singing with Bob Dylan.

The first song, "Million Dollar Bash", is medium paced and performed in Dylan's distinctive half-talking, half-singing style, with a chorus that goes, "Ooh baby/Ooh-ee/It's that million dollar bash" (it doesn't sound as bad as it reads).

A clever word collage with the typical Dylan imaginative situation sequence "Yeah! Heavy And A Bottle Of Bread" is really unique and will need a lot more listening to really get what it's all about. "Please, Mrs Henry" is a country & western-tinged number with Dylan pleading "Please, Mrs Henry, I'm down on my knees without a dime" to a twangy guitar phrase.

There's a strong bluesy feel about "Down In The Flood", a contrast to Flatt and Scruggs' more bluegrass-styled version, and this gives way to Dylan and Johnny Cash duetting on the rocking "Lo And Behold". The two voices blend well on this and it could make a great single, if only from interest's sake.

"Tiny Montgomery", in which Tiny asks to be remembered to all his friends, grooves along nicely and leads into "This Wheel's On Fire". The arrangement is similar to the Auger-Driscoll version, although the pace is slightly slower. "You Ain't Going Nowhere", another country-flavoured song, is another almost-spoken track, followed by "I Shall Be Released" with a fairly high-pitched harmony sung by Dylan and possibly Al Kooper or Bruce Langhorne.

It's a soulful-sounding composition and closer to the pop idiom than most of the other songs. "This'll make it," says Dylan at the beginning of the last recording, "Too Much Of Nothing"—and it does. This slow-paced song is one of the best of the 10 and again would make a good single, as Peter, Paul & Mary have proved. On these recordings Bob Dylan's voice is more like the pre-*John Wesley Harding* album recordings, rougher, less strained, more relaxed. The old Dylan, in fact.

Having heard the tape, another question arises. If these tapes are available to CBS, are they going to release them? The quality of the tape lent to *Melody Maker* was not the best and sounds like a tape of a tape of a tape, and probably the studio recordings are better. If this is the case and CBS can get the originals, we say release them. *Tony Wilson*

Dylan's voice is rougher, more relaxed. The old Dylan, in fact

— MM OCTOBER 12 —

THEY ARE KNOWN simply as The Band, although at one time they almost became The Crackers. Their publicity picture makes them look like a bunch of the McCoys back from a successful skirmish with the Martins. They hit the *MM* Chart recently with a song called "The Weight", written by lead guitarist Jaime Robbie Robertson, and

backed with Bob Dylan's "I Shall Be Released", both tracks coming from their album titled *Music From Big Pink*. The album cover sports a painting by Bob Dylan.

Robertson, together with drummer Levon Helm, pianist and vocalist Richard Manuel, organist Garth Hudson and Rick Danko, who plays guitar, fiddle and mandolin, lives at Big Pink. Big Pink is a 125-dollar-a-month ranch-style house in Woodstock not far from Dylan's home. It was in the basement of Big Pink that The Band, once Dylan's backing group, improvised a recording studio. Dylan would



The Band in 1968—(l-r) Rick Danko, Levon Helm, Richard Manuel, Robbie Robertson and Garth Hudson—in front of Danko and Helm's house, Bearsville, Woodstock, NY

EXCLUSIVE! Secret Bob Dylan recordings

TONY WILSON EAVESDROPS
ON TEN FANTASTIC
PERFORMANCES NEVER





come over and together they would work out tunes ranging from folk songs to spontaneous creations.

The group have been together almost nine years and once backed a singer called Rompin' Ronnie Hawkins. They were known as The Hawks. The name of the band wasn't picked up or thought up or meant to be any sort of status name because they worked with Dylan. People just called them The Band. "You know, for one thing there aren't many bands around Woodstock, and friends and neighbours just call us The Band and that's the way we think of ourselves."

The Band are much travelled and all of them have long musical backgrounds of rock, country and folk. Says drummer Helm, "We had never heard of Bob Dylan, but he had heard of us." The boys, having quit working with Rompin' Ronnie after several years, were working at a coastal resort, Summer's Point, New Jersey, in 1965 when Dylan phoned. "He said, 'You wanna play the Hollywood Bowl?'" recalls Helm. "So we asked him who else was on the show. 'Just us,' he said."

On the *Big Pink* album there is certainly a Dylanesque feel about the music, and it has been said that Dylan himself is heard on the harmonica. "There is music from Bob's house and there is music from our house. The two houses sure are different," points out Robbie, once described by Dylan as "the only mathematical guitar genius I've ever run into who does not offend my intestinal nervousness with his rearguard sound".

Besides the two tracks on the single, other songs on the album include "This Wheel's On Fire", a slightly faster version than the Julie Driscoll/Brian Auger hit, and credited to Dylan and Danko, "Tears Of Rage", credited to Dylan and Manuel, and an old country number, "Long Black Veil", plus some original songs from Robertson and Manuel.

Inevitably The Band will be identified strongly with Dylan, but although influence is there, they stand pretty firmly on their own 10 feet.

— MELODY MAKER NOVEMBER 9 —

BOB DYLAN'S *John Wesley Harding* album was probably the most eagerly awaited record of the year. "The album came as a complete surprise," says Bob Johnston, who produced it. The stocky, neatly bearded Johnston, in London last week to record Johnny Cash at the London Palladium, also produced Cash's *At Folsom Prison* album.



"He called me and told me what he wanted and came down and recorded it in three sessions. Bob chose the musicians, who were the same as on *Blonde On Blonde*, Charlie McCoy and Ken Buttrey. Besides being a poet, Dylan is so incredibly funny—and he's so goddam nice. With other people I don't know what he's like. He knows exactly what he wants and he gets it. He came in with *John Wesley Harding* planned and look what he brought around."

Among the other artists that Bob has produced on record are Leonard Cohen, Earl Flatt and Lester Scruggs, Marty Robbins and Simon & Garfunkel. The *Cash At Folsom Prison* album is one of the best live albums produced for a long time and Bob himself is very happy about the way it turned out. "When I took over recording Johnny he told me he wanted to do it. I picked up the phone and arranged with the warden to record in the prison. Everybody flipped over the album. We did have an announcer, but I told Johnny, 'Just go out and say who you are', so he went out and said, 'Hello, I'm Johnny Cash.' I turned on the tape and let the bitch roll."

Of Johnny Cash, Bob says: "What Cash does, he does. He's a power now, but I think he's going to be a world power in the business."

Does Bob think that country music is really becoming big? "Certainly. All of a sudden it's world music. It's big in countries like Japan—they've had Japanese singers on *Grand Ole Opry*. After Flatt and Scruggs played at the Avalon Ballroom in San Francisco, the hippies were coming up and touching Scruggs and saying, 'You're for real.' The kids hadn't heard of Flatt and Scruggs."

Bob has been recording Leonard Cohen recently in Nashville. "He's a beautiful guy," says Bob. "He blew his mind in Nashville. We have a smash single and a big album coming up."

"He hasn't recorded any of the poetry yet, but I'd like him to. He'll probably be doing a couple of things that are country. He was so relaxed, he didn't know what he was making."

Working with such remarkable people is an exciting and rewarding experience for Bob Johnston and he says, "I've worked with such a lot of schmucky little groups, but working with Dylan, Cash, Simon & Garfunkel and Robbins is working with talent."

"With me, if I've got a crap artist, I just cover him up with music and turn out a commercial single. But artists like Cash, Dylan and Cohen, I let them do their thing—I'm along for the ride. The thing is, I'm working with legends and I feel I'm part of what is going on." *Alan Walsh* •

1968

APRIL – JUNE

Brian Wilson in early 1968, Los Angeles: meditation has been "the only thing that got rid of his paranoia", according to his cousin and Beach Boys co-founder Mike Love



“Brian Wilson loved it”

THE BEACH BOYS are alive with world peace and possibility – but a joint venture with the Maharishi isn’t as successful as was hoped.

“Everyone should have the experience of losing three or four hundred thousand dollars,” says Bruce Johnston. “It’s real funky!” A successful return to basics follows. “I don’t like it,” Bruce confides.

— MELODY MAKER **APRIL 6** —

IT’S GOING TO be a brave new world through pop. That’s the hope of men like George Harrison, Donovan and Mike Love, bearded, humorous hellraiser of The Beach Boys. Love hit London for a lightning business trip en route from India to California last week. He paused his trans-globe peregrinations to dine on grilled salmon at the Londonderry Hotel and answer *MM* demands on transcendental meditation and its influence on the pop industry.

Mike wants to see creative people taking over from the Establishment on music publishing and the record industry. He wants to see co-operation between British and American artists. He believes a pop industry run on the principles of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi could set an example to the rest of the world on how to conduct its affairs.

Mike was squatting cross-legged in an armchair, his face sunburned red, and freckled. He wore a rather nondescript brown pullover and around his neck, a simple string of beads. If meditation really works it hasn’t done Mike any harm. He was relaxed, full of ideals and ideas, laced with bawdy humour »

GETTY



Early May 1968, New York: The Beach Boys – (l-r) Dennis Wilson, Al Jardine, Mike Love, Bruce Johnston and Carl Wilson – with the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi (centre), whose withdrawal from their joint US tour, along with poor ticket sales, led to the cancellation of 24 dates

and Anglo-American common sense. He described his first attempts at meditation during his stay with The Beatles, Donovan and the rest of The Beach Boys at the Maharishi's Ganges pad.

"It was so simple – but effective. I laughed after doing it for an hour. I have learned to stop worrying about everything, but it doesn't stop me still being concerned. It's a matter of putting things into perspective. I don't worry about the Vietnam War, or the racial situation in America, which is 20 times worse than Vietnam and could lead to civil war, but I am concerned.

"The thing is to adapt to changes and flow with them, to use your energy in support of life instead of fighting life. I first met the Maharishi in December, at the Paris Unicef show, and he initiated us in person. When we went to India to stay with him, there were about 70 people there, including The Beatles, Donovan and Mia Farrow. A lot of people there had quit jobs, had taken leave of absence or were students.

"Brian Wilson loved it; it was the only thing that got rid of his paranoia. Brian had been instructed a year ago, but didn't do it right. Then we all got together, Dennis, Al, Carl and myself, and did it right. I feel the world is ready for a spiritual reawakening. People are sick of materialism. I had this feeling before I met the Maharishi.

"This man is travelling round the world helping people to be content, and the only reason some don't accept it is because of the image of Indian mysticism. Who needs that garbage? I need something that works from day to day. I meditate half an hour every morning and evening and that sets me super straight. You just sit in a chair, get comfortable and let your mind go. Sometimes you transcend and get to the source of thought. It expands your mind, and it's a physical thing as well. It cultures your nervous system and lowers your metabolism.

"Afterwards, if you want to do anything, like writing songs about race riots – no problems. You feel you can achieve anything. From now on my life will be three months Beach Boys, three months Maharishi and three months business. The trouble with the Maharishi is he doesn't know anything about TV or newspapers, and papers just distort everything. I'm surprised The Beatles haven't helped him more to get across. We're going on a tour of major American universities with him in May."

At this point Greek and Italian waiters slid into the room bearing a trolley of food. "It stinks," said Mike. Pausing for the reaction to subside, he looked round with a barely perceptible grin and added: "It sure smells good."

Later, sipping coffee with honey, Mike described their tour plans. "We're going to use a lighting system to project the Maharishi on screens above the stage so everybody will be able to see him. We'll perform with a band for 45 minutes followed by an intermission with a TV documentary. Then he'll come out and lecture the audience, with time for questions and answers.

"I saw him do this at Harvard University, and I couldn't believe the instant response. The place stood up involuntarily in awe. It was what I call a standing ovation in silence. I had tears in my eyes, it was so intense. If sometimes he doesn't answer questions, it's because at this stage he can't afford to offend anybody. He doesn't pussyfoot around. He'll answer proper questions.

"Meditation could be used in prisons, hospitals, and for old people who still have good minds, but have been pushed out of society by the young. It really is a panacea."

But wasn't LSD a panacea? Weren't we told by the flower children that acid was the only way to expand one's mind and achieve bliss?

Mike pulled an expression of distaste. "I'm not an acid head and never have been. I don't even have an opinion about it. It was a great fad. Ask Timothy Leary. All I know is that the kids who were taking LSD trips in school at America are now meditating."

But wasn't it supposed to be the panacea? "LSD is a bore and waste of time talking about. The Beach Boys and The Beatles have come off it. It's been done. It's a boring waste of time."

But what about the LSD philosophy? "The philosophy of the flower children was great, except for one thing. It was destructive. They were trying to create euphoria, but you have got to engage with the enemy and defeat them by showing them things can be done creatively. You can't just sniff a flower all your life and wish things done. If you want to do that – fine, but I can't do it that way. I wouldn't respect myself. Meditation gets you ready for action – sorry about this, no teenybopper stuff."

In view of his interest in the Maharishi's philosophy, was the pop business more or less important to Mike?

"Pop is important as a launching pad for many new enterprises. We could put together the power of The Beach Boys and Beatles to form companies with sound, beautiful principles, administered by people you could respect. Once we get these sound practices going, we shall be able to establish record companies and music publishers that would be



examples of how much better things can be.

"We've got to beat the Establishment at their own game by being astute in business and remembering – it's a worn out phrase but it still works – give and take. For example, in Dallas, Texas, we are going to give a party for all the fans who have given us our money over the last five years. It will be like giving them something back. Maybe all our next tours will be parties!

"As people get more affluent they will need to be entertained more. The trend is towards more records, more vacation spots, and more pleasure. There is no reason why we should go back. We have all the machinery to make a fantastic world to live in, but everything is contained by short-sighted war policies. Believe it or not, the pop business will be the start to fight this, because it's the only one flexible enough.

"We've got to make pop a service for the people and try to forget the profit motive. They will be profit making, but we must rule out the greed motive. We mustn't become a laughing stock either, or that would defeat the purpose. We have taken several steps towards this already in the last year and the time is very near when we will announce new and exciting plans. Meditation makes it easier for everybody to work together. Once we start we'll go straight past the Establishment who rob, and lie, and cheat. They'll be obsolete very soon."

"Have you got any hobbies, Mike?" joked one of his room guests.

"I'd love to go surfing right now. Down to the sea and ships."

All surfing aside, if Mike Love and The Beach Boys achieve their aims, it means an exciting future ahead for pop – and maybe society.

Chris Welch

— NME APRIL 6 —

WEHAD A lovely time admiring the plastic palm trees and listening to the clockwork birds. Then there were the home-made, dunky doughnut stands situated discerningly alongside the Appeal For Oxfam booth and as a special treat we all went to see "Mista Bright" and his super polish demonstration for silverware.

We were, of course, at the Ideal Home Exhibition and "he" was Beach Boy Mike Love, who insisted I accompany him on this expedition (for which I do not forgive him) to Olympia to see if the hall were large enough for "World Peace I".

"World Peace I is the first in a series of worldwide concerts that we are planning for this year," Mike informed me in the taxi on the way to the hall. "We are hoping to open in London and then go on to play most of the major European and Continental countries like Paris and Copenhagen.

"We are hoping to involve as many creative people in all forms of art and entertainment as possible, from Picasso to Hefner's bunny girls. Some of the most famous names in the pop world have guaranteed their assistance. The movement is aligned to the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's drive for 'Permanent World Peace' and the proceeds of the concerts will remain in the countries we play to promote that end.

"In this way we hope to go onto phase two, which will be 'World Peace II', playing venues as far apart as Moscow and Bangkok."

And just before you run away with the idea that Mike is talking a lot of "Bangkok", remember where he has just come from at the Maharishi's meditation centre and who he was with! "World Peace" may well turn out to be the rallying

point of all those singers and concerned people among our top pop people, and that could make it the most important event of pop music history. Mike mingled with the

"Pop will be profit making, but we must rule out the greed motive"

shoppers and the watchers in the huge Olympia Hall and was adamant that this could be the place if they could book it in time. Back at his London hotel he sat cross-legged upon his chair and began waving his hands to emphasise his points elaborated on the project's possibility.

"I know a lot of people are beginning to think that we are taking too long to get things together. It may take time and maybe we'll be too old to sing by the time it gets together, but we're going to try. The world is ready for some form of spiritual reawakening. This is not going to be some sort of pop concert – it is going to feature artists like ourselves doing the things that they do best. What do you do otherwise – you can't go on doing a Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich rave for ever! People are ready for something new.

"This concert will feature classical music, jazz and pop and 'skoopie-doo'. It will be

a non-political festival of the arts. The message of peace is for everyone. Did you know that the Maharishi met the UN secretary general U Thant in America and Thant said that the Maharishi made more sense in 15 minutes than he had heard in 30 years!"

There is no doubt that Mike has returned from his month in India fired with earnest conviction, and there is little doubt that others now feel the same way. Mike told me he had composed a number of new songs out there – some about Paul and Jane and others about "Uncle" John Lennon. He read me one piece of poetry concerning John meditating in the sun on a rooftop while birds and monkeys chattered in trees below.

"Have you seen this?" asked Mike proudly and produced a little silver necklet from his shirt on the end of which was a small piece of transparent celluloid. Inside was a photograph of the Maharishi, on the other side was a miniature portrait of the Maharishi's own guru. "That was a present from John," said Mike.

I deliberately provoked him with a question to which I knew the answer and got a deserved mental jab. Why did the Maharishi not give some of his wealth away to the poverty-stricken people of India instead of keeping it for his foundation? Did Mike see no poverty in India?

"Of course I saw poverty. What kind of question is that? We motored over several hundred miles to the centre and through some of the poorest villages. The reason the Maharishi retains the money for his foundation is that he believes he can do the most good by altering the way men look at life.

"There is enough food for all if we would get our perspectives right and distribute our excess where it is most needed. The Maharishi is trying to show us things as they are and not how we want to think they are – only by change of mind will we change our world."

Mike ordered in some food for us all and began to fork at his vegetarian salad and drink some red wine. He gazed out across the traffic below to the park and began relaxing and indulging in his favourite sport – teasing the English, namely me!

"Look at those double-decker buses," he said. "The English are so mean they won't build long ones; they have to stack two little ones – one on top of the other. The English are so slow to catch on – by the time they look around and think about it – it's tomorrow."

I mentioned that I had been talking recently to Bruce on the transatlantic phone and he played me a Beatles waltz. I couldn't remember the name of the song at that moment, so I whistled it.

"He's still playing that!" smiled Mike. "And you don't know what it's called, you dummy. 'A Little Help From Our Friends' is what it's called. What business are you in – showbusiness?" »

MAHARISHI links BEATLES and BEACH BOYS

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NME helps find World Peace venue

By KEITH

and others about "uncle" John Lennon. He read me one piece of poetry concerning John meditating



LPS By Allen Evans

★★★★ SCOTT WALKER: SCOTT 2 (Philips, BL7800)

Scott sings well, we know that. He is backed by intelligent, advanced arrangements (by Wally Scott, Reg Guest, Peter Knight) and good production by John Franz. Jonathan King's rhymes are all about Scott and his inability to be satisfied with his good work. Nothing about the songs or composers. Jacques Brel's 'Juste avant l'aube' is very good. Scott's own cynical writings... The Bridge, the soft flaccid Palace People, Girls from the Streets (Scott seems to have a

HISTORY OF ROCK 1966-1968

1968

APRIL – JUNE

Mike had apparently tried to call Bruce that morning at about 11am; it was about 3am in Los Angeles! The operator told him that the phone had been lifted off the hook in Los Angeles but there was a funny noise! "How do you mean?" said Mike. "Well," said the operator, "it sounded like someone picked up the phone and threw it into the air!"

Bruce is not appreciative of early-morning calls! I tossed Mike over a copy of *Life* magazine which contained a picture of Marlon Brando dressed like the Maharishi and wearing a long flowing wig for a film in which he is satirising a guru.

Mike shook his head. "Wait till I see that guy again! You know we gave him a lift to the Hilton from the airport in our car on our last trip. He was a nice guy but I'll have to talk to him about this. They only make fun of something that they don't know about."

In May, The Beach Boys begin a tour of US colleges with the Maharishi. Whoever christened Mike "Love" knew what they were doing. *Keith Altham*

— MELODY MAKER MAY 18 —

THE BEACH BOYS-MAHARISHI tour of America collapsed last week – and the mystic was reported to have left America suddenly. The problems of the tour came to a head last week when only 300 people turned up at New York's Singer Bowl and the concert was cancelled. A few days later, the Maharishi left and no-one was sure where he had gone. *Ren Grevatt*

— MELODY MAKER SEPTEMBER 7 —

SUNSHINE SURFING MUSIC is back in the Top 10 – again peddled merrily by the West Coast wizards of electronic recorded music, The Beach Boys. Their new single "Do It Again" has brought the tang of the surf and the gaiety of a sunny California beach back into the *MM* Pop 30.

"Yes, it has got the old Beach Boys surfing sound, I suppose," said Beach Boy brother Carl Wilson to the *MM* this week. "It's back to that surfing idea, with the voice harmony and simple, direct melody and lyrics. But we didn't plan the record as a return to the surf or anything. We just did it one day round a piano in the studios."

"Brian [Wilson] just had the idea and played it over to us. We improvised on that and recorded it very quickly, in about five minutes. It's certainly not an old track of ours; in fact it was recorded only three weeks before it was released. We just liked how it turned out and decided to release it."

The Beach Boys are getting into a variety of different types of music in their recordings at the moment: "There are a lot of different things happening. We're letting

them happen and seeing what comes out. For instance, we've just done a very soft thing, like a waltz, which is very pretty."

They are more together these days, said Carl. At one time, Brian was the fountainhead of ideas and creativity, but today the other four boys and Brian's deputy Bruce Johnston contributes far more to their recorded sound than ever before.

"It's more a group effort; we are all getting ideas and putting them forward. For example, Dennis is writing some fine songs at the moment. But I wouldn't say The Beach Boys had any particular direction."

"As I say, we are letting things happen, recording ideas and seeing how they develop. We are currently working on a new album and I think when it's released in Britain there'll be some new ideas for the Beach Boys fans there to listen to."

The group are open to influences around them. They are aware of groups like Jefferson Airplane and The Doors, as well as the increasing interest being taken in the blues. "We all buy and listen to a lot of albums even though we don't get to see many groups live. But we are aware: we know, for example, that a blues group called Canned Heat is happening. I hear they are really a tremendous group in person, too."

Carl and his cohorts would deny that a new Beach Boys sound is emerging to dominate the group, but they will be doing a lot of new material when they visit Europe again later this year. The tour, which will probably take in six or seven dates in Britain, is scheduled for late November or early December and Carl said: "We'll be doing the things The Beach Boys have become associated with, but there'll also be a lot of newer things on show that we hope people will like."

One of the things they will be doing during their European junket will be filming. "We are to make a film. Not a feature film, but a crew will be with us filming us and we'll be doing some things in London. I don't know at this stage exactly what we'll be doing with the film; maybe it'll be used as promotion material. We'll have to wait and see how it turns out."

"It could be used as the basis for a Beach Boys TV special or even cinema-screen short, however, and is a project which Carl is interested in."

The Beach Boys, of course, were involved with the Maharishi, the mystic now abandoned by The Beatles, earlier this summer. This, reflects Carl, was probably a mistake. *Alan Walsh*

— NME SEPTEMBER 7 —

MR JOHNSTON OF Coldwater Canyon, Hollywood rang me last Friday at home (and for all those people who think they are reading an Alan Smith feature, kindly regard the byline) after my two unsuccessful attempts to reach Mr Johnston.

He may be better known to some of you as Bruce of The Beach Boys and straight from his long run across America with The Box Tops and a comedy act called the Tickle Brothers, he was exhausted, but happy!

"We broke every attendance record in the book," Bruce told me. "I was beginning to think that, with the Cream thing and Jimi Hendrix breaking so big out here, we were dying. But we got unbelievable receptions. The underground is now so big out here that it is above-ground, if you see what I mean, but we



November 14, 1968: Brian Wilson with his wife Marilyn Wilson – AKA Marilyn Rovell, singer in The Honeys – at the premiere of *Yellow Submarine* in Los Angeles



November 30, 1968: The Beach Boys go back to their surf sound with "Do It Again" on *Top Of The Pops*

still have an enormous following for our kind of music, thanks to our loyal fans!"

I enquired about his reaction to the abortive appearances of the group with the late-lamented Maharishi. Had Mike Love thrown in his hand along with Messrs Beatles when they "excommunicated" the Yogi?

"Er, yeah?" Bruce started indeterminably. He restarted: "Well, I think that everyone should do a tour like that. Everyone should have the experience of losing three or four hundred thousand dollars – it's real funky! Now we're spending all our time making up the money we lost. No, Mike lost no faith in the Maharishi and he still meditates – none of us have lost faith in the method."

Among the rumours circulating about The Beach Boys tour here later this year have been those that they will record a live album at the London Palladium (as carried, exclusively, in *NME* some weeks ago) and that on this visit Brian Wilson will accompany them for recording purposes.

"We are definitely recording a live album at the Palladium and we have another surprise up our sleeve for that appearance," said Bruce. "I can't say any more about that just in case it does not come off. I think it very unlikely that Brian will be coming with us – at present he has even trouble getting out of his house!"

At this point I admitted that, as an ardent supporter of The Beach Boys' music and in particular the original progressive work of Brian Wilson, I was personally disappointed with "Do It Again", despite its No 2 position in the *NME* chart this week. "I don't like it either," admitted Bruce. "I don't think that the group were entirely happy with it. But everyone else was going back to basics, so I suppose it was inevitable that we should."

"One thing you can be sure is that the next single will not be another surfing record. Brian has a number of magical musical things up his sleeves. All I can say at present is that it will be very danceable and that we will almost certainly have it to promote when we come over for the British tour."

"Mike has not lost faith in the Maharishi and he still meditates"

in Chicago recently, with the police wading into the demonstrators with batons and clubs. "There is no use the general public hiding from the unpleasant truths in this case," said Bruce. "It's brought right into homes – last night I had the pleasant spectacle of seeing a black soldier beating the living daylights out of a white guy on my colour TV."

Finally, Bruce mentioned that he had recently been to see Eric Burdon and The Animals at the Whisky A Go Go. As there have been at least two reports that American correspondents (including our Ann Moses) have been less than underwhelmed by Eric's latest performances, I asked Bruce what he felt about them.

"I thought what he had to say was quite valid and that the anti-war message was quite obvious. Some have said that what he has been doing has nothing to do with music. I disagree. I think it has everything to do with music. It's life." *Keith Altham* •

The Beach Boys' other plans include a considerable amount of time and effort to be put into their own organisation. They have their own building in Hollywood and Bruce describes their company as a "cautious Apple"! The tenants of Beach Boys Inc are concerned with promoting the group's own activities and producing and promoting new talent.

"Then there is, of course, our recording studios," said Bruce. "It's called 'Studio Three' and I think Jagger used it quite recently. A number of top-name groups record there, but not many of them are aware that we own it."

Like a great many other Americans, Bruce is not terribly proud of what has been happening

AFTER THE MAHARISHI WHAT NEXT FOR THE BEACH BOYS?

A N unexpected bonus came out of the collapse of the Beach Boys' abortive tour with Mike Love...

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"I don't think of myself as a jazz singer - I'm closer to R&B and straight blues": Aretha Franklin in the studio, April 1968

“Soul? That to me is a feeling”

With seven US gold records to her name, Detroit's young ARETHA FRANKLIN arrives to slay London audiences on her first major tour outside the States. Her talent doesn't come without a price, however. “I've been hurt,” she explains. “I've been hurt bad.”

— MELODY MAKER MAY 4 —

I NONE OF the attractive middle-class homes which line the long streets of north-west Detroit, passers-by often notice an attractive young woman dusting and rearranging *objets d'art* in the living room. If any of the pedestrians ever stopped to tie up a shoelace, they would catch the familiar sound of daytime TV soap operas. The situation is typical. The woman is not.

Her name is Aretha Franklin. She's the biggest phenomenon to stun the music industry since The Beatles. In the past 12 months, she has sold more records and made more money than any member of the recording fraternity. She arrives in England next week. A year ago, Aretha lived in another house—close to the city's ghetto area—and another world. In those days, she dusted, watched soap operas, and dreamed of the day when things would change. It came. But it has not greatly altered her life. A new home for manager-husband Ted White and herself, and some especially exquisite gowns for concerts. She has received seven gold records—each of which is worth at least \$40,000 in royalties—but she has yet to indulge in an uninhibited shopping spree.

She finds the fame and fortune difficult to comprehend, and to justify. “It's just a great feeling,” she says shyly, with humility. Aretha is reserved, occasionally peeping out from behind her self-imposed curtain to laugh at some long forgotten event. She is down to earth. There is no pretence. She finds her singing style difficult to categorise. One gets the impression that she has no desire to pass judgement on her proverbial pot of gold. It is there. It is intangible. She pauses for several seconds before offering, “Well... it's a crazy mixture. I guess I'm just a singer with gospel influences.”

She has no children. Nor does she plan any “for some considerable time”. [By autumn it will be revealed that in she has three children—see page 49.] When the time comes, she'd like a small family. Despite the lack of young ones to complicate matters, she rarely goes out. Hardly ever sees movies. Only occasionally goes to concerts. Her first big trip outside of the States started this week when she flew to Europe for concerts in Paris, Berlin, Stockholm, Amsterdam and later London. “Boy, am I ever looking forward to that,” she says, in a rare burst of lengthy gaiety. “Everyone tells me that London is the fashion capital of the world, and I might even have a mini shopping spree.”

Those long years of waiting and hoping have prevented Aretha from taking her overdue fame for granted. She is basically insecure, never anticipating success until it actually happens. She forecast a dismal flop for her first hit, “I Never Loved A Man”. It sold well over a million. Reliable sources predict her latest single, “Ain't No Way”, will be the biggest blues ballad since “Drown In My Own Tears”. “I don't think so,” she comments, with no phoney modesty. She believes that “Respect”, her best-selling disc so far, most eloquently represents what she is saying; her message to the world.

Insecurity and shyness are temporarily forgotten when Aretha sits in front of her piano and the recording microphone. “We spend a great deal of time deciding which songs we'll use,” Aretha says. She admits to having the final say on what is, and what is not, released to her ever-waiting public. Her latest album, currently No 2 on the charts and entitled—most appropriately—*Lady Soul*, which »



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contains four single hits, required several weeks of constant studio work. Not that Aretha is difficult to work with. Producer Jerry Wexler, who's cut some of the biggest names of the past decade, claims he has never produced a session with a more talented or cooperative artist. She arrives at the studio with as many as 100 songs, from which three or four will actually be electronically etched across the eight-track tape.

She's happy in her present bag, with plenty of reason. "I want to keep on making the sort of records which people can identify with. I'd also like to do some of the softer old numbers with strings and big orchestras. But we have to be very careful in the material we select... people associate strange things with songs."

She makes few concert appearances, and no club dates. Her last concert, a homecoming affair in Detroit, pulled \$60,000 at the door. She confesses to preferring home to the concert stage. She was deeply shaken by the assassination of Martin Luther King. "I just can't find the words to express how I feel. It is a great tragedy... underlined." Her father, the Rev CL Franklin, had worked with the late Dr King. In her own quiet, softly spoken way, Aretha Franklin has a way of getting things done to her complete satisfaction. Be it making great music, dusting a coffee table or charming an interviewer. She is a true professional, without the glossy veneer and the phoney glamour. In short, Aretha really knows where it's at. As do the people who dig her inimitable sound. *Ren Grevatt*

— MELODY MAKER MAY 25 —

WHAT IT BOILED down to, when we talked about music, was that Aretha Franklin listened to most types when she had the chance, and liked much of what she heard. Did she enjoy any British pop music? "Yes, I very much like The Beatles and The Rolling Stones. Also Terry Reid, I think he's very good."

She listened to gospel music and blues, likes Petula Clark and, naturally, Sarah Vaughan ("Yes, Sarah can sing, can't she?"). In the jazz field, she admires Oscar Peterson, Junior Mance, Horace Silver, Freddie Hubbard, Nina Simone... "Oh, and a lot of them."

Aretha didn't seem an exacting or highly critical person at all. Considering how she lets fly onstage, I'd expected someone less placid. Of course, appearances at press get-togethers can be deceptive, but in fact she displayed none of the superstar, "do-you-know-who-I-am" attitudes which afflict many young ladies overcome by fame and fortune. Questions were answered with mildness and quiet touches of humour. She's just been shopping and approved of our fashions. "I like the micro skirts but he doesn't," she said briefly. "He" was husband Ted White.

Most of her replies were simple and to the point. How did she go about picking songs? "First I'm attracted to the melody."

Does she write many herself? "Not very much lately. I'll have maybe three things out of an album."

And on her sanctified piano style: "I accompanied myself when travelling with my father, Rev CL Franklin, and I accompanied him. I was 10 when I started in church. It first taught me how to stand on a stage. And it helped me learn how to communicate with an audience."

Communicating, and at a pretty intense level, is something Aretha Franklin indisputably does. And as you'd expect, closeness with the listeners is important to her. "I always move towards the edge of the stage to get to the audience."

When I asked about this, and what she thought of her British concertgoers, she replied warmly but without affected enthusiasm that it had all been a ball. "Yes, if they feel it, I feel it; if they don't, I do the best I can. It was pacing, Saturday, for Sunday. I always

"I'm an old woman in disguise – 26 goin' on 65"

try to pace. Surprised? I suppose I was." The answer is typical of this young singer's (she's still in her middle twenties) level-headed outlook.

She had expected a successful British debut – after all, she recently drew \$60,000 worth of custom to a concert in her hometown, Detroit – but not quite the clambake that transpired at Hammersmith. When she came offstage, at the end, she said triumphantly to Atlantic Records' Frank Fenter: "What do you want to tell me about that?"

Not unexpectedly, she prefers concerts to any other kind of engagement,

except recording sessions. I said I would like to hear her in a club or some such place, preferably when she wasn't drowned out by a combination of poor miking and over-amplified band. Aretha was clearly unimpressed. "Singing in a room might be nice for three days," she told me.

She preferred the 12-piece band to anything like organ and rhythm. "I like it more than the small group," she told me. "I prefer the sounds." But she didn't mind, apparently, when I criticised the brass section and the arrangements. "We have a few things to straighten out," she explained. "The arrangements were made in case the girls

couldn't make the tour. So they had to sing the same parts as the band."

On the subject of Britain, Aretha was quite forthcoming: "I wanted to come here a long time ago, but I didn't have the chance, working all the time. Now I've been, I liked it very much and want to come back. But it seems I'm never going to get here. I'd say there are two chances: either the very late autumn or early next year, and there's not much chance this year."

As for her own style of singing, Aretha looks on it as a mixture not easy to define. "I don't think of myself as a jazz singer. I'm closer to R&B and straight blues, with gospel sometimes and a little popular music mixed in there. Soul? Well, that to me is feeling. It's the emotion you feel and the way it affects other people." *Max Jones*

— MELODY MAKER SEPTEMBER 7 —

ELLA, SARAH, CARMEN, Dakota, the late Dinah Washington, Della are just a few of the American song greats who have dominated the international music scene over the years. And Ella, the Grand Dame, is as great today as she was some 30 years ago when she blazed onto the world "pop" scene with the unforgettable, if somewhat immature, "A-Tisket A-Tasket".

Now, another American star is blazing brightly in the international firmament. Aretha Franklin. And she has one thing in common with all those great names who preceded her. She is coloured. And, the truth is, one would have to look pretty hard to find equivalent white singers to match the world status of the Ella-Aretha line.

Peggy Lee? Possibly. Certainly, she burst on the scene with Benny Goodman back in 1940 with her memorable "Why Don't You Do Right?". Then, she was just another band singer. But she soon became an international favourite and has had an immensely long and deserved run.



With husband-manager Ted White and Atlantic Records founder Ahmet Ertegun (right) at Atlantic Studios, New York City, April 1968



ARETHA (26) FEELS SHE'S A LOT OLDER

HER FATHER is a barn-storming holy roller of a Reverend who likes shiny alligator shoes and a \$6,000 fine for failing to file tax

because she's lived such a hard life

Anita O'Day? She's long been a favourite with the "in" jazz crowd. Particularly with musicians, some of whom rate her as the Greatest White Girl Jazz Singer Of All Time.

June Christy, Chris Connor and – in a more commercial vein – Julie London, all had their particular scenes going at various stages. But has any one of these considerable artists wielded the world influence of Miss Fitzgerald and company? Has, in fact, being "coloured" anything to do with this impressive success?

Over to Miss Selena Jones: "It's hard to say," she comments. "Few white girls face the same problems as coloured girls, who have a more trying time. White girls can get in where a coloured girl can't. And maybe this whole scene leads to them expressing their feelings musically."

"But there are some fine white singers around; Marian Montgomery, for instance, really got into a bag with 'When Sunny Gets Blue'. But Aretha – I really dig that girl, baby. She draws pictures when she's singing more than anyone I know. When Aretha sings 'I love you', she really means it; when she sings 'Hold me', you can see a big love scene going. I really regard her as the female Ray Charles."

Says Frank Fenter, European representative of Atlantic Records: "Probably the greatest quality about Aretha is her incredible amount of humility. Her total form of expression is through her music. She absolutely vibrates on stage and on records. Yet, in person, she is the most quietly spoken and modest person imaginable. We owe a lot to Jerry Wexler for bringing out her tremendous vocal qualities on record. The crux of the whole matter is that he let her be completely natural – and those qualities just came out."

Arthur Howes, impresario who brought Aretha to Britain for those memorable soul concerts in London last May, says: "I've never before known such a standing ovation for a girl singer. Eight thousand people were on their feet at Hammersmith, and 7,000 at Finsbury Park. It was the most exciting experience I've had. Aretha has such a star quality in her voice. She can sing soul, rhythm'n'blues, gospel, jazz and pop with such conviction and feeling. She has a tremendous range."

"We want her back. And Aretha wants to come. The trouble is the time factor. Also, she can command such an enormous amount of money in the States. She is one of their highest-paid artists. She can get far more money there than here. But she would come for a charity like the Royal Variety Performance, and probably stay on for a couple of dates."

Adds Frank Fenter: "I'd like to see Aretha in a Royal Command Performance."

Certainly, thousands who saw her in person in London feel her stature today warrants such an honour. But then, honours – in commercial rewards and critics' acclaim – have already been heaped on ex-gospel singer Aretha. Jerry Wexler sums it up simply by saying: "There is nothing new in what she is singing. Black music – the only creative artform in America." With good and just reason is Miss Franklin called the Queen Of Soul. *Laurie Henshaw*

— NME SEPTEMBER 7 —

HER FATHER IS a barnstorming holy roller of a reverend who likes shiny alligator shoes and who once paid a £6,000 fine for failing to file tax returns; who is such a fiery preacher that two nurses are reputed to stand by waiting for his overcome parishioners; and who commands £1,000 a performance and can afford to travel around in real Cadillac style.

She is Aretha Franklin, "Lady Soul", who is currently doing a touch of the Dionne Warwick via her Bacharach-David hit "I Say A Little Prayer", which stands at No 5 in this week's *NME* chart.

Obviously Aretha comes from a background with a lot of know-how about showmanship and soul. Maybe her offbeat family life, in fact, is the clue to Aretha as she is today, a sizzling performer who now almost turns off completely when you meet her by day away from the footlights. I know that when I met her in London recently, it was hard going trying to penetrate the mystical curtain she seems to throw around her.

One thing that struck me then was that she seemed a little older and heavier than I'd imagined, and I must say I don't quite feel so ungallant now that Aretha has smilingly mentioned the fact herself. "I might be just 26," she says, "but I'm an old woman in disguise – 26 goin' on 65. Trying to

"A searing, soaring voice"

MM May 18 Gospel-soul star **Aretha Franklin** makes her London debut.

ARETHA FRANKLIN, America's soul sister, came, was seen, and conquered Britain last weekend. And, at Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday, she almost incited a riot from a wild and excited audience of soul brothers.

Aretha is without doubt one of the greatest soul, blues and gospel singers we have seen for a long time. She has a searing, soaring voice; powerful on high notes, warm and wild in the lower register. She has a slight, tubby frame and a deceptively placid appearance, but that fantastic soulful voice pours forth with almost unbelievable volume and power.

Her programme was not all raving soul, however. She also sang several beautiful blues – including "It's My Life" – and her "Dr Feelgood", self-accompanied on piano, betrayed her gospel roots. Aretha roared on stage, to the jumping if at times ragged backing of her orchestra, led by trumpeter Donald Towns and her heavily choreographed vocal trio, and went straight into "Satisfaction". Her songs were mainly best-known numbers – "I Never Loved A Man", "Respect", "You Make Me Feel Like A Natural Woman", etc, but she also sang a great personalised version of The Young Rascals' "Groovin'". My only criticism: falling foul of tricky acoustics in the auditorium.

The rest of the bill was merely a build-up to The Moment, Joe E Young and The Tonics – a competent if unsensational soul band. American Robert Knight tried hard but failed to arouse the audience, while Lucas, with The Mike Cotton Sound, bounced and bobbed with exciting effect. *Alan Walsh*

grow up is hurting, you know. You make mistakes. You try to learn from them, and when you don't, it hurts even more. I know what it's like. I've been hurt – I've been hurt bad."

She says she wanted, needed, to become a singer the day Clara Ward sang "Peace In The Valley" at her aunt's funeral and suddenly tore off her hat and flung it to the ground in sheer fervour. That was at the age of 12. Apart from the very colourful Reverend CL Franklin – who is pastor of Detroit's 4,500-member New Bethel Baptist Church – Aretha's family consists of her brother Cecil, who is now assistant pastor of the same church; her sister Carolyn, 23, who writes songs for her and is also in her backing trio; and pop singer Erma Franklin, who is 29 and now lives in New York.

Occasionally, says brother Cecil, Aretha will lower her defences and let herself go enough to do a WC Fields impression or imitate Bela Lugosi as Count Dracula! But only occasionally. He adds, sadly, "For the last few years, Aretha is simply not Aretha. You see flashes of her, and then she's back in her shell."

When Aretha was 18, she was inspired by the work of Sam Cooke and went to New York to try the pop field, auditioning for a Mrs Jo King who got her signed to a Columbia Records contract. Says Mrs King: "Aretha did everything wrong, but it came out right. She had something of her own – a personal concept of music that needed no gimmickry. She was a completely honest musician."

Then she made a lot of records which failed – and this Aretha also realises – because they weren't really her. She didn't believe in them. They didn't have soul. The switch to Atlantic Records was her saviour, and she's never looked back since. Now, Aretha can afford to retreat to her £20,000 colonial-style house (with its 12 rooms) when she isn't busy singing or touring. With her there are her husband Ted and her three sons, aged nine, eight and five.

She likes to sleep in the afternoon, or go roller-skating in the evening. But most of all, she likes to stay quiet and cool and hide behind her curtain of mystery with only a slight smile to betray the way she's really feeling. That's Aretha Franklin. *Alan Smith* •

Aretha at Hammersmith: unbelievable power meets tricky acoustics



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“We’re doing unbelievably well”

With the CREAM fleetingly back in London, it’s a good time to catch an audience with Eric Clapton in his eccentric Chelsea pad. On the agenda: hi-fi equipment, lorry drivers, America and rumours of a split.

— MELODY MAKER MAY 4 —

A TIRED AND FRUSTRATED Eric Clapton is going back to the blues. The guitar star of the Cream was back in London for a few days’ holiday last week, snatched in the middle of the group’s marathon tour of America. And a jam session with blues giant BB King was his most influential experience during his months abroad.

“I went off to a lot of different things since the Cream formed. I went off in a lot of different directions all at once it seems, but I find I have floated back to straight blues playing. I’ve returned to what I like doing as an individual, and that is playing exploratory blues. I met BB and when »

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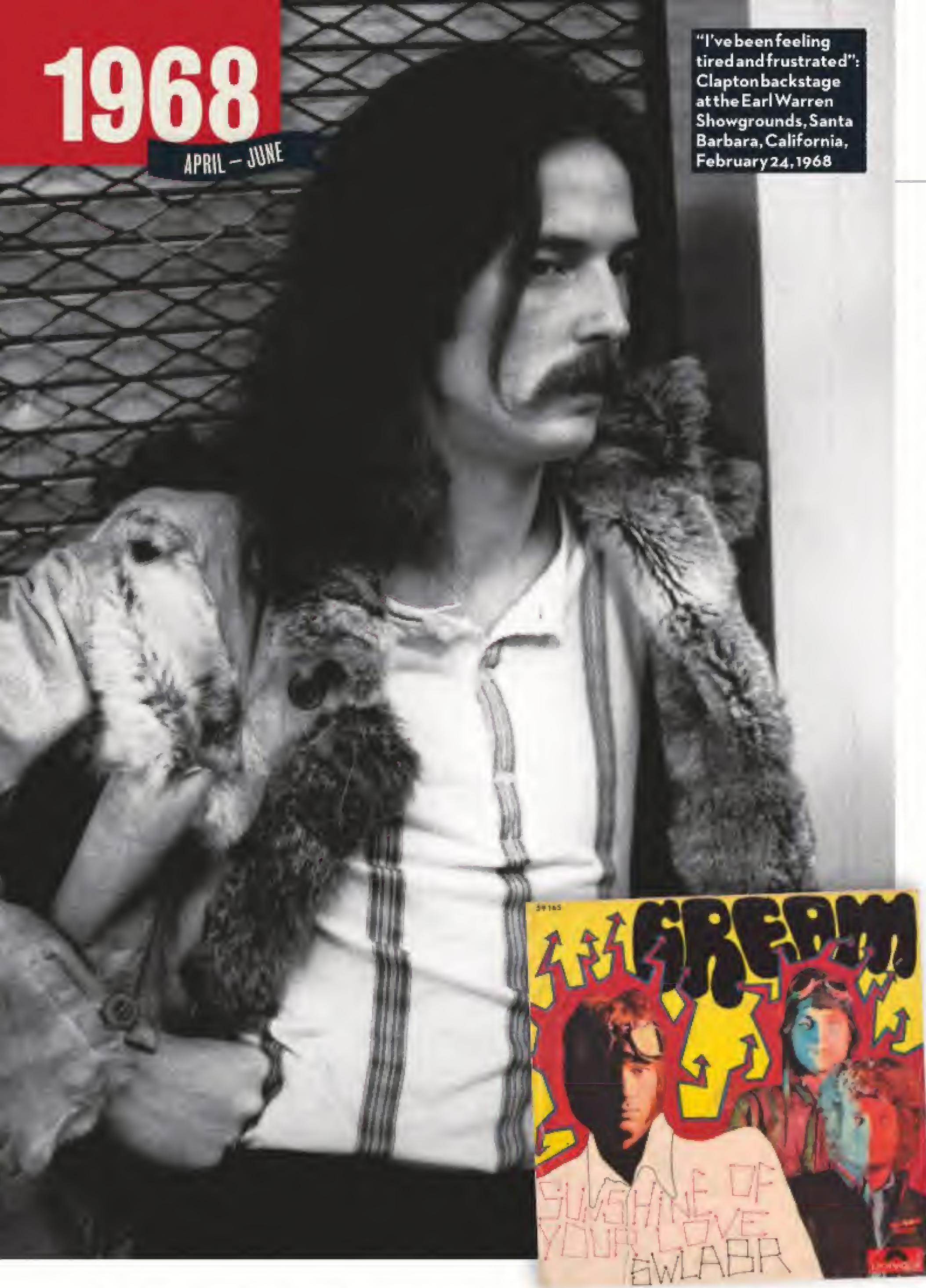
The Creamin' '68:
(l-r) Eric Clapton,
Ginger Baker and
Jack Bruce



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"I've been feeling tired and frustrated": Clapton backstage at the Earl Warren Showgrounds, Santa Barbara, California, February 24, 1968



BB played I realised it isn't a question of fashion, or blues dying or being reborn; it is there all the time whether you play blues or not, and I just realised I want to play blues again. We jammed together at the Au Go Go in New York. I had to play the hardest I have ever played in my life and that taught me a lot.

"In a pop group the first things you suffer from are jealousy and terrible insecurity. So many groups are making it on the pop chart scene; you keep wondering if what you are playing is out of date. You get really hung up and try to write pop songs or create a pop image. I went through that stage and it was a shame because I was not being true to myself. I am and always will be a blues guitarist."

When Eric makes his rare visits home, he lives in a rambling collection of art studios in King's Road, Chelsea, reached by twisting, dark staircases covered in chickens. A ghostly voice whispered through the intercom in answer to my ring: "He is asleep." But the door was opened by remote control, and I picked my way up the stairs through clouds of chicken feathers. Not a soul was to be seen. Silence prevailed. I stood uneasily in a corridor trying not to look at fearsome modern paintings glowering and gibbering from the walls. Suddenly the ghost materialised from a room, a pale-faced, slim young woman, looking as if she had just been in spiritual contact with Edgar Allan Poe. "He is in there." A drooping arm indicated another room. "Will you go in?"

"Well, actually, I wonder if you would mind going?" I tried to force a smile, and inwardly cursed myself for not having brought garlic and a small wooden stake. But the girl seemed to understand my request and without raising objections or indeed making any sound at all, drifted towards Eric's chamber and opened the door.

"Eric – are you awake? There's a gentleman to see you," she called softly. I caught a glimpse of a white face, covered in long black hair, lying on a pillow. A deathlike croak emitted from the lips of the prostrate figure, followed by a groan of recognition.

As he was probably on an astral flight and was hauling his spirit back into his body by the old silver cord trick, I adjourned to yet another room to wait for the completion of such tasks as the donning of trousers and the cleaning of teeth. Meanwhile, the girl had vanished.

The room was a vast studio in a state of indescribable clutter, most of it the property of an artist for the hip satirical magazine *Oz*, who shares the premises with Eric. Vast eye-assaulting paintings, old copies of *Beano*, a rubber statue of Mickey Mouse and postcards of Victorian nudes were just some of the objets d'junk that hit me. Eric appeared some minutes later, moustached and cheerful, the bright sunshine fighting through the studio windows obviously having a refreshing effect.

"Have you been sacrificing fowls?" I inquired, referring to the feathers. "What sort of house do you think we're running, Mr Welch?" Eric picked up a psychedelic telephone and called up a hi-fi firm. "Do you know anything about hi-fi? I just can't get it to work. Pete Townshend would know all about it. What a mess this place is in..." Eric waited patiently for the hi-fi experts to answer.

Coffee at the antique supermarket was the plan, and tying back his shoulder-length hair with a tatty ribbon, and dressed in a red shirt and blue jeans, he guided the way along sunny King's Road, through the myriads of hippies and irate old ladies. A lorry thundered past, the driver shouting mouthfuls of abuse. Seconds later, another workman whistled and gesticulated.

"Oh, lorry drivers don't like me," grinned Eric, as we strolled into the supermarket filled with discreetly expensive clothes and paintings and climbed to the rooftop cafe.

Eric wanted to catch up with all the group news: "I'm so out of touch. How are Traffic doing? I really dug their LP. Stevie's too much. I remember two years ago talking to him about forming a band together. But he said he didn't want to be a leader and neither did I. So – no band! Have you heard the new Mothers Of Invention LP? I'm on it somewhere, talking, not playing. We're doing a concert with them in Chicago when we get back. We were going to superimpose our acts on each other's, but I don't think that would have been humanly possible.

"I know Frank Zappa very well and he's a great guy. Zappa's into a lot of social reform things. He's mainly addressing the older generation through things like 'America Drinks...' and the college kids. He's changing all the time and as players the group are really respected. Talk to anybody like Mike Bloomfield and they all dig the Mothers."

He's against dropping out? "Yeah, I guess so. I'm less struck about that kind of thing. I'm not interested in passing on messages. There are a lot of things I want to do, but timing is important – very important."

Are the Cream breaking up? "All the rumours are denied. I'm happy with the group, although needless to say there has been strain. We've been doing two-and-a-half months of one-nighters and that is the hardest I have ever worked in my life. Financially and popularity-wise we're doing unbelievably well in America. It's strange. I've only been back three days in London and I just can't make out what is going on. The scene here has changed so much and nobody seems to be able to stay on the scene for long. Steve Miller didn't like it in London. He said he saw a middle-aged

I'm knocked out that Eric Clapton returning to the

I AM knocked out to read about Eric Clapton's return to "Straight blues playing". This is something I have waited for from Eric, knowing how changeable he is. We used to talk about it a lot.

I rate him with the highest and hope he'll keep it this groove for a long.

Says Peter Green

When Ross McManus sings on the Joe Loss Show I can understand every word. Some groups today sound like Pinky and Perky. — PETER SAUNDERS, London E5.

Nice, Mayall and Chick Shack and even if they don't get hits, their records are available for anyone who cares. — PATRICK WRIGLEY, Blandford, Dorset. ● LP WINNER

IAN SMITH'S remarks (MM, May 4) about the

LONG live the Nice! can't be long be

man taking off his trousers in a club to get laughs – and you know and I know who that was – and he said he went to another club where everybody was wearing seedy flower-power clothes. It's very strange for Americans from San Francisco in London.

"America is doubtless a sick country, but it has the most potential good of any place I know – and the most potential evil. I've changed a lot through living in America. I've tended to withdraw from making contact with people. I'm harder to get to know than I was a few years ago. I don't trust people so readily.

"Not here, of course! It's madness here. Nobody seems to give a damn about anything! It's really quite relieving to be back. Over there, every conversation gets involved in the race problem and ends on a doomy note."

OK, but are the Cream breaking up? "All rumours are denied! I mean – the group isn't going to last forever, but it's not going to break up in the foreseeable future. If we hadn't had this holiday we might have broken up anyway. We all know where it's at in the group. Each one of us has got to be free to move. We've just got over a period of recording inactivity and we have two LPs out soon, one recorded 'live' at the Fillmore and one in a studio, which will boost our ego and give us more confidence. I've been feeling tired and frustrated."

What did Eric think of the British blues scene today? "It looks very healthy. I've spent some time with John [Mayall], and heard his new LP. He's expanded his mind so much. I love Peter Green's stuff as well. His album is phenomenally good. Mick Taylor is great as well.

"But there is a great deal of belligerence wrapped up in the British blues scene, among both the musicians and fans. They are both very dogmatic. But speak to BB King about anything, man, and he's not dogmatic. So why should we be like that?"

Eric finished his coffee: "Well, I've got to pack my bags and go." And the young guitar picker – who started his career with The Yardbirds in Richmond, England, has become one of the world's great contemporary blues figures, and remains one of the most unaffected people around – sauntered off, back to America. *Chris Welch*

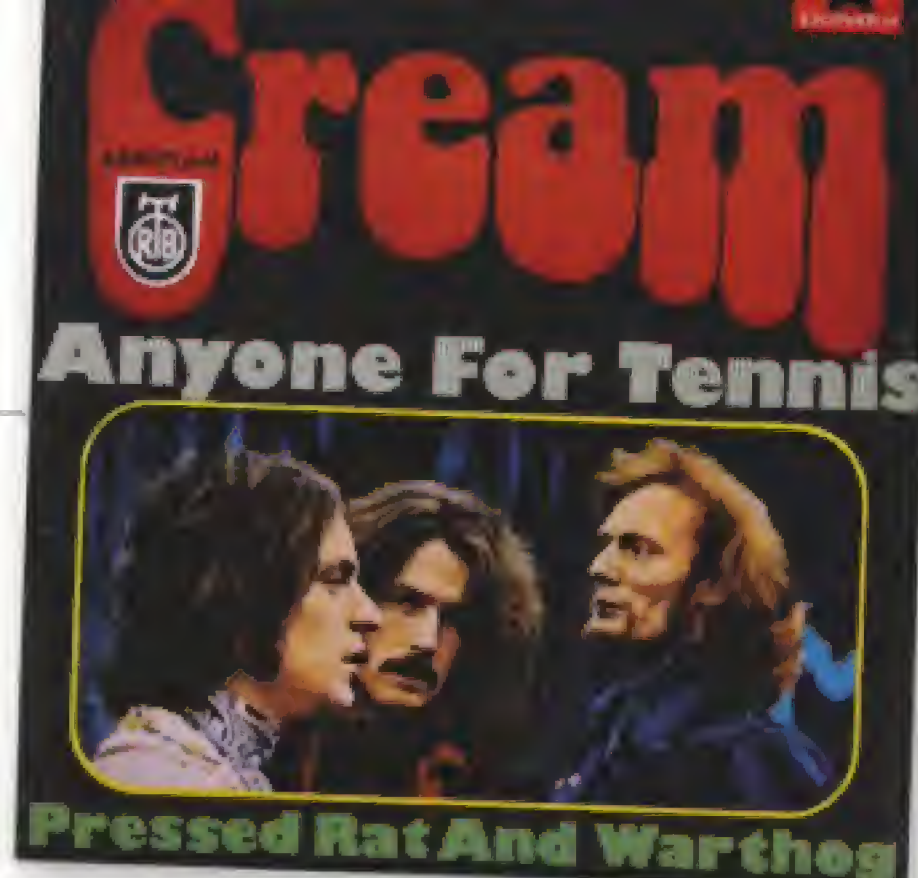
— MELODY MAKER JULY 13 —

CREAM ARE BREAKING up. The world-famous trio that features Eric Clapton, Ginger Baker and Jack Bruce are to go separate ways in the autumn. Said Eric at his Chelsea home this week: "I've been on the road seven years and I'm going on a big holiday."

It was two years ago, in July 1966, that three of Britain's most outstanding instrumentalists electrified the blues world by joining forces. It was two years ago that Ginger Baker rang me to say, "Me and Jack are forming a group with Eric." Then came the denials.

Eric was the star of John Mayall's Bluesbreakers, Jack was with Manfred Mann and Ginger was with Graham Bond. Nobody wanted to lose their key man. But Cream were not going to be turned off. Soon they were rehearsing together in a London church hall, a thunder of blues startling their first audience – some Brownies, a caretaker and manager Robert Stigwood.

They made a sensational debut at the sixth National Jazz & Blues festival – in pouring rain at Windsor. They had their first hit with "Wrapping Paper" in November 1966, and then came "I Feel Free", concerts at the late-lamented Saville Theatre, and this year they conquered America and became superstars.



"We died the death from playing exposure"

They had their successes and failures. Eric got hung up on the pop scene for a while. The result of that was "Anyone For Tennis", a nice enough record, but one that didn't impress Cream fans. It flopped. Sometimes, the Cream in full cry were as exhilarating as a Lightningjet screaming past at ground level.

Jack's soulful singing and harmonica wailing on "Train Time", Ginger's great drum solos on "Toad" and Eric's "Stepping Out" thrilled fans across the world. Sometimes they were tired and played badly. Sometimes fans complained their music was taking the wrong course. Most of the time they were idolised. Eric told me last May that the Cream were breaking up. But it was to be kept secret until business problems had been sorted out.

At the time, Eric said: "I went off to a lot of different directions all at once it seems, but

I find I have floated back to straight blues playing. I've returned to what I like doing as an individual, and that is playing exploratory blues. You get really hung up and try to write pop songs or create a pop image. I went through that stage and it was a shame because I was not being true to myself. I am and always will be a blues guitarist."

In the bedroom of Eric's pad he played a fascinating Bob Dylan tape, while we lit cigarettes, drank quarts of tea and attempted to talk about the future. But the oppressive heat of the day often reduced the conversation to about three sentences an hour while Dylan sang his "...Wheel's On Fire" and "Mighty Quinn".

"They were recorded in his basement with friends at Woodstock," said Eric. "There is some really great music coming out of America. I think we are due for a whole new spate of *Sgt Pepper's*... I've got another tape here of Bob Dylan's Band. I think this music will influence a lot of people. Everybody I have played it to has flipped. The Band is releasing an album called *Music From Big Pink* by the group. Since I heard all this stuff, all my values have changed; I think it has probably influenced me."

When and why are Cream breaking up? "In a couple of months. We'll probably be doing a farewell performance, maybe at the Royal Albert Hall, plus 15 'farewell' dates in the States. The reason it is breaking up is a change of attitudes among ourselves, more than anything. Also we have all been on the road a long time, before Cream started. That is a big hang-up. We want to do things now that require some privacy. We want a holiday, anyway.

"Also, I just want to perform contemporary blues. With the Cream, solos were the thing, but I'm really off that virtuoso kick. It was all over-exposed. We died the death from playing exposure. I think the Cream reached its peak last year at San Francisco. From that we all went on such a huge ego trip. Making it in the States was a bang in the head."

What will Ginger and Jack do, and what are Eric's plans? "Jack will probably get into recording, and Ginger will probably get a group together. I want to be in a group where I can control the music, but I want to be at the back. I've already had plays with a few people, and I know the musicians I want. Listen to this."

Eric produced a small spool of tape, threaded it on the machine and we allowed our minds to be blasted. "You can't say who it is," said Eric. The one number on the tape rocked along for several minutes. It was a backing track without the vocal, including a very funky piano, and two guitars. The most outstanding feature was some tremendously driving drums. I have no idea who the musicians were, but from the styles they sounded remarkably like Nicky Hopkins on piano, George Harrison on rhythm guitar, Eric on lead and Ringo Starr on drums. But this is just wild surmise.

The number was called "Sour Milk Sea" and if this is any indication of the sound Eric wants in the future, disappointed Cream fans can look forward to a great new group in replacement.

"I'll start work on the new group in November. I want a piano, bass, guitar and drums. Yes, I was disappointed with the Cream on record. I don't think we took the right direction. The tours we did meant being on the road for such a long time, we couldn't rehearse and try new things. That was the strange thing." *Chris Welch* •

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blues

Melody
Maker

ALAN PRICE on new singles—p 10

CREAM SPLIT

“There are more wonderful people than jerks”

How to celebrate the global success of “What A Wonderful World”? For **LOUIS ARMSTRONG**, it’s with a fortnight residency at Batley, West Yorkshire. Satch calls in advance, charms both press (“It’s like Las Vegas!”) and crowd, and – obviously – promotes his own line of laxatives, too.

— **MELODY MAKER** **APRIL 13** —

THERE WAS A click on the transatlantic line, followed by a gravelly “Hello, pops” that could have come from only one man – “Satchmo” himself: Louis Armstrong, now gracing the *MM* Pop 30 with his mighty vocal presence at No 1. “Who’s that?” questioned the voice compounded of equal parts grit, gravel and charm.

“The *Melody Maker*? My favourite music periodical. How’s my man Max Jones, Nat Gonella – all them cats?”

The voice that typifies jazz crackled over 4,000 miles of telephone cable from Miami Beach, Florida, with a warmth and friendliness that cheered up a dismal evening in North London. Sixty-seven-year-old Louis, indestructible and fighting fit, is top of the chart with “What A Wonderful World” – and knocked out that he’s still pleasing his fans here in Britain.

Armstrong is the one man who has spanned every era from the early days of jazz at the time of the First World War through to popular music in 1968. And he is one of the few jazz musicians to have been acknowledged and revered internationally. He is currently to be heard, on his hit, as a vocalist, but it is as a great jazz trumpeter that he is better known. Louis’ trumpet playing has warmth, beauty, purity of tone and brilliance of technique combined with a gigantic power of swing.

Born in New Orleans, Louisiana in 1900, Louis learned to play trumpet in the Coloured Waif’s Home For Boys. He was exposed to and assimilated early jazz influences and in 1917 joined trombonist Kid Ory’s band. He progressed from this group to others, including a band led by the legendary King Oliver in Chicago, which he joined in 1922. In the mid-’20s, Louis formed the Hot Five and Hot Seven recording groups

– among the most legendary in jazz and a step away from the pure New Orleans style.

In the early ’30s, Louis toured Europe extensively and made his first motion picture, *Pennies From Heaven*, in 1936. From then he worked mainly with large orchestras until he returned to leading small groups in 1947. He formed his All Stars, the band he still leads and whose present personnel consists of Joe Muranyi (clt), Tyree Glenn (tmb), Danny Barcelona (dms), Marty Napoleon (pno) and Arvell Shaw (bass).

Louis was relaxing at the Deauville Hotel, Miami Beach when I phoned him. He was in Miami for an engagement with the All Stars prior to flying to Hollywood to play at the Academy Awards dinner last Monday. “That’s a great honour,” said Louis.

Louis had been singing “Wonderful World” with the band for a year or so before he recorded it. “I love the song – that’s why I did it,” he said. But the tune’s not too old – it’s brand new, really.

“I love it because I’ve lived in the same house in Corona (Long Island) for 30 years and I love that line in the song about the children. I’ve seen three generations of children grow up in Corona. And they all come back to see Uncle Satchmo and Auntie Lucille,” he chuckled.

It’s not the first time he’s been in the pop charts – “Hello Dolly” was a hit back in 1964 – and I wondered if Louis had any other numbers up his sleeve. “I got a lot where that come from, pops,” he growled. “Joe Glaser told me it was a hit in England, and that’s great.”

Was he looking forward to visiting England again – negotiations are at a final stage for him to come here for club and concert work in June? “Are you kiddin’? All my men are there. I’m always glad to see them and my fans in old England. Tell my fans Louis will be glad to come and play and sing for them.” »



Eyup, what a champion world: 67-year-old Louis Armstrong explores the West Yorkshire countryside, June 1968

Louis said that both he and his wife Lucille were in great shape. "I'm just great these days. I've been on a special nine-day diet and I lost upwards of 50 pounds in weight. I never felt this good in ages. This diet lets you eat steaks, omelettes, chops, all of them things, and on the seventh day you can even have an aperitif."

"Tell you what I'll do for all my fans in England. Tell them that if they're obese – fat, you know – they can write to old Louis c/o Joe Glaser my manager in New York and I'll send them all my special diet sheet for nothing so they can be beautiful like me. I've just spent 5,000 dollars on a whole new clothes job. I'm really trim – down to 145 pounds now," he said, and that unmistakable Armstrong giggle roared down the phone.

Louis said he still had two or three weeks' work on his latest movie – the film version of *Hello Dolly*. "We are spending a few weeks from the end of this month out at the 20th-Century Fox studios in Hollywood to get the film in the can."

Finally, as time ran out I asked Louis if he had any message for his fans in Britain. "Yeah, you can tell them that old Louis is looking forward to meeting the people. Tell them they should get me work, while Satchmo is feeling great, looking great, and blowing great." *Alan Walsh*

— MELODY MAKER JUNE 29 —

IT WAS AFTER 12.30am and the Variety Club at Batley was emptying. But along one side, by the stage, a queue of people waited to pay respects to Louis Armstrong. He had been on stage for a long stint, lasting perhaps one hour and a quarter. During that time we'd heard, among other things, several bursts of vital trumpet playing – in "Ole Miss", "That's My Desire", "Hello Dolly" and "The Saints" – which had the flavour of vintage Louis.

Back in the dressing room, Louis had been rubbed down and refreshed. He had changed, taken a sip of Seagram's VO whiskey, and now was ready to receive all-comers. The *MM* was entertaining the five winners of our Armstrong contest, and their companions and Louis had agreed to meet them "after the show". All of them thoroughly enjoyed the evening and Les Partington, next to me, leaped to his feet more than once to shout acclaim of a particular vocal or trumpet passage. Humphrey Lyttelton was a surprise addition to our table.

Armstrong and his manager, Ira Mangel, impressed by the distances some winners had travelled (Edwin Hinchcliffe and his wife left Shoreham, Sussex by car early that morning), invited them in first. But they waited their turn, and it must have been 1.15 before the last one said goodbye to Satch. Hinchcliffe, a veteran reader, showed Louis a card signed by him and members of Spike Hughes' band when "Hinch" first saw Louis – at Harrogate, Yorkshire in 1932. DH Bayes, a Hull winner, said he hoped to see Louis next year on another visit. "Yes, I'll be back," Armstrong promised, "if they give me time, and don't load me with too many one-nighters."

Our lady winner, Miss Marion Gillies, gave him a piece of music she'd written. "If he just looks at it, that will be marvellous," she told me. "I can't tell you how much I've enjoyed myself tonight." These greeting-and-signing sessions are very much a part of Satchmo's world. They take up a lot of his time and energy – no joke to a man in this business who will be 68 next week – but he undertakes them conscientiously, as he does press receptions and other public-relations chores.

While Louis shook hands and chatted with his fans, and signed everything from programmes and photographs to handkerchiefs and records, I asked his wife, Lucille, how he felt about them in general. "Louis doesn't mind doing this," she said. "They are his fans and his friends, and he sees them all. Before the show, no. He arrives only half an hour before going on. Then he gets ready and composes himself. But afterwards he'll do anything. It's his life and he wouldn't change it."

People were still filling into the dressing room, bearing compliments and a few gifts. One presented Satchmo with a box of Irish linen handkerchiefs. He got up to show them to me. "My birthmark," he said, laughing.

Many of the admirers were local, as I could hear, but for the Variety Club, Batley the term "local" embraces quite a large slice of Yorkshire. A female voice actually said, "Ee, you were wonderful", adding somewhat unexpectedly, "You can't get away from what you've got, can you?" A male voice said the evening had been "the thrill of a lifetime", to which Louis replied, "For you and me, daddy."

The point about Armstrong is that he takes personal trouble over his fans. He'll sign almost anything anywhere, and even a tongue-tied youngster gets an encouraging "I'm glad you came". To a young man in a wheelchair he was both considerate and charming.

Old favourites, of course, he never forgets. When he heard Lyttelton was in the club he introduced him from the stage ("one of Britain's great trumpet players") and had the spot turned on him. It picked me up as well, so we had a number jointly laid on us... "to the fine cats over there, 'That's My Desire'". This was sung by Tyree Glenn backed by Louis – who played

some most sensitive music behind vocals by Tyree and Jewel Brown – and then as a comedy duet with the trombonist, in colourful millinery, taking a female role. As Humph reminded me, it was a performance which harked back to the days of Armstrong and Zutty Singleton.

He'd heard that Louis played very little on the opening Monday and was surprised by what met his ears: "It was all there, and on 'Kiss To Build A Dream On'. Fine stuff."

No doubt Armstrong was extremely tired on the opening show. He'd travelled a great deal and had very little rest for three days. On the Saturday, he'd worked at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, just outside Washington.

"The band had finished at midnight and Louis stayed and signed those autographs," Ira Mangel explained. "We didn't get out until one o'clock and had to get back to New York and be at Kennedy Airport around 4.30 for the plane to London, leaving at 6.30 that evening. I'd had to switch planes on account of the strike, and that was hard as we needed 13 seats and only travel first class. We arrived in London at 6.40 in the morning, your time, and had to wait till 10.30 to catch the Leeds plane."

"So, now in Leeds, the press appeared and they kept him on the go. The guys and Louis had no sleep at all, and I thought he wouldn't be able to

go on. It's pretty unfair; they shouldn't review opening nights."

I asked specifically if he'd had any sleep, and Louis said: "As much as necessary. We were all night on the bus, got in about six. I died in that bed from six until 11.30, then got up and had my fruit juice and coffee and Swiss Kriss. Then I had my two eggs."

"I feel fine, because this woman travels with me" – he indicated Lucille, who looked mock-indignant at the description – "when we do a long trip like this, a week or more in one place. But on those one-nighters, Mama stops home. She takes good care of me and I take care of her. We look after each other."

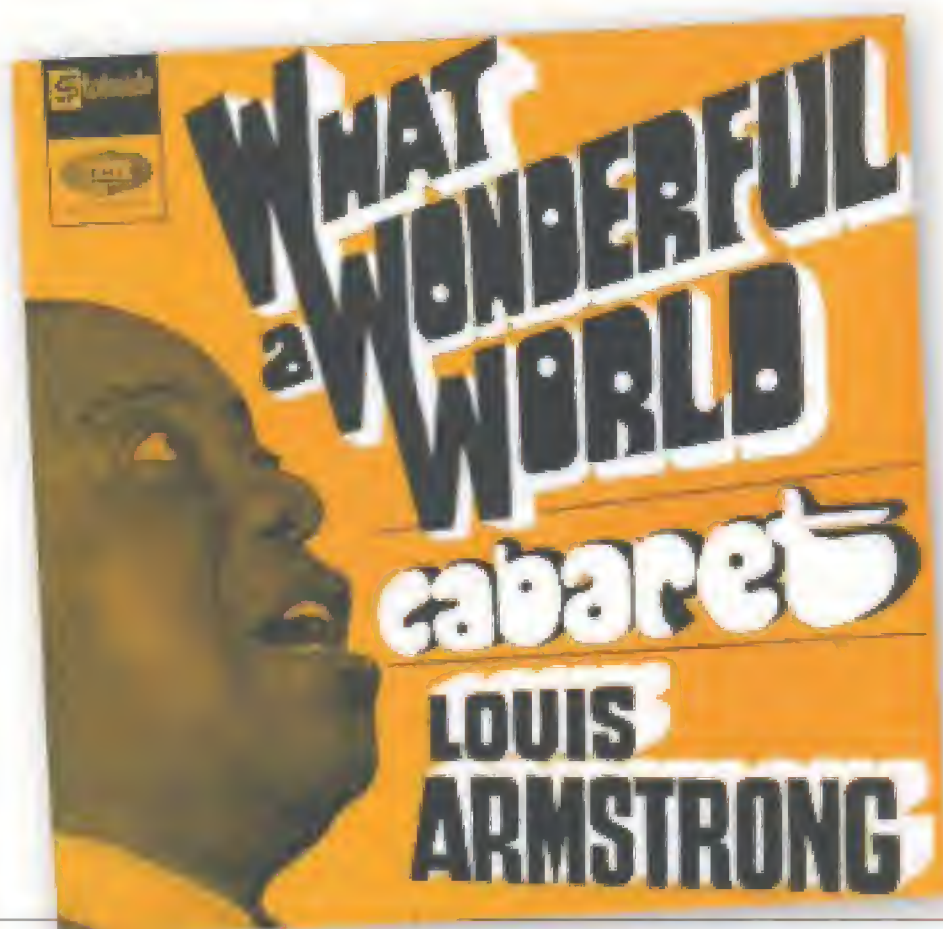
"Of course, I take care of my insides with a laxative every day, and my chops with this Franz Schuritz lip salve. But if I forget for any reason..." here Louis gestured toward the bottle and winked at me... "She's got it."

This past week and more, Batley and the surrounding area had taken to Satch in a big way. Everywhere he goes, people lionise him, or approach him just to say hello. Trumpeter Dickie Hawdon, who leads the resident group, was naturally knocked out.

"I never believed he'd actually get here until I saw him step onto the tarmac at the airport. It's been ridiculous hearing him every night; and with him here, I've seen more mates in a week than all the previous year."

According to Hawdon, Armstrong had seemed to gather strength each night. "It's got better and better," he said. "All the guys in his band do solo features. But he sits in a chair behind the screen while they're on, and its then he plays some of his best things."

As for the object of this admiration, Armstrong himself, he liked the Batley gig well enough. "It's only one show a night. The people seem to like us, and we have a nice show for them. One of my fans complained that it stopped too soon. I said, 'Well, we stayed an hour and a quarter and we're supposed to do 45 minutes.'" *Max Jones*



"Louis had no sleep at all. I thought he wouldn't be able to go on"

— NME JUNE 29 —

THE “WONDERFUL WORLD” of Louis Armstrong is coming to life this week at Batley Variety Club, and it was here that this legendary character gave a 200-strong gathering of press, television reporters and showbusiness personalities his interesting and often frank views on a large variety of subjects. The “Meet Louis Armstrong” conference, arranged by club owner Jimmy Corrigan and his wife Betty on Tuesday, took the form of a question-and-answer session.

Are we likely to see you back in this country again? “Yes. Britain’s like home to me. I hope to make a 12-monthly visit. I would like to come back here to Batley next year if I can. I don’t do one-nighters now. I concentrate on residencies of about a fortnight like this one.”

What do you think of the audiences you have been getting? “They’ve been great everywhere and I am very pleased with my reception at Batley. It’s another place to work in, like Las Vegas except that they don’t have the machines and dice games here.”

How long do you plan to go on in showbusiness? “As long as Lucille [his wife] and I can talk Turkish!”

It has been reported that you said “Wonderful World” was corny. What do you say to this? “I didn’t say it was corny, others did. It got to No 1, and that’s what counts.”

What did you think of “flower power”? “I don’t believe in fictitious styles of dress. I like good plain styles. That’s all I want to wear.”

Why don’t you use a guitar in your band? “I think too much emphasis is placed on guitars. We don’t need a guitar because we have a good piano, which is far more important.”

You must be a millionaire by now? “I reckon I am richer than you. In fact, I know I am!”

How many weeks a year do you work? “Fifty-one. I don’t need a holiday when I have such a nice wife as Lucille with me.”

Looking back on your long career, is there anything else you would have liked to have done? “No, I have no regrets at all. I have enjoyed every minute of it.”

Do you still listen to your Hot Five and Hot Seven recordings? “Yes, I still have them with me. I have a copy of every record I have made.”

Who is your favourite composer? “Fats Waller.”

What do you think of the North? “I have always enjoyed my visits here. I have played places like Leeds and Sheffield before, and although some of the theatres have now gone, I still remember them.”

Do you follow trends in jazz? “The All Stars and I don’t go by trends. We just play our music.”

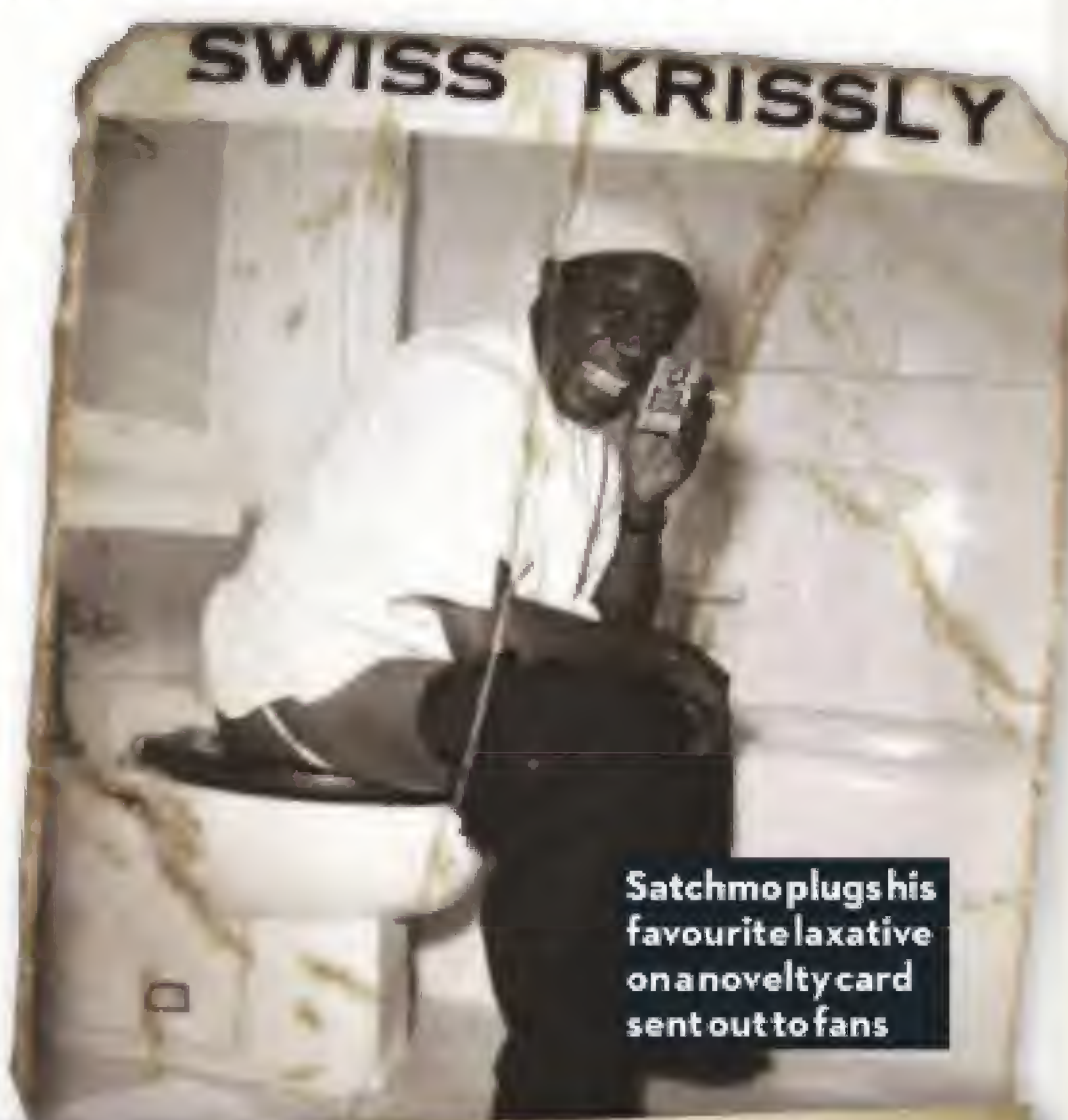
Are you superstitious? “I used to be. But the black cat crossed me so many times in one evening that I made friends with it. So I decided, ‘If you can’t beat ‘em, join ‘em!’”

Who would you rate as the finest musician? “Without doubt, King Oliver. His melodies always impressed me. And he created New Orleans jazz.”

Do you think it is a “Wonderful World”? “Yes. There are more wonderful people than there are ‘jerks.’”

FINALLY, LOUIS ARMSTRONG ended on a humorous note. When the Lady Major of Batley asked if he would call in at the open day at the Town Hall during the afternoon he said: “I must have my siesta.”

The Major replied, “We don’t have siestas in Yorkshire.” But Louis, in a jovial mood, brought much laughter by countering with: “But I am going to have a siesta in Yorkshire.” *Gordon Sampson* •



June 18, 1968: topping a bill of his All Stars, Armstrong rations his glorious trumpet playing, but Batley still laps it up



“Singing and clowning”

MM JUNE 22 Louis live at the Batley Variety Club.

ROBERT BURNS’ famous assertion that people all over the world are basically the same was proved again in one sense on Monday [June 18] in Batley, the Yorkshire wool town. Sixteen hundred ecstatic members of the 40,000 population gave Louis Armstrong a standing ovation at the end of his opening performance at the Batley Variety Club. Exactly the same emotion-charged ovation that Louis gets in Tokyo, San Bernardino, Milan or Accra. But in Batley, they get down to brass tacks more quickly and they booed the unfortunate compere who came out to shush them up. Only Louis, reappearing with jacket in hand, managed to do that.

Undoubtedly Satchmo touches the heart of all who see him. His winks, gestures, head-shaking, finger-pointing are cunningly devised to rivet attention to his incredible face. And he always achieves his object. His programme on Monday was exactly the same as he offered at last year’s Antibes Jazz Festival, with the addition of “Wonderful World”. The emphasis is heavily on singing and clowning, and lovers of the Louis trumpet may be disappointed.

He was perhaps a little tired after his long trip. When he blows himself in, he often opens up one night and astonishes even the members of his group. The tantalising thing is that you keep hearing brief snatches of that glorious horn. On the unpensionable “Indiana”, backing Tyree Glenn’s lampoon of “That’s My Desire”, riding along briefly on “Cabaret” and the opening “Sleepy Time Down South” his sense of tone is undeniably still there.

One of the highlights of the performance was pianist Marty Napoleon’s solo spot, “The Girl From Ipanema”. Napoleon puts on a two-fisted tour de force that rocked him off his piano stool and set the crowd yelling. Tyree Glenn clowning his way through “Volare” and showed he’s still master of the wa-wa trombone. Joe Muranyi repeated his “Closer Walk With Thee”, which moved in the lower register but which sounded shrilly sharp when he switched upstairs.

Bassist Buddy Catlett and drummer Danny Barcelona trotted out their customary solos, “Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams” and “Stomp’in’ At The Savoy”. And Jewel Brown in her close-hugging sparkling dress perfunctorily performed her three numbers. But it was Pops the woolworkers wanted. “Bring on Louis,” a gruff Yorkshire voice shouted as Jewel announced her last number, and when Pops came forward from his backstage seat where he was having a drink and a cigarette, the crowd broke into smiles and applause as he beamed his way through “Wonderful World”.

For three minutes he did make a wonderful world. There was even a pause in the consumption of vast quantities of heavy beer, gin and scampi and chips. By the time the closing “Saints” was hand-clapped through, Louis could do no wrong – except leave the stage. As one transported Batley housewife said as she demolished a large gin: “I could just watch him sitting there having a cigarette.”

Selena Jones sang a long set before Louis and was warmly received. Excellently accompanied by pianist Brian Lemon and the Batley Variety Club group led by trumpeter Dickie Hawdon, she brought power, swing and artistry to such numbers as “I’m Yours”, “Gloomy Sunday”, “Witchcraft” and “That Old Black Magic”. *Jack Hutton*

Leave it all behind ya’, Louis tells MM

MM’s Alan Walsh spoke to Louis Armstrong on the

Acker Bilk nearly prevented leaving Australia by tax men. Said his brother Dave

Street’s Rod Lion. Alf’s not as daft as he looks, Viv. Pete Phillips, drummer



1968

APRIL - JUNE

"They're a great group but that doesn't mean anything"

MM MAY 11 Johnny Cash reviews the singles.

Bobby Bare Find Out What's Happening (RCA VICTOR)

I don't know who that is, but it's a hit. I heard that record in the States, and I think it was a hit there. Let me see, who produced it? Duane Eddy? Hey, that's Bobby Bare. Chet Atkins produced it, and that's really what's happening! Bobby Bare is very popular in the States. He's one of our best friends.

The Johnstons They'll Never Get Their Man (TRANSATLANTIC)

I don't know if that record will be a hit but it's a nice and easy sing-along song with good words. I'd

say they were Irish. We've got lots of friends in Ireland, and I like The Clancy Brothers.

The Doors The Unknown Soldier (ELEKTRA)

That's the wrong side. The other side is the hit called "The Unknown Soldier" (record hastily reversed). I don't like it. They haven't had a hit here yet, but I'm sure they will. I'm quite interested in some of the West Coast groups, but I don't think this'll be a hit here. It's not the sort of thing teenagers want to hear. They don't want to hear

military drum beats, in fact I don't want to hear military marches. God no, it's all over now. I'm sorry, they're a great group, but that record doesn't mean anything.

The Crickets & Buddy Holly That'll Be The Day (MCA)

I remember the song. It's not one of my favourite Buddy Holly songs. I don't know if the country is really ready for that again, and I'm a Buddy Holly fan. I don't think that can be brought back, although he could. I don't mean that literally, of course.

Little Richard Good Golly Miss Molly (LONDON)

Yeah - that's right. He's made a hit! (Laughs) That's Little Richard - yeah. Ha ha ha! (Falls about) Ridiculous. This rock revival here is a good thing, and Little Richard should be one of the big names of the revival. I'm not surprised it's happening; in fact I expected it to happen. I guess pop was getting too

far out for some people. There's a whole new generation who haven't heard of Carl Perkins and they're hearing him now. Carl is on the tour with me, you know. People of all generations are the same. They will buy rock'n'roll again.

Bruce Channel Keep On (BELL)

Nice record! I like this. Ha ha! I don't recognise him, but I'd say that was a No 1 hit record. He really put some character into that, and his own personality. Definitely a hit. What next? Must be a Mervyn Conn production coming up.

New Christy Minstrels Where Did Our Love Go (CBS)

Is that the A-side? New Christy Minstrels. It's easy listening alright. I don't think it's commercial, though. I remember the Supremes hit and I prefer their version.

Jerry Lee Lewis What'd I Say (LONDON)

Jerry Lee Lewis, who incidentally is one of my favourites. I like his version, but I don't know if it will be a hit. It's good, though.



Glenn Campbell I Want To Live (EMBER)

Glenn's not big here yet? He will be, I think. Is that the topside? I've never heard this song before, and it's not as good as some of the stuff he does like "By The Time I Get To Phoenix". This could go, but I don't like the lyrics. I don't think they've got enough roots, although I like his voice. I can't understand the record company putting this out.

Johnny Cash, boss of all things boom-chicka-boom, takes the *Maker's* Blind Date challenge



GETTY

JOHNNY CASH



spins the new singles

A PART from his thousands of dedicated admirers in Britain, Johnny Cash is slowly breaking through to a wider audience. More people here are becoming aware that he isn't just a country and western singer who occasionally gets a pop hit. Mr. Cash arrived in Britain last week with his wife June Carter, for a tour with Carl Perkins, and the Tennessee Three. On flying into London he went straight into a round of interviews before commencing his tour, to be bombarded with questions, from his views on the rights of the American Indian to the disappearance of rural America. Although tired and anxious to go shopping for London style boots with his wife, he listened courteously to the questions.

try to find out what I don't know about him.

DO (File)

That's the bit I don't know about him.

DO (File)

DO (File)

DO (File)

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"It's not my scene..."

MM APRIL 6 Manchester United star George Best ("El Beatle" as he is known in some parts) reviews recent singles of note.

The Beatles *Lady Madonna* (PARLOPHONE)

Well, what can you say about that? Everything The Beatles make is good, and they seem to get better as they go along. It's a rock'n'roll beat, but more modern - a sort of dig at rock. This is their best yet - which is what I seem to think about every record they make. They just get better and better.

Esther And Abi Ofarim *Cinderella Rockefeller* (PHILIPS)

This is a great record - absolutely fabulous. It's so different - and such a quaint record. And Esther has such a wonderful voice. Bet they had fun making this.

Cilla Black *Step Inside Love* (PARLOPHONE)

Without doubt, this is the best record that Cilla has made so far. I suppose the television programmes have helped it a lot, but it is a good song, and she sings it well. I've always liked Cilla - but I like her even more now that she's getting better material.

Tony Blackburn *She's My Girl* (MGM)

Don't like this - monotonous - nothing at all to lift out the rut. Successful ideas but somehow the mixture doesn't merge.

Bee Gees *Words* (POLYDOR)

It's the Bee Gees, isn't it? Certainly not as good as "Massachusetts", which was the first of its kind. Now they seem to be trying to repeat the dose. They are just not progressing. They

seem to be sticking to what was a successful formula. Yet I don't think anyone could have handled the singing on this quite so well.

The Hollies *Jennifer Eccles* (PARLOPHONE)

This is one that grows on you the more you hear it - but I don't think it will be a big hit. Good for the discotheques and for dancing. Well up to The Hollies' standard and very similar to "Bus Stop".

Manfred Mann *Mighty Quinn* (FONTANA)

Anything Manfred Mann does is alright by me. This is fabulous. I like the fact that it is different - but, of course, all Manfred's records are different to the previous one. This is a good song, too, although I don't normally like Bob Dylan's songs.

Paul Jones And The Sun Will Shine (COLUMBIA)

No.... I don't like it. It's a bit of a dirge. He seems to be struggling. It was written by the Bee Gees, wasn't it [yes - Ed], but the combination hasn't clicked this time. Nothing like so good as Paul's days with Manfred - but then he was with Manfred, wasn't he?

Dionne Warwick *Valley Of The Dolls* (PYE INTERNATIONAL)

This is just the greatest thing I've ever heard! Dionne Warwick could sing anything for me. What a wonderful voice. Because she does it, it must be great. I've seen the film and this is the only thing in it. She's great!

The Move *Fire Brigade* (REGAL ZONOPHONE)

Hey, another sing-along! But I like The Move a lot. Right now I'm patiently waiting for the next LP. I think this is their best single to date, but make no mistake, they will become better still. They are a versatile group. They are going to last a long time.

SINGLES REVIEW

1968



Donovan *Jennifer Juniper* (PYE)

This is great - as good as "First There Is A Mountain", and that's going some. The whole presentation is good. I prefer Donovan in this happy mood to his "message" records. He must make himself miserable. Pleasant, happy record.

Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich *Legend Of Xanadu* (FONTANA)

Oh yes - I like this because of the whip. I can never get the "whip" right - I must practise. Seriously, this is one that makes you turn up the volume as loud as possible, and sing. I like the big brass sound of the backing. Great!

Matt Monro *One Day Soon* (CAPITOL)

Not a chance of being a chart hit - this is not for the teenage scene. This is definitely LP material - well sung, excellently produced, and has its own market. Matt needn't worry - he's doing well enough.

The Tremeloes *Suddenly You Love Me* (CBS)

This is another one to make you turn up the volume. But it's too fast for dancing, a real sing-alonger. It's a happy, cheerful record, very good indeed of its kind. Good for The Tremeloes' image. Certainly won't do them any harm.

The Foundations *Back On My Feet Again* (PYE)

There seems to be a spate of these happy, singing records. But

this is good for dancing too - I hear it in all the discotheques. I like this a lot - undoubtedly it will be a very big seller.

Cliff Richard *Congratulations* (COLUMBIA)

This one should easily win the Eurovision Song Contest. It is just the right kind of song for the contest and will be a big hit as a record. It has every gimmick in the book, yet it's still a better song than "Puppet On A String". But it's not for me. It's catchy and Cliff is a good singer, but it's not my scene.

Lemon Pipers *Green Tambourine* (PYE INTERNATIONAL)

I personally think this is great. It stuck in my mind the first time I heard it, just couldn't forget it. I bought it immediately it was released, and I am still playing it regularly. I think it is a great song and they do it so well.

Paul Mauriat *Love Is Blue* (PHILIPS)

I think there are far too many versions of this number. Someone told me there were 14. But this one is by far the best of the bunch. Orchestral pieces are not usually for me, but this is a good song. And this is just the right treatment. Just the thing for cosy fireside listening.

Gene Pitney *Somewhere In The Country* (STATESIDE)

Gene Pitney? Gene doesn't seem to be recording what the teenage public want today. This is nothing different to what he has done in the past. Sorry, but this will not be a big seller. Yet I'd travel miles to see him on stage. He has a great stage act.

Aces face: George Best in 1968, en route to the European Cup Final against Benfica




1968

APRIL - JUNE

September 4, 1968: The Beatles rehearsing "Hey Jude" at Twickenham Film Studios, Middlesex, for a promotional film broadcast on the BBC's satirical show *Frost On Saturday* four days later



PHOTOGRAPH



“A handful of songs and four boys to sing them”

THE BEATLES return from India as wiser men, with a new single, “Lady Madonna”, and 30 more new songs. Between séances and promoting their new company, they reveal their current musical position (“we’re rockers, rocking”) and defend their post-*Pepper* tack. “We’re trying to get as funky as were in the Cavern...”

— **MELODY MAKER MARCH 16** —

“**J**UST BECAUSE THE others are in India, I get all the interviews,” grinned Ringo Starr as we settled into armchairs at NEMS’ new Mayfair headquarters. Ringo was back in Britain. Chirpy, cheerful, he sipped his sixth cup of coffee of the afternoon and answered questions readily and patiently. Ringo has been regarded as the Beatle in the shadows, but he has his own views on things. He agreed »

that their new single was based loosely on Humphrey Lyttelton's 1956 hit "Bad Penny Blues"; talked of India and the Maharishi and denied he was losing interest in meditation; and spoke of his schizoid life as both Beatle Ringo Starr and plain, private Richard Starkey. Two people to him, but overlapping into his private and public lives. There was sadness in his final remarks on his dual existence. "I try to keep them separate, but you can't," he said.

"Lady Madonna" has been called almost a return to rock'n'roll. Is this true? Yes, that's what it is—almost a return to rock'n'roll.

Can you explain what you were trying to do in this record? The thing is, we've been trying to make a rock'n'roll record for five years now. Because rock'n'roll has suddenly hit the headlines—the great revival—because this one is a rocker (a slight one anyway) people are saying it's a rock'n'roll record.

When did you start thinking about this record? Paul thought of it originally. He did it like Fats Waller first. I only heard it in the studio. Paul plays piano on it. What he's doing on piano is a sort of "Bad Penny Blues". We said to George Martin, "How did they do it on 'Bad Penny Blues'?" and he said they used brushes. So I used brushes and we did a track with just brushes and the piano and then we decided we needed an off-beat. So we put an off-beat on it and then Paul decided to sing it in his sort-of Elvis voice.

Many people thought it was you singing? Yes, a lot of people did. It didn't sound like me to me.

Is this as near as you've got to a rock number in five years? Ever since rock'n'roll, rock'n'roll records have been made, but people forgot to say rock'n'roll. All through the years there have been people who have come

out with rock'n'roll records but now, suddenly, everyone wants rock'n'roll to come back so they say this is a rock record and that's a rock record. They've picked out records that have an off-beat, or a saxy thing, or a Duane Eddy thing. They're calling ours rock'n'roll and The Move's "Fire Brigade" and Elvis' record. I don't think anyone will ever go back to rock'n'roll as it was years ago—the reissues will be the only ones, because there's so much more musical influence now from all the years that have gone before. Rock originally was influenced by country & western and the blues mainly, but now we've had 10 or 15 different types, so all the new rock'n'roll records will have a bit of that in as well. They'll be technically a bit more advanced and have a lot more musicians in them. So I don't think it's really your old rock'n'roll. It's just a title.

This single is different to the sort of Beatle music on *Sgt Pepper*, for example? We always try to be different. If people hadn't been saying "the great rock'n'roll revival" we most probably still would have done this record, and it would have been just the new Beatles single. It wouldn't have been rock'n'roll Beatles.

How do you feel about the early days of rock'n'roll? They were the greatest days for me. I was just at the right age, but I don't even think the re-releases of the old rock'n'roll records will sell. It's nostalgia for us—you and me... the people who went through that. The 25s and over.

Would you ever get so nostalgic that you'd want to play again? No, I don't think I ever would. I don't want to play again on stage. Not at the moment anyway.

Is this record a step in any specific direction for The Beatles? It's not a backwards step, as some people have said. Because it doesn't freak out, people think you're going backwards. It's just another step, and

PHOTOGRAPH

"Yes we're going to have a party, party": Ringo and Pattie Boyd help celebrate George Harrison's 25th birthday at the Maharishi's ashram in Rishikesh, India, February 25, 1968



that's what they all are. Just because we do certain things on some records, it's called progression. This is just us doing a record... it's just a record. It's not a step back or a step forward or sideways. It's just another step. It's just another type of song from The Beatles.

You stayed only 10 days in India. When you got back, were you confused about why you came back? I wasn't confused. The newspapers were confused. I came back because I just felt like coming back. That's the whole simple thing to it. I just thought – well, I'll go home. We got there and it was great and the sun was shining. Nice place.

Was there any element of disappointment or disenchantment in your decision to come back? No, it was just that we felt like coming back. We still meditate. The whole point of going there was because we were away from everything and Maharishi would like you to meditate for as many hours as you can, and while you are there you can. But it's impossible at home to do 10 or 12 hours, really, because everything's provided, and you've got your room. You don't have any worries about all the work you have to do. We weren't disenchanted. It was just a feeling. I think everyone must get it sometimes, wherever you go.

Was it homesickness? Yes. It can be described as a lot of things. I think Maureen was missing the kids. That was the only thing. I mean, we didn't say suddenly, "Oh, we've got to see the kids." It was like a hundred reasons which turned into one thing. You feel like coming home. So we came home.

It was reported that the Maharishi was disappointed when you left? We went to see him and he wanted us to stay because he's helping us. If you're going to learn something, you might as well learn it from the boss man, and he's the guv'nor.

Were John, Paul and George disappointed? No, we just said we're going home, and they said alright. See you when we get back. Not one of us holds the other.

What have you been doing since you got back? This is the first day's work. Apart from that, I've been at home doing whatever you do at home. I've just taken up enlarging and developing films. I've been doing that the past few days. That's all really.

You said in the MMin December that the Maharishi looked like answering a lot of questions for you. Is this still true? He still does. Somebody said that I looked at him and said, "There I am." But he's a long way ahead from where I am. He's so great. There's something about him. I can't tell you what it is really. You just know... there's a great man.



The Beatles in early February 1968, recording "Lady Madonna" for release after their imminent trip to India

"I find tunes the hardest to do. I don't think words are very hard"

Do you think he'll ultimately lead you to what you're striving for? He's put me on the road. Now it's up to me whether I follow or get off.

Do you intend to carry on? At the moment, yes. I've never, with anything, said, "In five years I'll still be doing what I'm doing now," because I don't know.

Has it helped you up to now? It's calmed me and made me more relaxed, although I still have the same emotions as anyone else. But I feel more relaxed.

What's the practical application of meditation when you're at home? Half an hour meditation in the morning, and half an hour at night. The rest of the time you just do what you normally do. It's meditation because we're "householders" – that's the word for people who have to get up and do jobs and who can't be monks and sit in a cave and not do anything. So we do the householder's meditation – and this eases your mind in the morning before you're out doing your job. Then when you're finished, everyone's mind's a bit tight and meditation relaxes you. You're a better person. All the worries, troubles and tribulations of the day – if they are there, they build up and that's when you get all the aggression, because everyone is so tied up that they are not thinking straight and they are all shouting and fighting before they know what's happening. So, that way you relax your brain and no problem seems to be as big as you make it out to be.

The devotion of The Beatles to the Maharishi has given him a lot of publicity. Has it been good or bad publicity? The publicity we've tried to give has been good publicity, but all the people who think it's something else have been saying a lot of rubbish really. This has been bad publicity. But you are going to get this – you get good and bad with everything, and it's just a pity that all the people who have never tried it are giving it a lot of bad publicity – like the press and a few pop stars.

Has it helped you musically? I don't think it's helped me musically, no. Our songs will be influenced by it because of John and Paul. It's another influence, so it'll influence our songs. But I don't think I'll be a cosmic drummer.

Have you acquired any ambitions to go deeper into music yourself? No. I have the phases where I want to play guitar or I want to play piano – or anything I can play a tune on, because I get sick of bang, bang all the time, though some drummers can make them talk and can play tunes on drums. But I haven't done any of that, really.

What about writing songs? No, I have the odd go, but it's a joke. It's tunes I find the hardest thing to do. I don't think words are very hard. Usually »

Will the real Richard Starkey please stand up?

"JUST BECAUSE THE OTHERS are in India. I get the interviews," grinned Ringo Starr as we settled in armchairs at NEMS new Mayfair headquarters. Ringo was back in Britain. Chirpy, cheerful, he sipped his tea and answered questions readily and patiently. Ringo

1968

APRIL – JUNE

I write a song and then I sing it to someone and they say, "Oh aye, 'Blue Moon'" – and it is. The first ones I used to write used to be pinches from Jerry Lee Lewis – all his B-sides.

Has the fact that you're away from touring and just work in the studio these days given you any appreciation of other types of music? Not really. I still appreciate the same music that I used to, which is country, rock'n'roll, pop and the odd classics.

What about jazz? I've been through it all, you know. I've been through trad jazz and that got boring, and I went through modern jazz and I still like some modern jazz. I like small combos – Chico Hamilton, Yusef Lateef, people like that – small groups more than big bands. But there's no great urge in any of them. I just play an odd LP and I have to be in that mood to play that sort of record.

What do you listen to most at home? I don't think I listen to anything more than anything else. I stick LPs on, from Tamla to country. I put them all on.

Away from work in the studio and elsewhere, what takes up most of your time? Photography, playing with the kids, answering the telephone – just being a normal person who lives in a house.

Do you every miss touring and the days of chasing round the country? No. When we toured, it was such a frenzy and so exciting that I'd had enough at the end of it... Five years of it at the pace we did it was enough for me. I don't feel at this moment that I want to do a tour.

Has age had its effect too? Yes, that as well. It's like, when I first moved down to London I used to go out to the clubs every night and I had great times. But if I go now, I sort of expect it to be like it used to be, but it never is. Although you blame the club and the people, it's you yourself as well, because you've got older and you've changed yourself.

Do you ever become nostalgic for the early days of The Beatles and Beatlemania? Not yet. Maybe I will in a few more years. We haven't been away from it that long really. Maybe in 10 years; like I'm still nostalgic for rock'n'roll now.

Are you ever nostalgic for the North of England and Liverpool? No, because now I have my own family and my own life, I still go up and see them, and I still enjoy going to Liverpool. If this all finished and I was back to not being Ringo – back to normal – I suppose I might move up there again, but I don't know really.

"Back to normal" – that's an intriguing phrase. What do you mean? Well, it is. But it's one of the phrases you use. I consider myself as Richard Starkey and Ringo Starr – they are really like two different people. But they're not. It's just I think Ritchie Starkey has got his life to lead, and he doesn't want it in all the papers or the whole world shouting about it. And there's Ringo, where I'm quite willing to put up with it. This is a Ringo interview. It's no interest if you write Richard

Starkey, if I wasn't me. I still make two different scenes altogether. I try and keep them separate, but you can't. *Alan Walsh*

— MELODY MAKER JUNE 8 —

PAUL McCARTNEY, NEW-STYLE businessman of Apple, took time off from creative planning last week and talked about The Beatles' recording plans. Paul spoke to the *MM* the day before the group started recording sessions for a new album and possibly a new Beatles single. He revealed that they were starting recording with 30 completed songs.

"Twenty were written while we were with the Maharishi in India," said Paul at Apple's Wigmore Street headquarters. "The other 10 we have written in the time since we came back to London." There is no central theme to the songs. "They aren't about anything in particular, they're just songs. They're not even particularly connected." They are in fact just examples of Lennon and McCartney's wide-ranging melodic ideas and embrace different themes and ideas, reflecting all the influences taken in since their momentous *Sgt Pepper* album.

The Beatles are not sure how long their sessions will take, but it's a fair bet that they want to complete recording in far less time than *Sgt Pepper* took. "We have no time schedule, we're just recording until we are finished. We have the studio booked for a couple of weeks initially and we'll go on from there.

"We might record all 30 songs and pick 14 or so for an album, or it could turn out to be two albums, or even a three-album pack. We just don't know until we've finished. We are going in with clear heads and hoping for the best. We had hoped this time to do a lot of rehearsing before we reached the studios rather than rehearse actually on the instruments, but as it happened, all we got was one day."

While the group are recording, Apple activities will be more or less suspended. They will probably carry out most sessions at the usual time, which is evening. "Some nights we may record through until five in the morning, if things go well. It depends what happens. If one night does go

well, the next night we'll stay later – until 8am and so on until we disappear up our own ____!"

It is hoped that the sessions will product the next Beatle single. But again, that's a matter of chance. "Until we start, we don't know what'll happen. A song that looks good on paper might turn out to be a flop when it's recorded. Or we might cock it up in the studio. For the first week, we'll just record and see what happens. If nothing good comes out of the songs, we'll get The Scaffold to write one for us!"

But Paul promised that the music will be either simple or very complicated. "It'll be one extreme or the other – it'll either be very simple or it'll have everything on it. We haven't booked any musicians. All we have is a handful of songs and four boys to sing them. That's all there is – a band called The Beatles."

But their hard work seems to have got their Apple project off the ground. "It seems to be going OK. We're happy with things the way they are progressing. Like all things we do, it started as chaos but now it's going quite well. It always takes up a time to see our mistakes and put them right. But now things are starting to fall into place. They're going smoother and it'll keep on getting better until it's perfect."

And, Beatle Paul revealed, the group are not following transcendental meditation with spiritualism. Reports appeared in the national press that The Beatles had been attending séances to contact their late manager, Brian Epstein. Paul explained what happened: "Sometime during this mad summer, George and John got a call from a medium

"They're just songs. They're not even particularly connected"



We have a handful of songs and a band called the Beatles



who said that Brian was trying to contact us – that he had something to say to us. We didn't want to pass up any chances, so John and George went along to a séance. But they didn't believe it all. There was nothing in it." *Alan Walsh*

— NME AUGUST 10 —

SOME WEEKS AGO I begged to be excused from the full story of Paul McCartney and the village of Harrold, which began in Bradford one hot Sunday afternoon and ended with me staggering home in London in the thin, cold light of the Monday dawn. The cider had got to me.

It was also right there in the middle of my holiday, and I wanted the time to sit down and write about it as it was. And it was, as I still remember vividly, a dusk-to-dawn encounter that taught me a great deal about the inner mind of the amiable Mr McCartney and at least a little about myself.

It all started when Paul, Peter Asher, Derek Taylor and Tony Bramwell kindly offered me a lift back to London after the recording of The Black Dyke Mills Band.

One hour and a half later we were still in Bradford, sitting in the deserted hotel, talking to people, drinking tea, being friendly. A BBC TV unit turned up and Paul stood outside in the sun to be filmed chatting up some of the local talent. We leave. The thermometer inside the Rolls had been at 110, but a touch of the button and the window opens and a nice breeze blows around us via Paul's giant sheepdog Martha.

On and on to the M1. Miles and miles of white concrete. Conversation. Paul pushing buttons on the radio and hearing The Marmalade's "Lovin' Things" with eyes wide open... "Fantastic! Get that bit!" Alan Freeman's *Pick Of The Pops*. Des O'Connor's "I Pretend"... "but he's a nice bloke", says somebody. Esther and Abi's "One More Dance". "God," says Paul, "are the charts all like this?"

Push of the button – "Sing Something Simple" on Radio Two. Community singing... we all join in. "Music, Maestro, Please" and "Michael Row The Boat". Well, it's a laugh, isn't it? And there's only that damn concrete, stretching on and on along the M1.

Boredom. Brilliant wit of Apple PRO Derek Taylor (ex-Hoylake, Cheshire, ex-*Daily Express*, ex-an interesting and satisfying life in America and elsewhere ever since) comes to the fore. Fills in two Diners Club application forms, one from Max Wax, "Professional Killer", the other from Norman Prince, of Wallasey, "part-time joiner at Grayson, Rollo & Clover" on Merseyside. No chance!

Back to *Pick Of The Pops*. Easybeats' "Good Times" slamming out of the speaker. Paul, Peter Asher and all knocked out by the sheer guts of it. Sudden decision to get away from the M1 and an Asher eye sees the name "Harrold", a Bedfordshire village. We head towards it but "Good Times" is still kicking around in people's heads and the car is stopped and an attempt made to get through to Alan Freeman and say what about putting it on again?

No luck. Choked faces in the callbox. It's a live show, isn't it, but they won't even put you through to the studio. All you get is some stuffed-shirt duty officer saying it is not possible to make contact with Mr Freeman during the course of the programme. (And Mr Freeman, when I tell him later, is choked about it himself. They didn't even give him the message.)

Two scruffy urchins go by, bless 'em, with dirt on their faces, and their shirts hanging out, and they look up at the big Rolls and then at the famous passenger in the back. But there is no recognition. They walk on their way.

Eventually Harrold. Early Sunday evening, and only the sound of feet crunching along the road and birds singing and Paul asking, "So where's the Ouse, then?" – hadn't Derek said we could find the River Ouse somewhere around there, and what are we doing stumbling around fields when we could be in the local village pub?

Bearded man in garden shows no immediate reaction to request from Paul for whereabouts of local boozer, delivered in heavy Liverpool accent, but gives Irish-accent directions to the



May 16, 1968: John Lennon and Paul McCartney at London Airport after a trip to the US to promote their new company Apple Corps

Maggie down the road. This turns out to be a cosy little place the size of a bathroom, with a Jolly Joker machine in the corner and a dartboard behind the door.

All of us are speakin' like we do in d' Pool, wack, but there is no reaction from the customers to the effect that here is an international star sitting in their pub eating a piece of pie and drinking a beer and dipping into a bag of crisps. They're all British, aren't they – nobody is going to blow his cool. The only thing is that from time to time the door opens and somebody is standing there red-faced and gasping for breath as if he's just finished a two-minute mile, and immediately a corner of his eye falls on Paul he forcibly regains his composure and walks casually over to the bar. But what, I asked myself in one case, is that particular customer doing wearing an "I Love The Beatles" badge on his lapel in his local pub on a Sunday?

The bearded Irishman arrives with his wife Pat, and we get talking to him and he turns out to be a most genial man named Gordon who is the local dentist.

I'm not too sure about the rest of it (the cider, you see – it was the cider), but the memories include a visit to another pleasant pub, and Paul at the piano in the half-light, gravelling out Fats Domino songs like "Blueberry Hill" and "Red Sails In the Sunset", and then a visit to the home of Gordon and Pat for meat and rice and more cider and wine.

The children came downstairs in their dressing gowns in the wee small hours and play hide-and-seek, bashful about being seen by their famous guest, until he shows one of the little girls some magic tricks and wins their confidence.

Time drags on. Is it 3am? Four? The room is almost dark, but Paul sits at the head of the table, head dipped over acoustic guitar singing songs I have never heard before. The voice aches over words of sadness and

power and I wish, only wish, I could recall them now. They have to be from the next LP, I remember thinking, and pulling out a chequebook and trying to write some notes on the back. Something went wrong somewhere. All I see now is some faint scribble.

Time to go. Farewells to Pat and Gordon and the family. The crunch of the Rolls on gravel, then out on the road to London and conversations about people and life. St John's Wood. The first light of dawn. Farewell to Paul outside the high walls of his home and then on in the car to my part of town.

Trip over the dustbins. Turn the key. Bed. *Alan Smith* »

Is it 3am?
Four? Paul
sits, head
dipped over
acoustic guitar

HOT SUN ON the back of my neck, exhaust fumes at the back of my throat, four friends in front of the tape recorder. Left to right: Mr Derek Taylor, Mr James Paul McCartney, Mr Peter Asher and Mr Tony Bramwell, some of whom may be known to you. Hand reaches down to the recording button... push forward... raise the mic and speak.

Inhibited by the wayside Question Time, and the first inquiry is an inarticulate one. "Films? How about films? I mean, you must give me something specific... the United Artists commitment..."

P Mac Cee: "The only trouble is, Alan, I don't like to be specific. Now, I wouldn't mind if I had a few things to say. But I'm afraid it has to be... it has to be... more general."

Looks like it's going to be hard going, this. Yes but, I say, and Paul sends the whole thing up wid dis sudden Brooklyn bit about we's just a group of boys who get togedder, by d'roadside, and' we's gonna make it big wid our next album on d'Apple label.

Yes, yes, I struggle, but the commitment to United Artists...

P Mac Cee: "Right, well go on, and I'll give you some evasive generalisation: There's a few films in the air. There's films I'd like to make on my own, with not me in 'em, just people in 'em. Just anything films. Films of what goes on. Films of grass. Films of people moving about. And then films I'd like to make with the Beatles band. Which would be musical films.

"But... they shouldn't just be musical films, which everybody offers. They should be the other thing as well. And it's probably going to be up to us to think of it, because people don't seem to be coming forward with offers."

It's going nicely now, I'm warming up to it. I ask if The Beatles are now dedicated to making money, for whatever reason.

"No, that's not what we're dedicated to. We're dedicated to making what should be made, and incidentally – there'll be money. If you didn't need to get things, and if you got things by swapping 'em, then by a roundabout method we'd be dedicated to swapping. We're only dedicated to doing."

But then, I say, you're obviously out to expand Apple and make it a thriving business concern, and Mr Asher agrees but points out the reason is not to make a fortune. Mr Taylor agrees and says the Apple policy is to make and sell hits, hits, hits – hit records, hit films, and hit electronics.

Suddenly: "There's something also you want to know, Alan, and I'm willing to give it to you. But if you just sort of say, 'Films', then I'll say, 'Right, Alan, Eggs.'"

Get a bit hurt. Ah yes, I say, but you know what I want to know.

"Yes," beams Paul, "I know I do."

Mr Derek Taylor puts it all in focus; he interviews me. Alan Smith, he says – are you dedicated to making money, as it is said of you that you are? I have to admit it, I am. I believe money will help my loved ones and me to live in comfort and style. "And style," emphasises Taylor, "you're in good shape, Alan." It was nice to have me on the show

I'm being put down, and although goodwill dilutes the sting, it's still a bit uncomfortable being grilled by so many chefs at the roadside barbecue. So it's back to the car and I think – Right, mate. No punches pulled this time. Turn the tape over, put it at the beginning, switch on and know I'm wiping out Cilla Black and Davy Jones with every word. Do the bold bit about now, look here, I interview many artists and most of them are specific, you know.

"OK then," says P Mac Cee, feet up and defences coming down. "Whenever we lay off recording for a long period of time – which we do –



McCartney: "It's getting back to how it should be again... rockers... rocking"

"The truth about me is that I'm Pleasantly Insincere"

we get out of the habit, and it's not together and it's not happening. It takes us a couple of weeks to get to know each other again and how we play. For instance, when I went to LA, I heard things on the radio that completely changed a lot of things I'd been thinking about music and about sounds I was hearing. So it made me write a couple of songs differently or arrange them differently."

Hint of things to come... "So now it's getting back to how it should be again... rockers... rocking. Which is where The Beatles should be and what we should be doing."

Long discussion about Apple and what it means and what it stands for. Paul points out that in the past there were creative people who had to go on their knees for work and records and films and to get the breaks, man. "And everyone gets down on their knees and grovels a bit."

"The idea now is that Apple is an organisation where you don't have to do that, where if you're good you get recognised. The trouble is that so much of the pop and record business at the moment is run by people who don't have a clue what it is about. The ones who do know – it shows. Jerry Wexler, Herb Alpert, Berry Gordy and so on. When you have thinking, involved people like this, it isn't necessary to depend all the time on the Big Fat Men."

Start to get around to the no-punches-pulled bit. Talk about cripples (or disabled persons, as my correspondent of last week tells me. Sorry. A word can cut like a knife.)

What about helping people like this, I ask? What about giving them the money to buy things to make things, to obtain their satisfaction and self-respect?

Paul: "Well, what about helping the cripples?"

Me: "Well, why not?"

Paul: "Well, why?"

Me: "Because maybe they're having a hard time of it, and you're doing alright. Don't you believe in human kindness?"

Paul: "Cripples are not necessarily having a hard time of it. And even if they are having a hard time of it – it's their hard time. It is, man, it doesn't matter what you say about helping cripples or India, there's no way to pour millions of pounds into India and make India alright."

Let me get to your conscience, I say. You must have seen, in India, people with their bellies hanging out with hunger. "No," says Paul. "I didn't see that. Have you?"

But doesn't it worry you?

"No," says Paul flatly, "starvation in India doesn't worry me one bit. Not one iota. It doesn't, man. And it doesn't worry you, if you're honest. You just pose. You don't even know it exists. You've only seen the Oxfam ads. You can't pretend to me that an Oxfam ad can reach down into the depths of your soul and actually make you feel for these people—more, for instance, than you feel about getting a new car.

"If it comes to a toss-up between that and getting a new car, you'd get a new car. And don't say you wouldn't—'cos that's the scene, with you and most people. The point is also: 'Do you really feel for Vietnam?' and the answers are the same. Maybe I'd rather listen to a rock record than go there to entertain, that's the truth in all of us. I know one is morally better than the other, but I know I'd never get you round to it. I'd be a hypocrite."

Says he believes in something called God, but anything and everything is God. Never thinks about eternity or outer space—more concerned with inner space.

The Crunch. Ask him to analyse himself and tell him I have always believed him to be Likeably—repeat, likeably—Insincere.

Pause. "To you, possibly," says Paul. "Because I don't think, 'Here's *NME* newspaper, I don't think Alan Smith, person, at all. I think I have to watch what I say because you don't say certain things to papers. I think maybe *NME*—Enemy! Whenever I'm faced with a pop press conference or a drink with the reporters, I can't be sincere... 'cos I wouldn't be there. But I suppose that by being pleasantly insincere, I can at least get to know people on some level in the short space of time."

Long conversation and then, finally, a statement.

"The truth about me," says Paul, "is that I'm... Pleasantly Insincere! And really that's the whole truth, and nothing but." *Alan Smith*

— NME SEPTEMBER 28 —

"RICHARD. LITTLE RICHARD. That's who I'd love to record. He's a fantastic character with a fantastic voice—and whether he's singing rock or gospel, he's still great."

George Harrison unconsciously tapped his soft shoe in rhythm as he talked, and we both jumped in at the deep end of nostalgia as we chatted about the good old days when El was King and Richard used to tutti-fruit his head off. Extending his "I'm a Rocker Again" thesis, George said he didn't care to dwell on the "Mystical Beatle George" any more. "It's still all 'Within You, Without You'," he added, but I don't want to go into that any more, 'cos now I'm being a rock'n'roll star!"

The crooked grin broke into a crooked smile. "I'm still writing, though and after 'Sour Milk Sea' I've got a few songs I've done on the next Beatles LP. At least, I think they'll be on it. We haven't worked it out yet. I've got a lot of songs kicking about in the air, and there's also about two or three I've got at home. But I don't know whether to do 'em or not. Sometimes I write them and with the mood I'm in, they're OK. But I come back to 'em later and I'm not in that mood any more, so I think, 'Oh, well. Rubbish.' I've been doing that for years! Come to think of it, I've probably thrown away at least 20 good songs which, had I followed them through, would have been at least as good as all the other ones.

"Sometimes I put on a tape at home, and I find there are five bits of songs I wrote around 1954-5-6 or 7 that I just forgot completely about. I've got a song I liked when I first wrote it, and I still like it, but in-between I thought, 'Aw, this is a bit too much. People are not gonna believe this!' Anyway, I took it out recently, looked at it, and I know they're still

"I now want to write songs that don't have any meaning"

not going to get it! The reason is it still tends to have that deep meaning thing—and I'm trying to get out of that. I now want to write songs that don't have any meaning, because I'm a bit fed up with people coming up and saying, 'Hey, what's it all about? What does it mean?'"

I asked George if he got any really creative experience out of writing and recording.

He said: "Of course—it's all like a challenge. You get the idea and you've got the bit of plastic to put it on, but then there's the actual thing of going through all that bit of getting musicians together and making people do things the way you want, trying to get the best out of it.

"And then, in the end, when you've done all that, and you've got a little thing there, like a painting... and you put it out... and people say, 'Oh, it's a load of _____, man.' But it doesn't matter. Not to me, anyway, because you get a lot of people who do like it, and it is worthwhile."

We got on to the Beatle Fan's Biggest Hope Of All—will The Beatles ever play live again?

Answer from George, with that smile again: "It just depends. The thing I'd like to do most of all is play resident in a club. Not to go touring... because I didn't like all that travelling and playing, and all that sort of thing. But if we were to do a live show, I'd prefer to do it like at the Top Ten in Hamburg for three months, and just play in the one place for about three months. Then we could get rid of The Myth once and for all of The Beatles being 'something apart' from everybody else.

"Obviously, we go through cycles. At the moment, it's all that bit like getting my guitar out again, and it's happened quite a bit on this next album of The Beatles. We've got 'together' for it. Like, in the early days we were pretty good because we played for so long in one place. That's why I'd like to do a resident spot. Then you've got your amps and your drums set up, and get used to the one sound.

"All these people come to see you, too, so you can't hide. You can't fake anything. It's like, you know, you've got your trousers down. And there's nothing to hide! Now, we're trying to get as funky as we were in the Cavern. 'Cos in the Cavern and Hamburg, all we really were was thump-thump-thump. But so together, you know, because we were playing all the time. And those were the days when we used to think that

'Twist And Shout' was too way-out for a single. All very Shadows it was, then, and getting into suits.

"This next album is much simpler than *Pepper* because it's more down to guitars, bass and drums, and maybe a piano. There's a nice one of Paul just playing with his guitar, singing to himself but with just a bit of brass on it."

We got on to the subject of The King and George said, "I remember at school there was all that thing about

Elvis. You never really wanted to go to school, you wanted to go out and play or something. So when some record like Elvis' 'Heartbreak Hotel' came along and you had this little bit of plastic... it was amazing. Now, it's hard to realise that there are kids like I was, where the only thing in their life is to get home and play their favourite record, and maybe it's ours.

"We know Elvis is great. We know he is. He stopped being a rocker, and they made him go into the army and by the time he came out he was a clean, healthy American doing clean, healthy songs and films. But basically, he's got such a great bluesy voice. It would be great if The Beatles and Elvis could get together for an album. It really would." *Alan Smith* •



Harrison: "I've got a few songs I've done on the next Beatles LP. At least, I think they'll be on it"



1968

APRIL - JUNE

Films. A new producer. A new direction. For THE ROLLING STONES, 1968 brings a creative rebirth. First “Jumpin’ Jack Flash”, then another major song, “The Devil Is My Name”. “There’s no script or anything,” says Keith Richards.

“The old
thing...
that’s
finished”



— MELODY MAKER MAY 18 —

TO REACH THE Rolling Stones' plush new London office, you step into an ancient lift which looks not unlike the Tardis – and takes off with the same startling disregard of gravity. Once upstairs, we were greeted, not by Doctor Who, but by Mick Jagger, seated at a conference table dressed in brown corduroy jacket, pink frilled shirt, green trousers and black shoes.

Munching sunflower seeds, we listened to the new Stones single "Jumpin' Jack Flash". It's a driving bluesy piece with just the five Stones – easily their most commercial single in quite a while. We wondered if it was a deliberate move back. "It's very basic," agreed Mick. "But we didn't say, 'Right, we'll go backwards.' All you are really saying is that it has a good beat – it's not weird and full of electric sounds. We could do it on stage. In fact we have done – for a film for *Top Of The Pops*. We did it live, with no backing track or anything.

"We didn't do it as a single. We are over half way through the new album and it was difficult picking which track should be the single because they are all quite good for singles. The only person on the album so far, apart from the Stones, is Dave Mason. There's one song, a ballad, that I think we will use an orchestra on, but most of the tracks are uptempo things, all our own stuff. We rehearsed quite a long time before we started recording, in a studio in Surrey."

Mick said the reason they now had Jimmy Miller producing their discs was largely because of the physical difficulties of recording and producing at the same time. "It doesn't mean we do everything we are told in the studio now," he went on. "Actually, we did some of the single on a cassette tape recorder, which is a pretty mad way of making a record. We were all round at my house and we were recording everything. We got such weird sounds on drums and guitar with the cassette that we decided to use it. Charlie was just playing toy drums but we liked it and thought, so why not use it. We recorded again over the top of it."

Will British audiences ever see the Stones on stage again? "I think you will," said Mick. "I'd certainly like to, and I don't see why not. But you can't

go on forever, just going round the country. There are other things to do – like going round the country and actually looking at it instead. I like working, but travelling all the time – no!"

Mick seems completely unscathed by the Stones' trials and tribulations of the last year. We asked how bad publicity affected him. "I get so used to hard knocks, I don't notice much," he said. "And anyway, I don't get knocked by the people I respect. The publicity thing has been like that for five years now. The arrest thing did screw us up last year. Looking at it objectively now, it screwed us up as far as records go, and performing, because we just didn't feel like doing any of it.

"But I was surprised at some of the support we got. It helped to balance things up. Reading what *The Times* had to say was one thing that made me feel people are fair. Actually, I felt like packing up last year, but it was just a feeling that passed."

Ask Mick if he plans for the future and he says: "I don't think more than a few bars ahead."

Asked about his business interests, Mick told us: "My interests are all in music – and movies. I have several things going on in films which are nothing to do with me as a performer. Then, this office grows. I just let it ride along and it just grows. I don't have to do much about it beyond vaguely telling people what to do."

As front-paged in last week's *MM*, Mick is to make his acting debut in a Warner Bros-Seven Arts film, *The Performers*. "I'm going to play a kind of dropout," he said. "It's all your acting bit. I've been working quite hard on it because I have to understand the person before I play him. Shooting is due to start in July. There is also the Stones' film coming up. All I can say about it is that it's very good. It will be made here this year and is all music."

Mention of the rock revival and Bill Haley was the signal for much Jagger hilarity. "That kind of rock'n'roll," he laughed. "The best kind was all the Little Richard



Mick Jagger in Olympic Studios, Barnes, South-West London during the *Beggars Banquet* sessions, June 1968



and Chuck Berry that was part of every group's basic education. But Bill Haley! You know what I mean?

"Really, I have great sympathy with the revival, but all this stuff is not good enough. If what you are looking for is excitement, you've got to be able to find it in new things. If you are a groover and all you've got is all these ballads in the charts, I can understand you wanting to go back to rock'n'roll, but this is just living in the past. If Haley came up with a great new record it might be different, but all it is is hearing all the old ones again. It was all great at the time because it was everything that was happening then, but now, no!

"I suppose somebody will start saying our new single is rock because it has a blues basis. I like to do blues very much and I like listening to people like John Mayall, but I don't get stuck on the blues. I couldn't have a blues band – we've already had one. I want one that can do other things as well."

What does Mick listen to? "I'm so involved with my own thing I don't listen to too many other groups," he says. "I think Radio One is alright, but in a city like London there should be room for at least five stations. There should be one playing the Top 40; one like Radio One; one all jazz; one for freak pop sounds, new things and American records; one playing classical music all day. There should be room for so many different sounds.

"If I want to listen to Stockhausen, Bach or Jimi Hendrix, I should be able to press a button and get the sort of music I want. Mind you, there are things I like on Radio One. John Peel, for example. And that guy who does the blues programme, Mike Raven."

Mick launched into an imitation of Mike Raven, saying: "I must apologise for this record, which is so old you can't really hear it, but it was recorded in a barn in 1933 and the music is first-class." He laughed. "That one is really in the BBC tradition – or perhaps the Alexis Korner tradition – but it's a great programme. It's well worth listening to."

Mick yawned. "I'm tired and we are recording again tonight. The rate we are going, we are finishing two things a night – or almost finishing them. We don't like scrapping things when they are half done. We try and finish everything and then sort out the best tracks at the end. The B-side of the single, 'Child Of The Moon', we did with country piano and acoustic guitar. I rather liked it, but Keith didn't dig it. We did it another way, all more electric, and I must admit it turned out better. This is the point about being a cooperative group – you have to be; you can't do it any other way. It's just a case of understanding each other. You know what they all dig before you start working on it."

How does Mick relax outside of working hours these days? "I never go to clubs now," he says. "I stay home or go out, but not to clubs. I go to films, concerts or other people's houses. I'm moving house next week. I've bought a house in Chelsea and I've also got a house in Hampshire; it's a huge great place. Cars? I've got an Aston Martin and a 1936 Cadillac. Oh, and a motorbike. I just got it to go across country. It's like a scrambler."

That seemed like a pretty good time to leave Mick to rush off to his recording session. So, if you see Mick Jagger roaring across the Hampshire fields on a motorcycle, it's alright; you don't need a trip to the funny farm.
Bob Dawbarn

— NME MAY 25 —

THE MOST REVEALING things about the Stones are usually learnt while they are not aware you are watching them. So it was when I ambled downtown recently to observe Michael Philip Jagger at work in their new London offices, which, as you might expect, are beautifully bizarre. Rolling Stones Ltd are situated six floors up, one floor above Issy Bonn Ltd. Issy, singing "Every T'ing Is Hunky Dory" to wartime audiences on BBC radio before Mick had become a little pebble, might find odd the goings-on above his head above his head!

The two chief Stone rollers are little, loveable Jo Bergman, formerly a Beatles press officer and then a publicist for Harpers Bizarre group before becoming a super-"express"-secretary to the Stones; and Maggie



Philips, with nice legs and a nice smile, who formerly worked for nice Kenny Lynch before becoming personal secretary to the group. Jo sits at her desk in a redesigned invalid chair on wheels. The desk itself is a converted pre-war Singer sewing machine. Her telephone directories and pads are piled upon a huge travelling trunk, the late property of the late Fusilier SEW Waller, who soldiered in the Crimea. Her favourite phrases are "outasite", "neat" and "too much". She is an American.

Sometimes she loses Mick, who is wont to roll around the world looking for the sunshine in remote spots of South America, which is neither "neat", "outasite" or "too much". But she is overjoyed when he finally turns up in some obscure county of Northern Ireland on a hiking expedition!

Occasionally someone like Tom Keylock – the Stones' chauffeur and a good man to have on your side – will appear out of the "boardroom" and regale you with an anecdote about the time he saved Bob Dylan's life when someone pulled a knife on him in a club up north, or tell you what Keith Richard hit in the Bentley recently. Then there is Sue Cox, a fugitive from KRLA, an American West Coast radio station. She never managed to get out of the office and so became an employee. On radio she was known as Princess Of Razmatazz. Other additions include Theodore The Toledo Turtle and Clarence, the coffee machine.

When I arrive at the office, Mick is sitting on a chair with a dark-blue cape clasped about his neck. He is smiling into a phone. Later he asks if I would like to hear the single and when I assent, shows me into the boardroom. The dominating feature of this room is a huge wooden dresser stacked with jars of dried fruit, currants, apricots, raisins and pumpkin seeds for guests to nibble upon. He places "Jumpin' Jack Flash" on the player and retires to the other side of the room while I listen. He is obviously concerned about this single but just as obviously is not going to let anyone know how concerned he is.

"I don't feel the success of this single is any more important than the last one," says Mick. "I shall be pleased if it is a hit, but that applies at any time. I think it is a good record, but I'm not going to turn round and say people are out of their skulls if they don't buy it. It has a nice catchy chorus line and it's a good performance number. I think it's..." At this point he got a little suspicious of my line of questioning as to whether the success or failure of this disc would be significant for them. "Look, what do you want me to say?" he asked. "Do you want me to say it would be a big thrill and very groovy if it made No 1? Alright, it would be groovy!"

"We've had some lousy records which have gone to No 1, and some funny ones – I think this disc is better than those. 'Little Red Rooster' was funny because it just didn't sound like a No 1 record, and 'Get Off Of My Cloud' was not very groovy."

I said I liked the record (it has since taken another four hearings for me to love it). It has that big vulgar Stones sound, which is just what is needed to put some guts back into the present pop mediocrity. We returned to the main office and Mick mentioned that he was concerned about Brian's proposed interest in a dairy farm. "I think it will make him happy and he should have it," said Jo from her sewing machine.

"I want him to be happy too, but I want to make sure he is getting his money's worth," said Mick. "Fifty acres is not really that much when you go and look at it. I've got 48 acres and it's just a few fields when you look out »

GETTY

the window." Jo mentioned that their accountant in the outer office knew all about these things. "Right," declared Mick, "I'll go and talk to him."

In the course of the afternoon I gleaned other little pieces of information. For example, Mick has acquired a small, round Napoleon table and some Charles II furniture for his house. He has also bought a beautiful antique bed for £200, which was used in the Liz Taylor and Mia Farrow film, *The Secret Ceremony*.

Mick returns to the room and sits in a chair alongside a round kitchen table, on which sits a vase full of elegant, long-stemmed, red roses. He growls his displeasure of one recent report that the Stones hope this new single will be a hit because they have no money left. He threatens to throw a bucket of water over the offending journalist on their next meeting. Of course he does not really mean it, but it is all a part of being the big, bad Rolling Stone.

The strange thing about Jagger is that he is instinctively a gentle, kind-hearted person. But he just as instinctively defends himself by attacking – the result of meeting too many less kind-hearted people who are only too happy to kick him in the teeth (metaphorically) at the first sign of a soft spot. One emotive reaction he could not disguise, however, was his delight at the reception accorded the Stones on their first live appearance for 18 months at last week's *NME* Poll concert.

"It was just like old times," smiled Mick. "In fact, it was better than old times – one of the best receptions we have ever got. We were all delighted. We intended doing 'Jumpin' Jack Flash' only and then just accept our Poll award, unless there was a worthwhile reaction, in which case we would also do 'Satisfaction'. We played 'Satisfaction'!"

With a definite demand for more exciting sounds and more danceable music being demanded by youngsters at present, the Stones are re-emerging at just the right time. They went to considerable trouble to film a live production of "Jumpin' Jack Flash" and "Child Of The Moon" at Olympic Studios, Barnes. The recording studios were so full of film equipment it caused a bewildered Charlie Watts, expecting just a couple of cameras, to say to a friend later: "It's like bleeding Paramount in there!" You should be seeing the results of this on BBC1's *Top Of The Pops* shortly.

As office hours drew to a close we spent some minutes discussing Marianne Faithfull's culinary ability, over which I will draw an indiscreet veil, and the staff began to put their heads round the door to say goodnight. Mick remained hunched in his chair and to each withdrawal wished them a "Good night", adding, like some Machiavellian "Uncle Mac", "children everywhere" under his breath. He obviously thought this hugely amusing. Finally the chauffeur arrived to take Mick home, and from there we were to go to a recording session... *Keith Altham*

— NME JUNE 1 —

OUTSIDE THE RECORDING studio there were two little teenyboppers from a bygone age, sheltering from the rain in a shop doorway in the hope of speaking to their idols. Meanwhile, inside the studio the "idles" were getting it all together in their usual apparently haphazard, but highly effective, manner. The Stones were in session.

Keith Richard sat cross-legged upon the floor, extracting inspiration from his guitar, upon which you looked and found it looking back at you because he had pasted two cut-out eyes on it which were so photographed that they gave the impression of moving and following you about the room.

Bill Wyman, all in black, is exercising his lower mandible in preparation for another of his "action man" appearances and experimenting with a Mellotron. His hair is longer than usual but he is considering having it cut – the problem being to decide which one. Mick is patrolling the area to and from the control room with such enthusiasm that he seems to have lost a stone in weight, but later informs me that this is due to the fact that he has given everything up for health reasons – eating, drinking and smoking. He reports acidly he has never felt worse. He looks remarkably healthy.

Charlie Watts is also preparing for a return to live appearances and in one of his inspirational moments of deadpan comedy does a practice run-out off an imaginary stage, from his drumkit, waving one stick to the imaginary crowd. It deserved a bigger laugh than it got. Brian Jones arrives in the control room to consult with Jimmy Miller

about the present stage of their new album and whether there might be room for him to include some of his special electronic music on the album. "I'm very hung up on electronic music at present," says Brian. "If there is not room to include it on our album I would like to do something separately."

At one stage Brian was convinced that "Child of the Moon" was the more commercial of their sides on the current single and took some considerable time and trouble in working out the saxophone effect on this number, which turns out sounding like a trumpet!

"But the more I hear 'Jumpin' Jack' the more I realise I was wrong," smiles Brian. "It has that same appeal as 'Satisfaction' and now I'm really getting to love it – it really is a gas, gas, gas!"

He talks briefly about his disillusion with pop music of late and how he stopped listening to it as of six months ago when "the really groovy and interesting things stopped happening!" Brian also refers to their film, which begins shortly, as having a theme of "destruction and creativeness". "We create," he adds with a wry grin.

Jimmy Miller goes down in the studio and sits in on a part of the jam session on drums. He works himself into such a lather that the mane of black and grey hair flies in all directions and he sweats profusely – if Keith Moon ever needs a replacement! This "playtime-like" approach by Jimmy has more significance than some might realise, for he believes in complete identification with the artists he is working with, and in absorbing as much of their musical identity as he can. Consequently you will see him even doing a little cod-impression "Jagger's jig" during a run-through.

"I don't want to impress any of my musical ideas or attitudes upon the Stones," says Jimmy. "I just want to bring out all the natural talent they have. I want the Stones being the Stones and that's what we think 'Jumpin' Jack Flash' is. The Stones really sell sounds. You're in the studios with them and everything seems to be drifting to no purpose and then it all comes together quite suddenly."

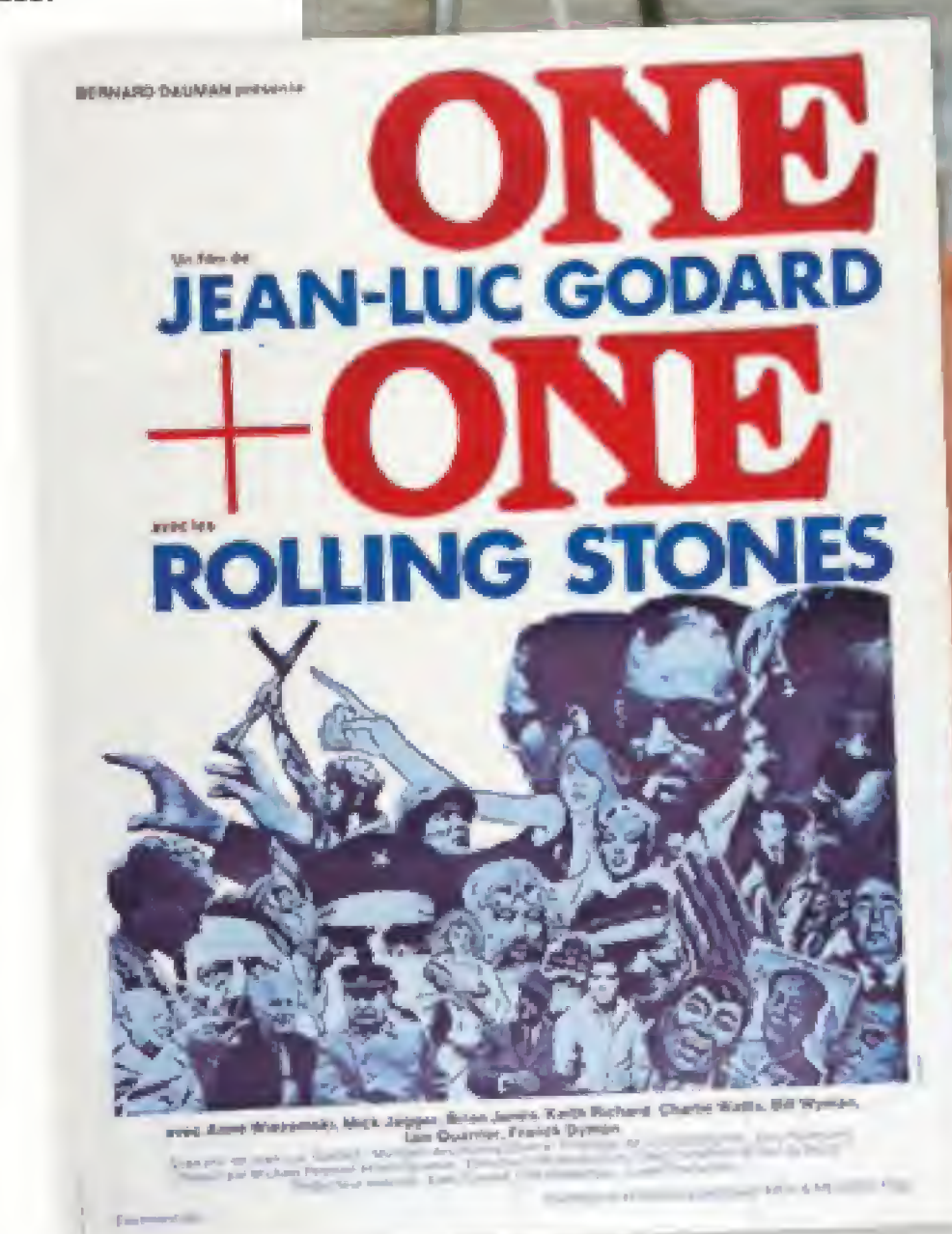
While Keith and Brian are working out a guitar thing, Bill sits in the control room and interests himself in a trade paper. He is hugely amused

by an advert for a DJ called Jerry Conway who has a picture of himself in one paper with the heading "Recognise Him?" and continuing, "Direct from his fantastic disc-jockeying success in the Strand." Bill had apparently missed out. Jimmy is playing a tape back of an earlier recording cut by the Stones in which there is a fine piece of piano bashing.

"Who's playing piano?" I ask, committing the cardinal sin of expecting Mick to reply to pedestrian questions. "Charlie!" says Mick immediately without flinching.

Lulled into a sense of false security, I get as far as writing "CH" in my note book before falling

in and finding my informant regarding me out of the corner of his eye with a derisive grin. Jaggered again! Having watched me wander about the studio for some minutes, Mick finally takes pity on me and suggests, "Maybe you would like to ask me some questions?"



"I believe they exist – plenty of people have seen UFOs"



Bill Wyman, Keith Richards and Mick Jagger recording "Sympathy For The Devil" during Jean-Luc Godard's film of the same name (originally titled *One Plus One* until recut and renamed by the producers)

"That would be nice," I agree and we retire to a small soundproof room which is halfway between the studios and the control room – a kind of no-man's land. Mick is in one of his 'let's be co-operative but not too co-operative' moods. "'Child of the Moon' is probably the more original of the two numbers we have cut for a single," said Mick. "It's a pretty song, I think it will do well in America – it's more for the American market."

Why? "It has a country & western influence," replied Mick with touching straight-faced sincerity.

Was their new album likely to be a reversion to form? The kind of thing we expected before *Satanic Majesties*? "There will be some simple things and some complex ones," said Mick.

Would there be any love songs? "Oh yes, plenty of that," agreed Mick fervently. "Lots of that!" I meant songs dealing with boy-girl relationships? "Well, there's 'Parachute Woman,'" offered Mick.

Plenty of good, solid beat numbers? Mick shakes his head and nods violently, indicating much beat with a stamping of his foot. Other Stones were drifting into the room and sat to listen to the crossfire. I attempted to give him a hard time with one question – some chance. Why had he decided to accept the role of pop star in his first film when he had always stated he would not play that kind of character before?

Keith Richard made an aside which collapsed Charlie. "Did you hear that?" smiled Charlie. "He said, 'On behalf of the board, I should like to hear that reply.'"

"No, the role is not like that anyway," said Mick defensively. "It's no use my saying it is good until you see the result, but it's not the conventional idea of a pop star."

Why had the early excitement of pop music apparently cooled – was it due to so many top groups like the Stones doing fewer live appearances?

"All these things go in cycles," said Charlie. "You can't bring back an era

that is dead. If The Beatles went back to Liverpool now, there would be no need to cordon off blocks to prevent the thousands of fans getting at them. The times have changed and it's going to be a long time till they change again. Outside these studios now there are two kids. A year ago there were 10, and the year before that, 20 or more." *Keith Altham*

— MELODY MAKER JUNE 15 —

KEITH RICHARD, ROLLING Stones guitarist and co-writer of songs with Mick Jagger, believes that he lives on a UFO landing site. There's a growing interest among pop people in the existence of unidentified flying objects (UFOs) and Keith claims to have seen several down near his country home in Sussex. "I've seen a few, but nothing that any of the ministries would believe," he told me this week. "I believe they exist – plenty of people have seen them. They are tied up with a lot of things, like the dawn of man, for example. It's not just a matter of people spotting a flying saucer. I'm not an expert. I'm still trying to understand what's going on."

But he believes that something is happening. And he says he has it on good authority that his house is a landing site for UFOs. Meanwhile, back on Earth, the Stones have started work on their first feature film with French award-winning director Jean-Luc Godard.

"We started the film by just carrying on the way we were before. We continued making our album and he (Godard) filmed us doing it. That's how he works – he films a bit and then looks at it and decides what to do next. It's the same way as we work – it's the only way we can work. We haven't discussed the acting part with him yet – he doesn't work like that. There's no script or anything. He just works from one point to another... films a bit and then adds a bit to it." »

1968

APRIL – JUNE



July 30, 1968: Jean-Luc Godard directs Brian Jones during one of his intermittent appearances at Olympic Studios

The film, titled *One Plus One*, was scheduled to last six weeks, but Keith now feels their involvement will be much less. "I think we'll be doing a couple of weeks and that's all."

He didn't know when the whole film would be completed or when it would be shown to the public. And Keith revealed there was another film involving the Stones in the air. "But I can't say anything about it at the moment, because they're still hustling about money. But it looks as if it's all getting together. If it does, I expect we'll be doing it later this year."

"At the moment, we're concentrating on getting the album finished. We've got enough recorded to bring out the album, but we want to get another four or five things completed so we can have a good mixture of things on it. It'll definitely be out next month and we are still aiming to release it on the 26th, which is Mick's birthday."

Unlike fellow Stone Bill Wyman, Keith has no aspirations to record other artists. "I have enough trouble recording Bill Wyman and the others," he said. Instead, he spends any spare time he has down in the country learning to ride a scramble motorbike which he has bought. And, of course, scanning the skies for those strange flying objects. With "Jumpin' Jack Flash" notching up their biggest single hit for some time, the Stones are thinking about their next appearances for their fans.

"We have been thinking about it recently. We want to do some appearances, but I don't think the fans want to see us do the old thing – a tour, with us on stage for 20 minutes or half an hour, kicking off with 'Satisfaction'. That's all finished. We are developing some ideas we've had for some shows that are different. They may be just crazy ideas, but they involve a circus. We have ideas for combining the Stones with a circus."

There are no firm dates for the project at this stage, just ideas. "First, we've got to find a circus that's willing to do it," said Keith.

Over to you, Mr Chipperfield. *Alan Walsh*

— NME JUNE 15 —

THREE FIRE ENGINES later is a strange but apt way of starting a Rolling Stones feature about their first film. But it's accurate – the Olympic recording studios, Barnes went up in flames when they were working there on Monday. There were simply oodles of interesting people gathered there to see the bonfire night. There was Marianne Faithfull with a little mutt (dog of indeterminate origin) called

Tassle, road managers Ian Stewart and Tom Keylock and a young lady in a tiny red cardigan who had beautiful colour photographs for the album *Beggars Banquet*. The Stones are shown dressed as tramps (Charlie, the other Stones unfairly claim, is a natural) taken in the banquet room of an old, old Hampstead house. Such is the quality of the colour on the original photographs that they are made to look like oil paintings.

And, of course, there was record producer Jimmy Miller, who appears to get a few more grey hairs to his thick thatch after every Stones session. He was augmented on this occasion by sound engineer Glyn Johns, whom "Mick The Lip" greeted sardonically with: "Mellow Glyn – thought you'd gone to America. Joined the brain drain!" Mick likes Glyn.

There was film director Jean-Luc Godard, who is the least noticeable person amongst the pulchritude of young ladies legging about the studio and the bright long-haired young men. He was dressed in a sombre suit with an innocuous tie and has a small, pertinent, bespectacled face. Speech among the watchers is at a minimum due to the barrage of sound emanating from Messrs Jagger, Watts, Wyman and Richard seated on the floor getting things together!

"We've done about three nights of this kind of shooting," Keith tells me during a break. "We shot a number called 'The Devil Is My Name', which is on the LP. The first run-through was a disaster and then the second take everything went perfect. It could well be the feature track on the album."

Having heard the playback a few minutes later, I would think it could well be. It showcases the Stones at their traumatic best with thundering drums, brilliant guitar work and an exciting electric piano from their latest satellite musician, Nicky Hopkins, with Jagger's vocal fighting for life and making it through the beat barrier.

Mick, apparently, did not know who half the assembled people were, but made a point of saying goodnight to everyone. Even those who were not leaving! He was dressed for the occasion in green trousers and a black shirt with yellow prints of razor blades drawn on it. It has been some time since I have seen him in such high spirits and these were obviously due to the success of "Jumpin' Jack Flash", which is flying high in the *NME* chart.

There have been those who have sadly underestimated Jagger, Richard and co. My advice is do not, and look out for this next super album to follow the super single. "A lot of the tracks relate to actual characters," said Mick. "There is 'Parachute Woman' and 'Factory Girl' and 'Lady'. We were thinking of animating some of these figures for the cover."

The cover photographs were the subject of discussion during my vigil in the control room and produced a considerable amount of speculation. Speculation is about as close as you come to information with the Stones at present and the best way of obtaining it is just to sit about and listen and watch. Take this extraordinary sequence for example.

Enter Mick into the control room: "Who's taken the bread knife?" "You mean the one with the silver handle?" replies Keith. "That's mine, it's a throwing knife." "No, I mean the bread knife," says Mick. And so on until one realises that they are referring to the banquet pictures and the props used for it. Then, of course, there is an actual take—much more fun.

They run through an interpretation of "Lady" with Nicky Hopkins once more on electric piano, and then come back into the control room.

"It's much too polite," says Mick to Keith. "We could distort the piano," suggests Keith. "Where's Nicky?" asks Mick, and finds him sitting four feet away. "It's not 'YAH!' enough," he explains to Nicky. "Jimmy, give him the face," says Mick. "He means it must be more 'YAHHHHHH!'" explodes Jimmy and screws his features into the most horrific contortions.

I yawn—it's one in the morning. "That's nice," says Charlie, pouncing upon the act. "Ere we are doing our best to entertain you and you're tired!" He plays it deeply hurt.

Jagger beams gargoyle-like from his stool upon me. "Someday I'm going to write a really horrible article about you," he promises. I thank him and decide to go home. Outside is the mobile canteen—frying into the night and the early morning. I join road manager Stu and pianist Nicky for a bacon sandwich. I go home greatly chastened and fall asleep, which is where all good stories end... but no.

At 4am there is a phone call from a delighted Bill Wyman. "Well, you missed it—the studio's gone up in flames. There are three fire engines and the ceiling's on fire. Jimmy and I have been dashing in and out saving the tapes and there is fire extinguisher fluid all over the organ. One of the arc lamps in the ceiling must have set fire to some papers. The whole place is going up."

Bright and early next morning I motor down to see what I missed and expect to find the remnants of smouldering Stones in the ashes of the studios, but things are not so bad. There is a nasty-looking mess in the ceiling, with the greater part of the lighting system hanging out, but most of the debris is cleared. Studio manager Keith Grant informs me that all the equipment is OK and with a temporary lighting system he expects to be back in business by midday. "But it might have been the end of the studios if the firemen had not acted so promptly," he adds.

I knew something would happen if I went there. *Keith Altham*

— MELODY MAKER JUNE 22 —

THE BEACH BOYS, The Beatles and Donovan chased round the world after the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi in search of spiritual peace. But Charlie Watts has built-in meditation power and finds all the peace he needs on an isolated Sussex farm.

Many pop stars have been through traumatic scenes in the last few years, bending like reeds before the blasts of philosophy and fashion. Charlie has stayed the same. He likes to give the impression of being bored—and boring. But this is a good line of defence for somebody who is as enthusiastic as ever about The Rolling Stones, enjoys working and has lots of interest in art, writing, films and music. If he is reluctant to expound too wordily on his interests, it is because pretension is anathema to him.

Although the GPO are a strange crew who plan shortly to destroy all London's telephone directories, they are still capable of some technical

feats. They have arranged a cunning system of poles, which carry wires from London to the Watts farm, enabling his speech to be heard as if he were in the next room.

Only a crossed line, frequent pips and a cow rubbing his head against a telegraph pole somewhere near East Grinstead made Charlie sound as if he were in the next room but one when he spoke to the *MM* this week.

"What's been happening on the film? I dunno, what's been happening on the film?" said Charlie, in vague response to vague queries about the Stones' film *One Plus One*, by French director Jean-Luc Godard. "The thing is—have you ever seen any of Godard's films?"

"No, are they very experimental?"

"No, I don't like that word experimental. Well, his films aren't like basic stories. They are much more intimate. He can shoot a film entirely in one room. He's just filming us at work—as he calls it, 'creating'. When he's at work, you just don't know you are being filmed. I've heard people say it's like a documentary, but he's creating an environment, for a film about creation and destruction."

Do the Stones have speaking parts? "What we say are speaking parts."

Was Charlie involved in the recent fire at the studios? "That was bloody frightening. The lights got too hot, and when the fire started I didn't think they could put it out. Most of our gear was saved, so we can still work. It was funny. We sat looking at the fire and we didn't think it was happening until they started getting extinguishers out."

How busy and involved are Charlie and the Stones? "We haven't stopped working since January. There hasn't been a week when there hasn't been

something to do. I'm very pleased with the single and the next LP has got fantastic things on it. It will be very right for the times. It'll be much more together than the last one.

"*Satanic Majesties*... was a good step in the right direction, but this will be better. When we did *Majesties* we didn't have a producer and nobody to hold us together, which you need when you've got five people putting different suggestions out.

"I like working with our producer, Jimmy Miller. He kept us going through the sessions. Mick and Keith kept on writing, of course and Jimmy kept us playing. Jimmy's got a great ear

for picking things out, and he'll tell us in a nice way what is right and wrong. Mick asked him to join and I hope he stays—personally."

What of the future, Charles? "I've got no idea what The Rolling Stones are going to do next. All we can do is do what we always do. Make another single. Make another album. As for a tour, I don't know anything about that."

What is the present mood of the Stones in view of recent events? "We went through a period of depression last year; people change every day, don't they? One day we can do a track that sounds awful. Work all night and it sounds AWFUL. Then next day, it sounds totally different. Mick gets depressed, then he feels alright again. There's no point in our saying, 'Shall we carry on?' We have to carry on because there is nothing else we can do and it's our way of getting enjoyment."

What is giving Charlie musical enjoyment at the moment? "My fave rave at the moment, you can say, is *The Sorcerer* by Miles Davis. And I like listening to the quiet stuff Buddy Rich plays—like his album with Art Tatum. I like Don Ellis, but he can go off after a bit. But it's great, if you know what I mean. There seems to be more West Coast avant-garde pop, like the Mothers. Maybe that is where jazz is going."

Does Charlie have any ambitions to do things outside of the Stones?

"I do. But it's no good talking about it until I've done it."

And somehow one is left with the feeling that one day Charlie Watts will shake the world! *Chris Welch* •

"Mick gets depressed, then he feels alright again"

STONES SET STUDIO ON FIRE!

THREE fire engines later is a strange but apt way of starting a Rolling Stones feature about their first film. But it's accurate—the Olympic recording studios, Barnes, went up in flames when they were working there on Monday. There were simply oodles of interesting people gathered there to see the bonfire night.

There was Marianne Faithfull with a little mutt (dog of indeterminate origin) called

By KEITH ALTHAM



MICK — fighting his way through the other Stones' sound.

give him the face," says Mick.

"He means it must be more 'YAHHHHHH!'" explodes Jimmy and screws his features into the most horrific contortions.

I yawn — it's one in the morning. "That's nice," says Charlie, pouncing upon the act. "Ere we are doing our best to entertain you and you're tired!" He plays it deeply hurt.

Jagger beams gargoyle-like from

Melody Maker
ALAN PRICE on new singles—p. 10

CREAM SPLIT UP

FAREWELL TOUR BEING PLANNED

WHAM! KEELE FESTIVAL page 6

SEAKING SPLIT page 10

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CLAPTON EXCLUSIVE SEE PAGE 11


1968

JULY — SEPTEMBER

SLY & THE FAMILY
STONE, SMALL FACES,
JIMI HENDRIX & MORE



ALLSTAR/ARES PRODUCTION



Leather warning:
Marianne Faithfull
takes a wild ride in
Jack Cardiff's *Girl
On A Motorcycle*

“Marianne’s charms are exposed”

NME **AUGUST 24** Ms Faithfull takes on her first leading role.

“Outstanding photographic effects,” says NME.

LEATHER-CLAD MARIANNE FAITHFULL, as she appears in her first starring movie, *Girl On A Motorcycle* – which has its world premiere at London’s Warner Cinema on Thursday, September 12. General release will be on the ABC Circuit during the autumn.

The film is noteworthy for its outstanding Jack Cardiff photographic effects, and for the manner in which Marianne’s charms are exposed by the camera – and we do mean exposed! Dramatic musical score by Les Reed.

1968

JULY – SEPTEMBER

"If I get a hit I'm changing my name to Zinc Alloy": Marc Bolan and (left) Steve Peregrin Took of Tyrannosaurus Rex in Edenbridge, Kent, 1968



same way I do. Steve just picks up a drum and bangs away.

"What the Pink Floyd do electrically, we do acoustically. Steve improvises and I'm learning to improvise. Through playing so much. I don't claim to be a guitarist, but I've got flaming hands and bleeding fingers. I steer the guitar like a ship, and sing with my eyes closed. When I'm bopping it feels great. But I can't see what I'm doing and the microphone often falls into the hole in the guitar. I like having my eyes closed. I like watching the pictures. I used to watch whole films in bed under the sheets. They are better than dreams. The true dream is living."

Apart from dreams, what are Marc's more tangible achievements at the moment?

"Our next LP is finished and the next single is going to be 'One Inch Rock' with 'Salamanda Palaganda'. 'One Inch Rock' is about a man who meets a woman who takes him home and strips off for him. She offers him a drink. It makes him one inch tall and she puts him in another bottle with another girl. They get bored and do a dance."

"No, I shouldn't think the rockers will dig it! It will only hang them up. The only relation we have with the past and rock is energy. All we are about is energy, and soft emotions. I am now getting much more fulfilment out of writing than performing. I'm older and I'm maturing—like cheese or something."

"I can't stop writing. I wrote four poems last night. I can get a stream

of inspiration and my hand writes away, and the words don't always make sense. They fit like an abstract painting. I spell very badly and my handwriting is childish, but I enjoy writing and getting words and music together. I get giggly and knocked out."

Does Marc's dream world get threatened by violence? How does he cope with the nasties? "The only unpleasantness we had was in the early days at Tiles Club, when John [Peel] was doing a Perfumed Garden thing. All the heavies were there. Sad thuggies who wanted to beat John up."

Is Marc afraid of the violence in America?

"Well, I lived in Tooting for four years. No, I'm not afraid. There's violence everywhere. I went to a Greek restaurant and two people said, 'Is that a boy or a girl? No, it's an animal.' It was said with such

bitterness. It's sad, because kids are influenced by that sort of comment."

"I can't really believe anybody can be called a pop star. There is no such thing. You might exist as one on a photograph, but it's never you."

"Violence doesn't bug me. When I was a kid it was always rough. I just believe in strength of the spirit. If somebody wants to have a knuckle with you, it's their scene. You get lots of nasties. You can be a gangster, and be cool about it. Rogues are very good. Scavengers are very bad."

Original question... Would success spoil Marc Bolan? "If I get hit I'm changing my name to Zinc Alloy and wearing an aluminium suit."



"I feel like a star now"

MM JULY 27 Introducing... John Peel protégés Tyrannosaurus Rex. "We are about energy and soft emotions," says the duo's tousled frontman.

"I CAN'T REALLY GET hung up on the pop ego thing. God is a good thing and if I started to believe I was a splinter of God's head, I'd be zapped, and mown down with lightning. And what good would that be? I'd never get in the chart then!"

One half of Tyrannosaurus Rex talking. Marc Bolan, black, curly hair. Smiles a lot. Hides under bedsheets and imagines Technicolor movies. Marc, aged 20, seems 15, and in a time of growing complexity in the name of pop progression, injects simplicity into the mainstream of events.

From the West Coast to London, groups are attacking our consciousness with heavy armaments ranging from Mellotrons to eight-track recording machines. Marc is offering acoustic guitar, while his mate, Steve Peregrin Took, "bangs away on a drum". Their music

often sounds like a Buddy Holly demo disc. Yet it is charming thousands of hippies, selling LPs, and the tiny duo have already been invited to tour America in the autumn.

Marc is tasting success for the first time. In the past he has been involved in pop groups where he was unhappy and unfulfilled. Now he has hit on a formula so simple, many must be kicking themselves for not having thought of it before.

Bolan appeared for our talk wearing a red-and-black striped school blazer, with holes in the elbows, that had belonged to his first girlfriend. He seemed about four feet high, but has probably a few more inches than that. He was peering up at a copy of his album, displayed in a record store window. "I feel like a star now," he said, as we adjourned for refreshment.

How did Marc feel about his measure of success? "Never think about it really. It's funny. Initially Tyrannosaurus Rex was a five-piece electric group for a week. But it never got properly rehearsed. I couldn't amass enough energy to turn them all on to what I wanted. With Steve, it's very easy because he thinks the

"I enjoy writing. I get giggly and knocked out"





Canned Heat, September 9, 1968:
(clockwise from right) Henry
Vestine, Bob Hite, Larry Taylor,
Fito de la Parra and Al Wilson



"A load of old prostitutes"

MM NOV 9 No-one is happy about the cover of the new Hendrix LP.

THE JIMI HENDRIX Experience's new album, *Electric Ladyland*, has been banned from a number of record shops in Britain. The shops are in various provincial towns, including Hull and Bristol. The album, which features a colour photograph of 21 nude girls, was released last week and has sold over £80,000 of records since the release. Other leading record stockists, including Boots and WH Smith, have said that they will stock the album but will not display it and will sell it in a brown paper cover. The cover for the album was taken by photographer David Montgomery. This week, Jimi Hendrix commented from California, "I don't know anything about it. I don't decide which pictures will be used on my records. In the States, this album had photographs of Noel, Mitch and me on the cover."

FROMMM'S "RAVER" COLUMN

Jimi Hendrix's new LP cover, as all the world now knows, features a number of attractive and stark naked young ladies. That is to say, they are NUDE, with no clothing on. They have no underwear on. They are exposed for all to see. Well, ANYWAY, Reina Sutcliffe, one of the young ladies on the cover, is not happy about the photograph. She told your Raver: "It makes us look like a load of old prostitutes. It's rotten. Everyone looked great, but the pictures make us look old and tired. We were trying to look sexy, but it hasn't worked out."

"The glamour is nice"

NME AUG 31 Introducing... the Bear, Sunflower and LA's Canned Heat.

CANNED HEAT'S "MR BASSMAN", the pleasant and forthright Larry Taylor, came on the phone from LA and said did I think I could speak up a little; he couldn't hear me. I said the reason for this was I hadn't said anything yet. Thus began an informative little chat in which we had a laugh and some moments of serious information, and the only trouble was that occasionally it sounded as if there were Russian tanks on the line. Or maybe it was just the Heat.

Anyway, it transpires that far from the cool blues scene he's on now, Larry was a real dyed-in-the-wool rocker back in 1958. "I was in Jerry Lee Lewis' backing group in Australia," he told me. "Do you remember Jerry Lee Lewis? I also worked in South America with him, and then left and I started to play in small clubs in LA."

"Say, 'On The Road Again' was a sleeper here, too"... sound of tanks and a man rubbing sandpaper up and down the line... "Our next single is 'Gone To The Country'."

"We've got a nice bunch of guys in Canned Heat. There's Henry, the Sunflower. He just LOOKS like a sunflower. He also plays guitar. Then there's the Bear, who was born under the name Bob Hite. The Bear is a big fat guy with a beard. A real jolly type. Bear is lead singer."

We also have Fito de la Parra, who is a little tight Mexican guy, and Al Wilson, who is the Intellectual. As for me, well, I don't say too much, I'm pretty adaptable, though."

Talking about Canned Heat in general, Larry informed me that most of the group's musical scene centred on old blues material – that although Bear does most of the vocals, it's Intellectual Al who gives out the canned heat on "On The Road Again", that the group has so far appeared in Puerto Rico, Mexico and Hawaii, and is now waiting in hot anticipation of its visit to Britain next week – and that Bob the Bear and Henry the Sunflower love collecting old records.

According to Larry – and he says the others feel the same – he's personally more interested in what he's playing than in fame and success. "The glamour and glitter thing is nice, sure. But there's no substitute for doing what you like best." Canned Heat plays mostly on the college circuit, he adds, and it does a good few gigs in old-style folk clubs and occasionally at the Fillmore. Finally, an insight into the group's next LP: it will be basically blues but "different" and will, in fact, consist of two albums in one set. "One track will be 40 minutes long," said Larry with some satisfaction.

There was then an interruption from a lady in LA who was having trouble getting through to the party at the other end, the operator and Larry and I said, "Goodbye till I see you in England," and he went off to get Canned again. Alan Smith



"I love the idea of playing live again"

MM SEPT 14 Paul McCartney dangles a tantalising prospect.

THE BEATLES ARE PLANNING a live TV show – and may even appear in concert. Paul McCartney told the MM this week: "The idea of singing live is much more appealing now – we are beginning to miss it. We will be doing a live TV show later in the year. I don't know about a concert but it might lead to that. I love the idea of playing live again – and I know the others feel the same way." The Beatles recorded a special film clip last week to be shown on *Top Of The Pops* tonight (Thursday). Said Paul: "We recorded both 'Hey Jude' and 'Revolution'. We decided to do clips this time instead of zany films and that sort of thing. We all really enjoyed doing it."

"Hey Jude" is at No 1 in the Pop 30 for the second week, and in America sales have topped two million. The Beatles hope to complete their new LP, as yet untitled, by the end of this month. Press officer Tony Barrow said: "It will probably be out in time to catch the pre-Christmas sales rush."



1968

JULY – SEPTEMBER

“People were starting to abuse us”

JIMI HENDRIX fears his band “becoming the US version of Dave Dee”. So he and the Experience embrace America’s freedoms, and its recording studios, to stretch out on what will become *Electric Ladyland*. But all will not be well for long.

— MELODY MAKER JULY 20 —

THE ELECTRIFIED HAIR has been shortened somewhat, but it was unmistakably still Jimi Hendrix. He loped into his manager’s Gerrard Street office, grinned shyly, shook hands all round, fastened onto the latest copy of *MM*, accepted a stick of chewing gum and settled comfortably into an office chair.

Magical Jimi, purveyor of excitement and mind-expanding music, was back in town, if only briefly. “I’m flying back to New York tonight,” he said. “I left some recordings there that will make our next single and an album – no, a double album – and I’ve got to listen to them again and remix several of them.”

Hendrix flew back to Britain from the States specially for the *MM*’s Woburn Festival Of Music (“It was really only a jam, we hadn’t played for so long,” he said) and was also due to visit Majorca (“It’d better be a gig or I’m not going”), but we managed to pin him down long enough to catch up with the world of the man of Experience. And the immediate world, as far as Jimi, one of the most ferocious-looking yet benign of men, was the group’s next single. He hopes to have it ready for release within the next two weeks – a welcome piece of news for Experience fans who’ve had to wait a long time since their last album, *Axis Bold As Love*.

But the delay has been deliberate. They felt the group was becoming too pop-orientated. “People were starting to take us for granted, abuse us. It was that »

GETTY



Jimi Hendrix in
1968: "I want the
new tracks to
be heard before
we change"

1968

JULY – SEPTEMBER

what-cornflakes-for-breakfast scene. Pop slavery, really. I felt we were in danger of becoming the American version of Dave Dee – nothing wrong with that, but it's just not our scene. We decided we had to end that scene and get into our own thing. I was tired of the attitude of fans that they've bought you a house and a car and now expect you to work the way they want you to for the rest of your life.

"But we couldn't just say, screw them, because they have their rights too, so we decided the best way was to just cool the recording scene until we were ready with something that we wanted everyone to hear. I want people to hear us, what we're doin' now, and try to appreciate what we're at."

What Jimi, Mitch and Noel want everyone to hear are the tracks they have recorded at a New York studio. "It's the 12-track Record Plant, a new studio. It's new and we're all learning at the same time."

The tracks include three from which the new single will be chosen. One is titled "Crosstown Traffic", another is "House Burning Down", either of which could be a single. The Experience have also recorded enough material for a double album. It will probably be called *The Electric Lady Land*, which will have a total of about 17 pieces rather than numbers on two albums. "All the tracks are very personal... they're us. That's why we want to get them out as soon as possible, because this is how we are... Now! I want them to be heard before we change."

The album will kick off with a 90-second "painting", which Jimi said is an attempt to give a sound picture of the heavens. "It's different to what we've ever done before. I know it's the thing people will jump on to criticise, so we're putting it right at the beginning to get it over with." The track is called "And The Gods Make Love" – it's typifying what happens when the gods make love ("or whatever they spend their time on", said Jimi).

"The album is so personal because, apart from some help from a few people like Stevie Winwood and Buddy Miles of The Electric Flag, it's all done by us. We wrote the songs, recorded and produced it. I don't say it's great, but it's the Experience. It has a rough, hard feel on some of the tracks. Some of the things on it are hungry."

It's a source of discontent among certain Experience fans that the group spend so much time in America. But Jimi doesn't agree. "I'm American," he says simply. "I want people there to see me. I also wanted to see whether we could make it back in the States. I dig Britain, but I haven't really got a home anywhere. The Earth's my home; I've never had a house here. I don't want to put down roots in case I get restless and want to move on. I'll only get into the house thing when I'm certain I won't want to move on again."

"The other reason for working in the States is that we make 20 times more money there. And there's no harm in that... We have to eat like everyone else. America is so large, too; when you work regularly in Britain, you end up going back to the same places. That doesn't happen in America."

He doesn't feel it is ironic that he had come to England to get success in America. He says that England was first because that's where his managers Chas Chandler and Mike Jeffery thought it would be best to start. "I want to be known everywhere," he said.

Jimi is, however, a native-born American, though he doesn't, he says, identify closely with that country's problems. "I just want to do what I'm doing without getting



involved in racial or political matters. I know I'm lucky that I can do that... lots of people can't."

He does, however, have an awareness of the problems and a wish to help. He sent a cheque for \$5,000 to the Martin Luther King memorial fund because he thought that this was the best way he could help. He was busy working and thought vaguely

that active participation could do the cause harm rather than good in an inverted way, because of his pop music connection. He expressed regret at the news that The Cream had decided to break up at the end of the year. But he expressed no fears about his own group doing the same.

"We were lucky. When we started, we were thrown together, but we managed to create a personal scene, as well as a musical appreciation. But if someone did leave, there'd be no hang-ups, it would be amicable. Because it's like a family. If Noel or Mitch quit I'd wish him well because it'd be like a brother going on to better things. I'd be pleased for him. The only hard feelings would be in the minds of the selfish fans."

"I'd like to see Mitch and Noel getting into the things that make them happy. Noel is on the English pop and hard-rock scene and is writing some good songs these days. Mitch is becoming a little monster on the drums. He's involved in his Elvin Jones thing. He's the one I'd worry about losing. He's becoming so heavy behind me that he frightens me." *Alan Walsh*

— NME JULY 27 —

JIMI HENDRIX LITERALLY brought the roof down on the opening night at his manager's club, Sergeant Pepper's in Majorca, by the simple expedient of ramming the neck of his guitar up through the low ceiling tiles. Amid thunderous applause, the Experience exited in a shower of plaster and debris after a series of brilliantly electronic histrionics!

Even manager Chas Chandler, somewhat ruefully surveying the ventilated ceiling in his brand-new club, observed, "No matter how many times I see them, they always knock me out!"

The group were introduced by Flowerpot Man Neil Landon (travelling with our party in the company of Noel Redding, with whom he is involved in a songwriting partnership). He requested that all those on the dancefloor sit down, reiterating with Hitlerian emphasis: "You vill sit down or you vill be shot!" Immediately there was much sitting down, especially among the German contingent: "For what you are about to receive may the Lord make you truly thankful!"

On stage walked drummer Mitch Mitchell (known now to a select few as "the Julie Andrews of the group"), bass guitarist Noel Redding and the man with the guitar that whips the flesh as well as the soul.

The Experience rolls along the motorways of the mind and the airways of the imagination. For the first two numbers their own amplification fought a "wattathon" with the club's PA system before Chas finally gave the group's system best and let them loose on their own gear. Each of the group has something to say through "Hey Joe", "Burning Of The Midnight Lamp", "Purple Haze" and "The Wind Cries Mary", but Hendrix is the supreme conversationalist on the guitar.

Mitch attacks a hundred drums with a dozen hands and feet, while Noel pounds his bass through the electric storm on his right raised by the Odin of the guitar. In-between the squealing static, the flailing and the wailing and the erotic gestures, the Black Prince mutters over the amplifiers and finally arrives at the song he calls "our national anthem" – "Wild Thing" – which wraps everything and everyone up.

We have just been the victims of one of those all-too-rare appearances of The Jimi Hendrix Experience, who now average about \$30,000 a concert in the US.



'I felt we were in danger of becoming the U.S. Dave Dee'

—JIMI HENDRIX



"It was really only a jam. We hadn't played for so long": Hendrix returns from the States to appear at the Woburn Rock Festival, Bedfordshire

"What really knocked me out is that the boys offered to do this one for me, free," said Chas. "I'm going to give them the gate money anyway, but they asked me if they could open the club themselves."

Pepper's is a revolutionary new club for the "Now" generation in Majorca. Neatly situated off the Plaza Gomilla (lovingly renamed "the Plastic Gorilla" by Noel) where most people meet in Terino in the evening, it has an air-conditioning plant second to none, which provides a welcome relief from the still-hot Spanish nights, and a good beat group, The Z-66, with a vocalist who worked himself into a grease spot every night.

There is a first-class light show, getting better every night, as the all-American Bob gets more machinery. Chas spends much of his time charging about like an enraged water buffalo, correcting minor defects in staff and controls. He worries about the club and the club worries about Chas. It is worriers like Chas who will make Sgt Pepper's into the little goldmine it undoubtedly is to be.

I arrived in Palma on Sunday with Noel (Jimi and Mitch did their famous plane-missing trick) and that evening we watched one of the most exciting bullfights I have ever seen, with the famous El Cordobes in brilliant form, being awarded both ears of the bull (the highest honour) by El Presidente.

That evening we ate in a Terino restaurant which was formerly a boutique owned by Chas. There Noel treated us to an impersonation of the yet-to-arrive Mitch. Bouncing up the restaurant stairs and creating the maximum amount of noise, he darted about on his toes, breezing, "Oh, sorry I'm late. What's going on? Can I have some of that? I forgot my money. Can you pay for it?" Collapse of some few who know the ways of Mitch!

"We make
20 times
more money
working in
the States"

Monday saw the arrival of the other members of the group, and walking down the street in glorious multi-colour they made an entrance into the Plaza Gomilla akin to the impact of the bad men riding into town in a western epic. You could hear the hubbub of comment around the packed square before you saw the big three. Noel came over to our table to say hello to footballer George Best, with whom he became quite friendly, and Jimi stopped by to exchange insults with me, our way of passing the time! His favourite dart on this holiday was to refer to me as "the little ol' electric lobster", due to my overenthusiastic crash course on a suntan.

Briefly Jimi and I discussed his lack of personal appearances in Britain. "We're not deserting Britain or anything like that," said Jimi. "We are hoping to do some big city concerts in October. We'd like to have someone like the Small Faces with us, but there are probably problems over who would top or something silly. There's an American group called the Spirit right now that I would like to have with us."

Mitch made one clear point about why they must play America again soon. "Because that's where we are treated best," he explained. "Look, our most recent album has cost us \$70,000 to produce. We've got to get that money back before we can start showing a profit, and America is where you earn the big money. There is still that feeling in Britain when we play some places that they want to make money out of us and that's all. They treat us like dirt - give us £1,000 and think they are doing us a favour!"

Meanwhile, Chas is having kittens about the volume of sound coming from the club from »

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JULY 6+7

Jimi's rehearsal and keeps talking about "impending doom". He need not have worried. The *Guardia Civil* were very civil about the whole thing. George Best appeared mesmerised by the Experience's performance on stage and the whole evening was an enormous success.

Tuesday saw a brief appearance of Hendrix and co on our beach at Lauro Verde. There, Jimi ventured into the sea for the first time in eight years. The spectacle of Mitch and Noel (they came up whiter than white!) was too much for most of the amateur home-movie exponents on the beach, who pointed whirring machines at them. Noel and Mitch obligingly gibbered about like subhumans and danced up and down waving their arms. Jimi came out of the sea swearing his lungs had collapsed.

"You wouldn't believe it but we've got Jimi insured for a million dollars," said Chas. "And the doctor said he was the fittest man he had ever seen." Chas broke off to address the frail figure of Redding in his bathing trunks. "We've got to get you insured too," he said, "but I'm frightened to let you take the medical!"

The highlight of Wednesday's activities was a visit to the go-kart track – the first time for Hendrix and Noel. Mitch duly informed me he was buying a Formula One with gears to race it seriously! Jimi really took to the racing and was doing quite well, though he kept being driven off the track by an innocent young girl, ending up ignominiously among a heap of rubber tyres.

"I kept trying to play it fair and not bump any of the other cars off the track," he told me later. He was still there an hour after Mitch, Noel and I left.

The pay-off to this experience was next day when I met Jimi with a lump out of his back and a badly grazed thigh. Apparently he was under the impression that he was back in the paratroopers and had tried an ejector-seat release from his go-kart, but the 'chute had not opened! We were all sorry we missed that one.

That night, Jimi made an impromptu return to the club with Mitch and Noel and they let loose a never-to-be-forgotten rock'n'roll session, including numbers like "Lucille" and "Johnny B Goode". Jimi broke a string on his guitar but played better on five than most do on six.

His final remark about the visit to Majorca was to Chas: "I wish I had listened to you two years ago about this place!" It was a highly enjoyable working holiday and Majorca is likely to be seeing more of Hendrix at Sergeant Pepper's. *Keith Altham*

— MM NOVEMBER 9 —

JIMI HENDRIX IS to break up his phenomenally successful Experience, which features Mitch Mitchell on drums and Noel Redding on guitar. Very soon, they will be undertaking only occasional gigs together as a group. This was the startling pop news that Jimi Hendrix himself broke to me when I phoned him last week in Hollywood, where he was having a short rest from one-nighters to do some recording.

Jimi had just got up when I spoke to him. In Hollywood, it was 5.30 pm, while in London it was 1.30 am, but Jimi bridged the time gap and told me, "Mitch and Noel want to get their own thing going – not a group; producing and managing other artists, that's what they want to do. So very soon, probably in the new year, we'll be breaking the group apart from selected dates."

Despite this disappointing news for fans of Hendrix and the Experience, it won't be the end of Jimi as a performer. "Oh, I'll be around, don't

"We're like a band of musical gypsies moving about"

worry, doing this and that. But there are other scenes we want to get into."

Jimi was delighted that his single "All Along The Watchtower" was another hit for him in Britain. "It's groovy but we had no say in the choice of material that was released. But I'm glad that people haven't forgotten us in Britain. We deliberately held off releasing a single for a long time, because they wanted people there to appreciate what we were doing when the record did come out."

I asked Jimi when British fans could expect to see him again, as there had been criticism of him abandoning the fans who gave him his first break. "I hope to be back before Christmas. No,

man, I WILL be back by Christmas, if I have to swim. I can't wait to get back to England again, I can tell you that. But we haven't abandoned anybody. We are just working here for the people here at the moment; soon we'll be back in England for the fans there. It's just the way it happens. We are planning a major world tour and this includes a sort of tour of England – not a tour really, just a few selected gigs. These'll be either before or just after Christmas. But there are a lot of places we want to be – we're gonna do Europe again and I want to go to Japan, for example. In fact, I want the group to work all over the place.

"But we're not abandoning anyone. But we are here working and everyone came. There wasn't anyone left behind to handle things like fan mail. We're like a band of musical gypsies moving about everywhere, but I can say that we'll definitely be back in England soon."

I asked Jimi for a report on the state of the American scene at the moment and he said there were a number of new groups who could make it big in the near future. "I'd like people in Britain to hear about them now, before they happen, so they know what to expect. There's a group called Lee Michaels and a groovy blues group called AB Skhy which is dynamite, and there's an outfit called the CTA which could blow a few minds in England. And The Buddy Miles Express could be a very major sound in the near future. Sly & The Family Stone, too. And there's a new outfit called Cat Mother which I've heard and are great."

Finally, I asked Jimi about the controversial cover of his new British album "Electric Ladyland", which features the unclad and not particularly erotic spectacle of a large cluster of naked ladies. But he denied all knowledge.

"That album, when it was released over here, had a picture of me and Noel and Mitch on the cover and about 30 nice new photographs inside. But people have been asking me about the English cover and I don't know anything about it. I didn't know it was going to be used. It's not my fault. I don't even know what's the B-side to 'All Along The Watchtower'." *Alan Walsh* •



May 30, 1968: (l-r) The Move's Carl Wayne, Steve Winwood of Traffic, Jimi, bluesman John Mayall and The New Animals' Eric Burdon in Zurich for the *Monsterkonzert* TV special

"Fists were put to good use"

NME JUNE 8 Jimi braves Switzerland's *Monsterkonzert*.

EVER SEEN 18,000 frenzied fans arriving at two pop concerts to find enjoyment and some 200 armed police making sure they didn't? Nor had I until I flew to Zurich to cover the big event for the *NME*.

At first sight, the lineup of Jimi Hendrix, Eric Burdon & The Animals, Traffic, Move, Koobas and John Mayall seems harmless enough. But mix in the police, the weather, a charter flight and assorted other alien things, and the whole thing becomes an entirely different kettle of fish.

I flew out with The Koobas on Wednesday last and learned that their record "The First Cut Is The Deepest" has shot straight into the Swiss chart after only one week. That, as it turned out, was to be almost exclusively the only pleasant happening during the next three days. The trouble really started when EMI A&R man David Paramor and I, sharing a room, were woken up at 2am by the constabulary searching for females. They found none and left, only to return half an hour later, searching for certain substances.

Foiled again, they left and produced their pièce de résistance at 6.15am. Then men reappeared in the shape of the local CID (or its equivalent), examined our passports, warned us that we were liable for deportation and departed. We're not quite sure what that little episode was all about.

The rest of the cast arrived the following Thursday afternoon, borne by one eight-door and one six-doored limousine, two taxis and a Bentley. The sight of a collection of British pop people emerging en masse from the convoy was too much for the hotel staff, who promptly became efficient and ignored everyone for anything up to 20 minutes. This sort of action does not bring out the best in musicians.

Later we trooped off to a massive indoor sports stadium for the first two concerts. From my vantage point seat it was like sitting on top of the London Hilton watching Pinky and Perky perform in Hyde Park. A comical Swiss group who, it seems, are highly thought of out there, were followed by The Koobas, who surprised everyone with a nice selection of all that is best in British and American pop. John Mayall turned up at the other end of the vast stage and worked his way through some real blues numbers.

His act, however, was interrupted by one enterprising youth who managed to scale the 30 feet on to the stage and nick John's lighter. John stopped playing until it was returned. Meanwhile the youth was pursued around the wooden cycling track, which rings the stadium, caught and taken outside, where he was set on in no uncertain manner by the police bullies.

Because groups had to play on different parts of the stage, there was a continual running about by the fans to see the action. This was interpreted by the police as rioting and fists

were put to good use. Traffic were, once again, quite superb. Complete again with Dave Mason, they wave magic spells which even kept the stewards still. Chris Wood's flute playing was nothing short of amazing and Steve confirmed what everyone thought - he is a genius!

Now The Move's act is precisely the kind of thing that the Swiss police don't like. It was OK until Carl Wayne mounted his mic stand and behaved like a frustrated witch whose broomstick wouldn't take off. Rock'n'roll à la Move, involving violence at its fiercest, started the mobs off again and severe clobberings were liberally dealt out to all and sundry.

The Animals performance remains a bit of a mystery to me. I fail to see the appeal of a load of lights flashing while smoke pours from hidden containers and Eric Burdon, stripped to the waist, falls to the floor and bangs his hands on the ground. Still, it all went down very well.

It was noted that Jimi Hendrix played the guitar with his teeth, his elbow, his head and even his hind-quarters. It is also rumoured that at one stage his hands came into contact with the strings. Be that as it may, he was deservedly top-of-the-bill and can make his guitar say more things than Malcolm Muggeridge on a good night.

The frivolity in the hotel that evening was really not interfered with at all - which is to say the police only entered our rooms twice. On the first occasion, they pinched some of our drink and on the second ejected the amiable Miss Blanche, a Swiss EMI representative who was talking business with The Koobas. On Friday afternoon a most amazing jazz session took place at the concert hall. The participants were Jimi, Chris Ward, Stevie, Trevor Burton on drums, Carl

Wayne on congo drums and Vic Bridges. Let it be said that if ever the record companies concerned could be persuaded to do so, they should let that sextet loose in a studio and release the ensuing LP!

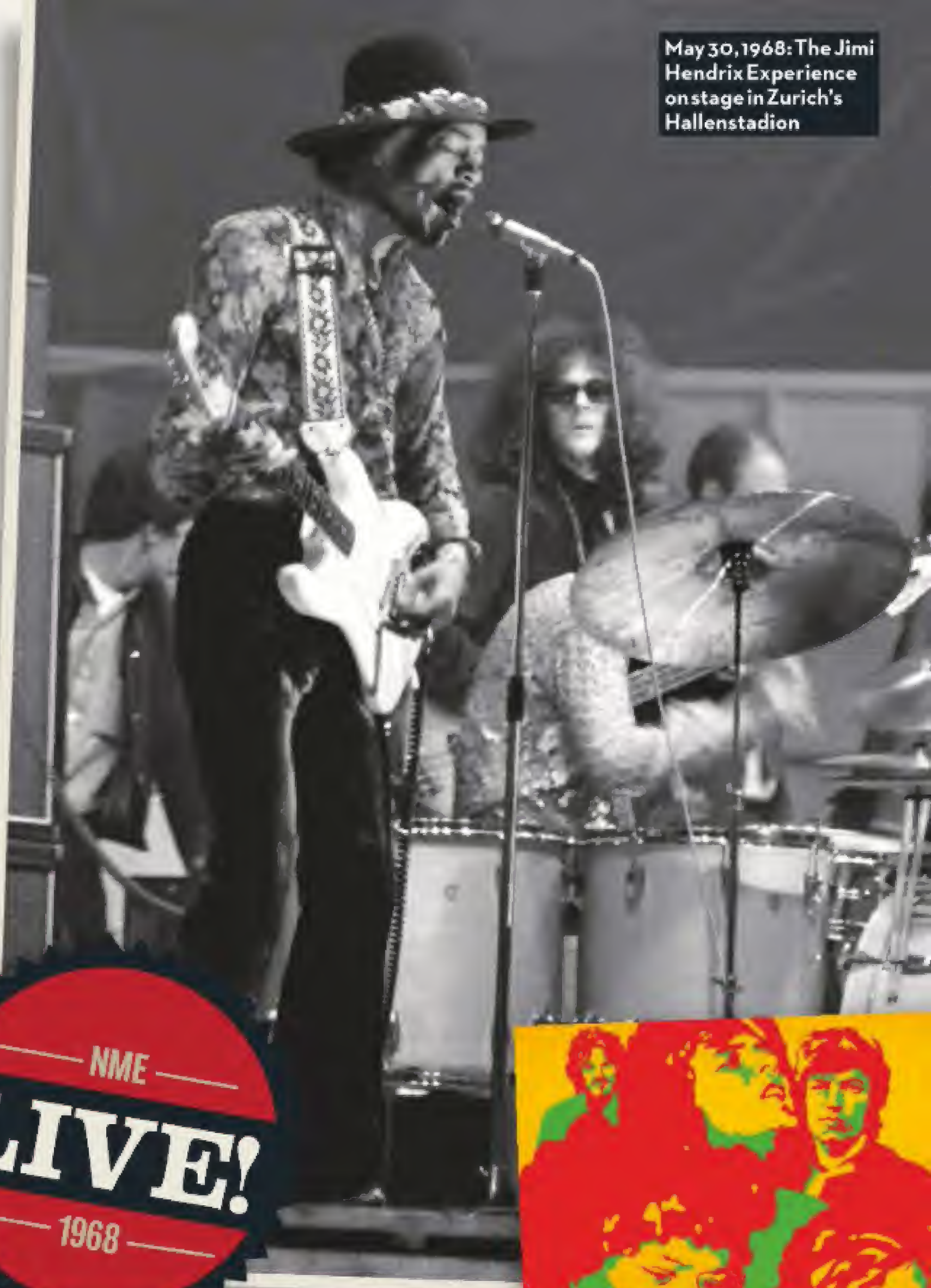
It would be a lesson in harmony, freedom of expression and a sock in the eye for the pundits who hold that pop stars can't play jazz. The evening's entertainment was provided largely by the police, who this time went into the audience with added fervour. The damage done by the police and rioting fans amounted

to several thousand pounds and it took until 4am the next day, with the use of tear gas, to shift the crowds away from the front of the stadium. Once moving they headed for a building site and wreaked more havoc.

Perhaps encouraged by this, the police descended on the Crazy Girl Club, where the cast had retired to entertain themselves. The Swiss stormtroopers burst in, pulled chairs from underneath various artists and started fights. Messrs Burdon, Briggs, Money, Altham and Green, plus Mrs Burdon and Animals manager Terry Slater, immediately ceased their rock'n'roll session and fled. Not so Kooba Tony O'Reilly, who suffered a suspected fractured right foot when a hobnail boot landed on it with great force.

Saturday was departure day and autograph hunters had a field day at the airport. Fortunately, the plane was chartered solely for our party, so there was no need for remaining in the seats and being quiet. Noel discovered the location of the passenger address system and immediately launched Radio Redding by the simple method of plugging the mic into a tape recorder full of rock music and interrupting the programme now and again with such comments as: "Will Buddy Holly please report to the rear of the plane?"

Because of President De Gaulle's little troubles, the plane had to detour Paris, so we were airborne for three hours, during which time the bar ran dry and the air hostesses became singers. Back in London, Jim Capaldi and I spent a pleasant half hour trying to locate our cases and Tony O'Reilly went off to hospital for treatment to his foot. *Richard Green*



The police burst into the club, pulled chairs from under artists and started fights

Wayne on congo drums and Vic Bridges. Let it be said that if ever the record companies concerned could be persuaded to do so, they should let that sextet loose in a studio and release the ensuing LP!

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1968

JULY – SEPTEMBER



"I feel part of Des O'Connor if I'm on the same television show as him": Ray Davies and The Kinks at the BBC in 1968

“The last of the renegades”

In collar and tie, and with typical wryness, RAY DAVIES assesses his place in the scheme of things. After a big hit with “Days”, a new album may be the finest work yet by The Kinks. “Everybody else is mad,” he adds.

— MELODY MAKER AUGUST 3 —

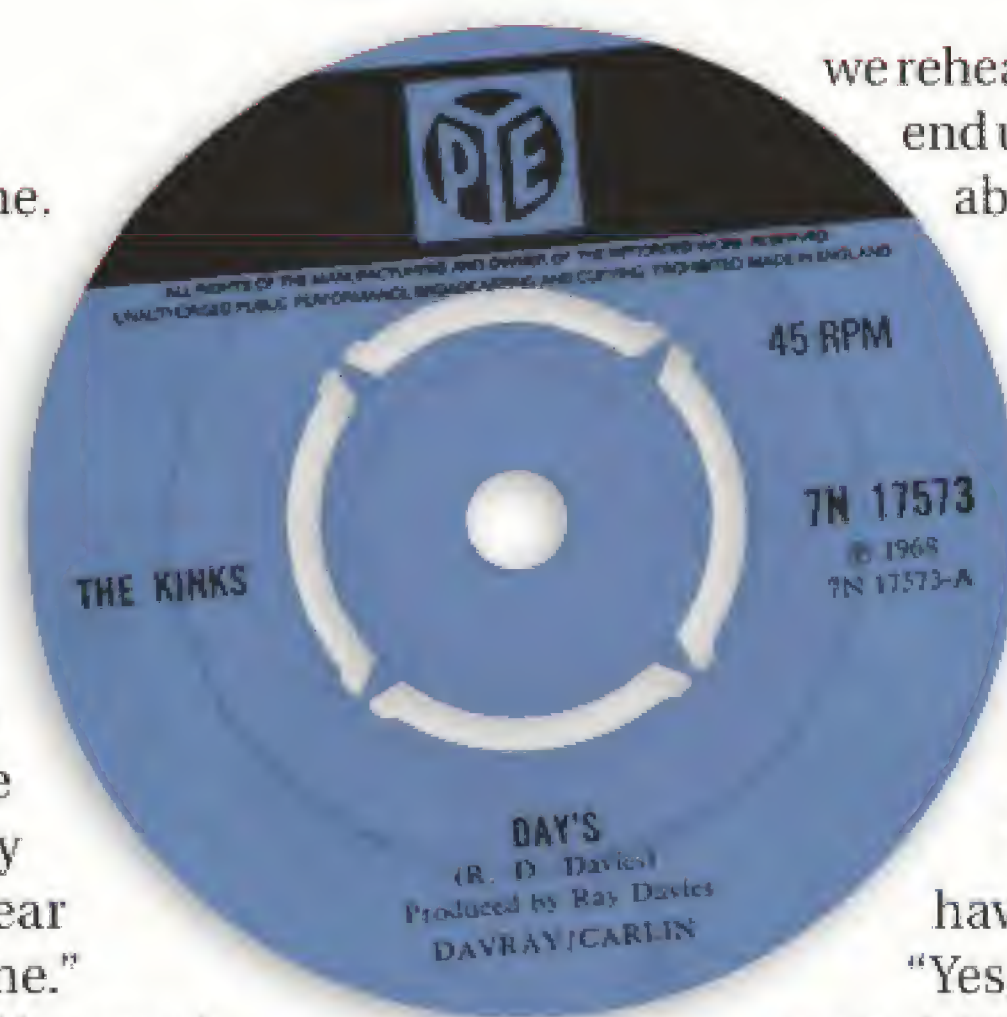
RAY DAVIES IS happy when he is alone. But the loneliness is self-imposed because it is when Ray is alone that he finds it best for songwriting. “When I’m alone I write certain songs that will never get played,” says Ray. “I write songs for the group for when we get together. But just being isolated, that can be a nice thing. When you’re alone you can get into things that are interesting which, with other people around, you can’t. Like today, I’ve tried to keep away from everything, away from people, trying not to hear them talking and forgetting buildings are around me.”

Ray’s cloak of isolation, even when he is surrounded by people, seems to be a kind of mental self-defence against what he observes is happening to those around him. “I just get the impression that people are getting more and more self-conscious. People are so scared. People have got freedom now, more freedom than they ever had, but they seem scared to use it.”

“A hundred years ago, people like me were pressed into the army to fight for the Empire. Ordinary people have got a certain amount of freedom which they seem to be frightened to use.”

Ray thinks that people have reached a “critical stage. It’s coming out in music, and coming out in everything. You know there’s that song ‘The World Is Waiting For The Sunrise.’”

Talk turned in the group’s recordings. Said Ray: “I’m happy the way the recordings are coming out. I’m getting over to the group more. We’re doing what I think the group wants, although it’s hard, sometimes, to feel the same way. When we used to get together, I’d write one thing, then do something else and finish up getting about 10 things going at once. When



we rehearsed, I’d play something, then something else, and end up playing so many things. There’s this whole thing about getting through.”

“With a lot of things, nothing registers. I’d play something months later and they’d say, ‘That’s great,’ and I’d tell them I’d played it to them months ago. It’s a matter of when the time is right.”

Of The Kinks’ new single, “Days”, which has entered the *MM* Top 30, Ray said, “I like it. It’s got the right sound. You’ve got to be ready for it. You can put a lot of things on and then put this single on—but you have to be ready for this.”

Did Ray think it was still necessary for the group to have hit singles?

“Yes, I think so. It helps to keep you on your toes,” he replied. “It’s a pressure, in a way. You’ve got to have that when you make pop records. I can write other things when I get time off. Later, these things develop into pop. It’s funny, but that’s the way things work. I’ve written things two years ago that take that time to work into the group.”

Ray’s songwriting isn’t by any means limited to straightforward pop, but he feels a strong identification with the pop idiom. “I feel part of Des O’Connor if I’m on the same television show as him. It’s like different languages except that we say the same things with different songs. If we are on *Top Of The Pops*, we appeal to different ages, but we all sing the same thing.”

Although at times Ray feels that his music is sometimes ahead of what is actually taking place, he is happy about The Kinks’ forthcoming album, which he had originally intended to be a solo album. “It’s something I wanted to do two years ago, and I’ve got the feeling that it is going to work the way I want it to. It will be what I’ve always wanted. It’s just a matter of the things that are on it.” *Tony Wilson* »

RAYMOND DOUGLAS DAVIES, as he now insists on being referred to, is one who excels in the unexpected and the slightly bizarre. He is probably the least obvious person I know. He is a whimsical character who writes about life in an askew manner. You are never quite sure whether he is serious or not. Sometimes he will say extraordinary things like: "I always work on the assumption that I am indestructible and everyone else is not!"

He told me he is currently concerned with writing about birth. "War mothers" fascinate him. He rejoices in the unusual and was recently quite overwhelmed by a three-year-old girl he met, who informed him gravely that her ambition was to grow up to be a horse.

"That was really wonderful," says Raymond Douglas Davies, and smiles that little tight-lipped smile, which might once have been a self-conscious attempt to hide the small gap between his two front teeth and is now an ingrained characteristic. "Days", the current hit, pleases him quite greatly because it proves The Kinks could come back after a dud single like "Wonderboy", of which he says, "It should never have been released. I didn't want it released. We did it as a favour to someone!"

Raymond Douglas Davies would like to be a film producer and would probably make a very good one. Among other things, he would like to do a documentary feature about Elvis Presley. He is one of those artistic people who have an uncanny knack of doing what is apparently wrong for the times, but proves usually right. It only appears wrong because he is the first to do it!

He is the type of person who starts a fashion and gives it up immediately it becomes fashionable. He has a perverse dress sense, which is disarmingly effective. He manages to wear a turquoise jacket with a pink shirt and striped tie and make it all look incredibly correct.

"I always made a point, when all my friends were rebelling and turning up at Art School in army surplus blankets and open-neck shirts, of wearing a collar and tie," he says.

He has a rare sense of humour. During an All Star XI charity football match, in which we were both playing recently, I ingenuously contrived to barge a massive ex-Charlton player, with the formidable name of Malcolm Pike, off the ball. I bounced off some 15 feet away, while Mr Pike remained impassively rock-like just where he was. Raymond Douglas Davies came over, picked me up and warned me severely to leave Pike alone, as it was only a friendly game!

Football is almost as important a part of his life as music and he will talk enthusiastically of the supreme tactician of the Showbusiness XI, ex-Irish International Danny Blanchflower. He was once asked to produce a record for "Footballer Of The Year" George Best. Raymond nearly always backs Arsenal for the FA Cup, but declares that this year it looks like Everton. He is very proud of the fact that last season he scored two goals direct from corner kicks, no mean feat (or should it be "feet"?), and plays the game himself with poise and control, concentrating on skills rather than physical employment.

He only rarely loses his temper when some misbegotten opponent thinks it might be fun to go down in history as the player who fouled the Kink, although quite recently he had occasion to pick up one ginger-headed little soul and address him quite severely on the pitch.

He is carrying his love of sports indoors to his new Elstree home and has already installed table tennis and has bar billiards on order. "I'd rather have bar billiards than a snooker table, because everyone can play it," he says reasonably.

He takes an almost paternal interest in the career of his younger brother Dave and informs me he advised him to give up Scotch if he does not want any more pains in his chest when he plays football. Of all the members of the group, he finds Mick Avory the most amusing and is fond of reeling Avorisms in that monotonal, deadpan manner which is the drummer's speciality. "He's just bought a new house," said Ray. "Dave went down to see it recently in West Molesey and Mick asked him if he would like to see



"I've asked the group to play on it and they have kindly consented"

it. He said yes and Mick took him into the back garden and pointed to the house across the way. He's almost moved next door to himself!"

Raymond Douglas Davies is a careful man with his money. He usually carries about five shillings and sixpence with him – I've never been able to ascertain whether it is the same five shillings and sixpence! I asked him how he viewed the prospect of the "free concerts" being given by Traffic and other groups in places like Hyde Park. He was greatly in favour of all the fresh air and general avoidance of "grotty theatres", but would not seem to grasp the no-fee factor. "Of course it would depend who asked us to do it," he said.

"I mean if the Electricity Board asked us to do it I would not, because I don't like the Electricity Board... or the Gas Board."

He recently went to see a showing of the space-fiction film *2001: A Space Odyssey*, and claims to have understood the story – a great deal more than most people did. He bought the album of the film's musical score in stereo.

There were also plans for him to produce and sing on a solo LP of his own, but these seem to have been shelved. "I've asked the group to sing and play on it with me and they have kindly consented," he said. "I would like to make it clear that I've always wanted to do an LP with The Kinks anyway!"

Of the current hit parade, he does not like or understand the success of Tommy James & The Shondells, although he seems to think it might have



something to do with "Let's Dance". He does not care for the OC Smith record and thinks it would not have been a hit three years ago, but the timing was just right for this kind of record.

The most memorable aspect of The Kinks' last tour seems to have been when everyone managed to get up on the stage and the group played a stirring rendition of "You Are My Sunshine". And the most satisfactory TV appearance of late was on *Colour Me Pop*.

"It's such a good show if you want to appear on it – and that's what it's really all about anyway," says Raymond Douglas Davies. *Keith Altham*

— MELODY MAKER NOVEMBER 30 —

THE KINKS ARE *The Village Green Preservation Society* is the title of The Kinks' new, and easily their best, LP. All 15 tracks are Ray Davies compositions and they seem to give enormous insight into Ray Davies the man as well as Ray Davies the songwriter. I played the album with Ray and took down his comments on each track. This is what he said:

"Village Green Preservation Society" This started out to be a solo LP for me but somebody just mentioned to me that The Kinks do try to preserve things – we are all for that looking back thing. I thought it would be a nice idea to try and sum it up in one song. All the things in the song are things I'd like to see preserved.

"Do You Remember Walter?" There's a line in the lyric – "People often change but memories of people remain" – which sums up what this is about. It's about the way we try to hang on to the things we like, even about people. Walter was a friend of mine, we used to play football together every Saturday. Then I met him again recently after about five years and we found we just didn't have anything to talk about.

"Picture Book" This is a paper hat, kiss-me-quick song. There are two acoustic guitars there with electric guitar done afterwards. The song is really self-explanatory.

"Johnny Thunder" There wasn't really an original idea to this, it just came out. It's about a rocker and I think it worked. I wrote it just after *The Wild One* was released [in the UK].

"The Last Of The Steam Powered Trains" That's me playing harmonica. This was a case of the idea coming before the song. Again, like the "Walter" song it's really about not having anything in common with people. Everybody wanted to know about steam trains a couple of years ago, but they don't any more. It's about me being the last of the renegades. All my friends are middle-class now. They've all stopped playing in clubs. They've all made money and have happy faces. Oddly enough, I never did like steam trains much.

"Big Sky" No, it's not about God. It's just a big sky. I wrote it in Cannes and almost all of it is fact. I was at the music festival in January and there were all those people hustling, trying to get their music published.

"Sitting By The Riverside" This is a fishing song. I went fishing a lot when I was about eight. It was nice.

"Animal Farm" This was just me thinking everybody else is mad and we are all animals anyway – which is really the idea of the whole album. I'm just a city dropout, I suppose.

"Village Green" That's a harpsichord. I think we also used oboe, cello, violin and piccolo. The arrangement is by David Whittaker and it's all very camp, isn't it? This track was done 18 months ago and was originally going to be the title for the album. I didn't have any

particular village green in mind.

"Starstruck" The title and lyrics are self-explanatory. It's just something that happens.

"Phenomenal Cat" It's like a nursery rhyme thing. I liked the idea of a cat that could fly. It's been to Kathmandu and Hong Kong and discovered the secret of life. So it decides to eat itself silly for the rest of its life.

"All My Friends Were There" This has connections with *Melody Maker*. It was an R&B concert and I had a temperature of 104 but they asked me to do it because there was a contract. I had lots to drink and I thought, "It doesn't matter." The curtains opened and all my friends were sitting in the front row – including Chris Welch. It was a terrible night and I thought I would write a song about it.

"Wicked Annabella" This is rather a crazy track. I just wanted to get one to sound as horrible as it could. I wanted a rude sound – and I got it.

"Monica" It's about a prostitute – and the BBC has played it.

"People Take Pictures Of People" People take pictures of each other just to prove they really exist. Originally it faded out into a trad front line blowing with lots of echo. They wouldn't let me put it in because of copyright problems. *Bob Dawbarn •*

The loneliness of the far-sighted songwriter

BY TONY WILSON

RAY DAVIES is happy

1968

JULY - SEPTEMBER

"The



GAB ARCHIVE/REDFERNS

"We are getting better lyrics together and better ideas": the Small Faces in optimistic mood following the release of *Ogdens' Nut Gone Flake*



most natural thing in the world"

After raving in the town, the **SMALL FACES** are now enjoying life in the country, at the home of Jerome K Jerome. NME joins them to talk new sounds and to fly model aeroplanes.

JULY - SEPTEMBER



Steve Marriott and model Jenny Rylance shortly after their wedding on May 26, 1968 - pictured in the rented house in Marlow, Buckinghamshire they share with two other Small Faces and their partners

— NME JULY 20 —

HAVING NIPPED SMARTLY into the No 1 bestselling album slot with *Ogdens' Nut Gone Flake*, the Small Faces are now deservedly considered big wheels in the progressive pop stakes. To see how they were enjoying their new-found status, I journeyed to Immediate control headquarters, where on a bright sunny afternoon there was only a skeleton crew holding fort and things were strangely quiet.

Even the company's all-weather "super-publicist", Paul Thomas, was on holiday! In a small inner office I met drummer Kenny Jones, decorated by the lovely blonde, Jan Osbourne.

"It's like Tombstone City up here today," smiled Kenny. "Everyone's out and some strange young lady asked me who I was and what I was doing here. I said I was just looking around!"

Kenny is the Small Face who is always a little backwards in coming forwards, but he bears his anonymity well and was highly amused at not being recognised in his own office. He is in fact a very together little guy who is quite prepared to watch the pop world whizz by while Steve and Ronnie make the pace at interviews and keeps his own scene, quiet, secluded and cool.

Anyway, at my special request Kenny had come forth (or was it fifth?) to reveal all, and no sooner had I expressed a desire to be anywhere but in a hot, confined office than "Jones the Genie" had transported us in his magical Mini to St James' Park and there—upon a park bench amid "The Universal" we chatted.

“Really this album is just the beginning of things,” said Kenny. “We’re now free to do just what we want and Ronnie and Steve are into different things. We are not going to make the mistake of getting in one bag and getting stuck there – that’s what happened to groups like The Searchers!

"Before we were with Immediate, our albums used to turn out like sausages. They'd stick us up against the nearest brick wall and take a photo for the cover. We never really could work up much pride into what we were putting in it with that kind of system. We were standing still, and that's how you get stale. Like a loaf of bread – leave it in one place long enough and it goes stale. We are getting better lyrics together and better ideas. On stage now we use six brass players – trumpets, saxophone and trombones. We augment our previous hits like 'All or Nothing' and 'Tin Soldier' and they sound new again.

"When we go into a studio now we don't have to worry about wasting half an hour and we recorded some of the tracks on *Ogdens'* perhaps 10 times. You just keep improving, and sometimes you take the half of one song and join it with a half of another."

We broke for a while and watched the “scraggy pigeons” – Kenny observed one ruffled specimen needed a haircut and the cars continued to speed down the road nearby in an endless stream. Kenny watched them with the same detached manner he watches the frenzied pace of the pop aura about him.

He unashamedly confesses he likes being a “punchy drummer” with the Faces. He has no great ambitions to launch into a more technically satisfying strata with a jazz group, but is pleased to note that the image of the drummer is being improved by people like The Shadows’ Brian Bennett, who has made his own album. One day, but a long time from now, he thinks he might like to do the same.

"I don't say a lot at interviews and things because I don't like to butt in," said Kenny. "Sometimes I say a few things and no-one prints them. I don't mind – that's fine. But it's nice when someone asks especially to interview me. I get my kicks out of things on the side, really. I mean, at the moment it's machines. I've got four cars: two Minis, the MG and the Zephyr – that's really my Dad's now. I spend most of my time tinkering with them. I had the sun roof and the stereo and the black windows put in the Lotus, and all those kind of things give me enjoyment."

Out of all the Faces, Kenny is probably the least obviously "wild", and although he is aware that recent events have given the group a somewhat uncompromising image, he is not concerned. "It really depends on the way a thing is reported," said Kenny. "I can be just drinking a cup of tea and someone could say I drank it 'sloppily' and give the impression I'm a 'rough'. Well, I know I'm not a 'toerag' and that's good enough for me. Anyway, I don't believe people want you to appear good all the time. No one is good all the time. The fans like someone with a bit of nerve. Perhaps that's why we're so popular. Did you know the kids pushed down a brick wall at our concert in Belfast to get at us?" he added, grinning.

Finally we talked a little about the Faces' new single, "The Universal", another example of the group's refusal to come up with a traditional follow-up to a hit like "Lazy Sunday". The fact that it sounds so different – and Steve's voice sounds very untypical – may be the reason for its slow emergence. My advice is give it three listens and if you do not want to buy it there may possibly be something wrong with your ears or mine!

CALM “Steve actually did the vocal on his cassette machine in the back garden of his house in Harlow,” said Kenny. “That’s how you got his dogs barking on it. He was just working out the song, but we figured it sounded so great we kept the sound on the

FACES SHATTER COUNTRY CALM

in their Bucks hideaway
invaded by **Keith Altham**

An elderly rustic nods sleepily upon the seat of his wagon, piled high with hay, while "Dobbin" clops slowly homeward along the peaceful,



that right. That would have given the impression we wanted (that the Indians were a "wild" race).

record. 'The Universal' is just the world around us – the sky, the trees, people, everything. Then there are references to things like 'salty bloater', which is the sea, and our mystery man, 'Mick.' (My guess is "Jagger" as the name is dropped by a "namedropper" in the lyric.)

Then, as we were driving back into town after the interview, Kenny mentioned that the Small Faces drum skin bearing the group's name had recently been taken by a fan as a souvenir.

"I'm very attached to that skin," said Kenny. "It's been with us for years. It's not worth much to anyone else, but I'd willingly give a £10 reward for its return and an autographed copy of our album!"

And so ended a very pleasant afternoon in the park – all interviews should be like that. *Keith Altham*

— NME AUGUST 10 —

AN ELDERLY RUSTIC nods sleepily upon the seat of his wagon, piled high with hay, while "Dobbin" clops slowly homeward along the peaceful twisty lane in the heart of the Buckinghamshire countryside. Then it happens!

Hurtling around the bend on one wheel of his brand-new machine bearing a huge red "L" (like the shield of some intrepid Crusader), he flashes past with long hair flowing in his slipstream and a hearty cry of "Hi Ho Honda" floats back along the breeze.

That was Steve Marriott, that was! And you have stumbled upon the Small Faces' hideaway house, built some 100 years ago by Jerome K Jerome, who wrote *Three Men In A Boat*, and is now inhabited by Lane and Marriott, who wrote "The Universal", and organist Ian McLagan.

The house has a number of interesting features, including a "rake-eating fir tree" (more of that later), low-beamed ceilings, leaded windows, rambling roses and a sunken rambling garden surrounded by rambling fans. They are unlike any fans that Mr Marriott has come across before, and even when he stops to say "Hello" they just stare at him agog. He has a theory that they are androids sent by the "Enemy".

Also resident in the house are Mrs Marriott (Jenny), Mrs Lane (Sue) and Mrs McLagan (Sandy), who is a great favourite with the road managers because she gets Ian well organised and packed before his gigs abroad.

Resident in the upper right-hand drawer of the kitchen unit is Murphy and his three kittens! Steve is not too hot on sexing cats and a certain Toby also gave birth recently, necessitating a name change. Murphy is now more respectfully referred to by the entire household as Mrs Murph, although one of her kittens has been baptised Bonzo to confuse the issue.

"It's a steaming love farm down 'ere," says Ronnie of all the new and expectant animal life about them. Smelly Arfur, a healthy black tom, is held to be the main culprit for the subsequent litters, although he is exonerated in the case of Lucy the alsatian, who is expecting pups.

The other members of the Faces' private zoo include a sleek, black bitch called Love and the two collies, Rufus (Ian's dog) and Seamus, who is the indisputable leader of the pack.

The huge upstairs lounge has a picture of Napoleon on one wall, a picture of Georgie Fame on another and a large round clock with painted Roman numerals. There you may find Sue weaving at her 20th-century loom, beneath the wooden beams, and the Faces leaping about the room, placing "sounds" upon the stereo from the copious selection of albums and singles scattered about the room.

The main reason for the group's retreat into the country is that this is where it all comes naturally. They find they have room to breathe without anyone breathing down their backs or wanting to pry into their marriages or hindering their composing.

Mach had an electric organ moved in downstairs, which is duly borrowed by the other two, and guitars and recording cassettes are all the music equipment they need for getting new ideas together.

"'Universal' was really the most natural thing in the world," said Steve. "I recorded it there in the garden with the dogs about me, and you can even hear Jenny shouting 'Hello Steve' as she came back through the gate

from shopping. The song was supposed to be called 'Hello The Universal', but it escaped before we could put that right. That would have given the impression we wanted that the whole idea of the song was a kind of 'Good morning' to life. The secret of nearly all our records now is that we are really just being ourselves – that's what it's all about.

"Our biggest hang-up now may be trying to follow up an album like *Ogdens' Nut Gone Flake*. If the next one does not go to No 1 then a lot of people will start crowing that it's not as good as the last one. You feel a little musically washed out after putting out as much effort as we did into that album, but down here you soon come round.

"All the worries about the tax man and the bills don't seem to matter down here, and then along comes an album from America like *Dr John And The Night Tripper* [a friend brought it round the previous evening], which gives us a tremendous boot up the backside!"

Ronnie showed me another album called *Music From The Big Pink House* by Dylan's backing group, which is also giving them good vibrations at present. On the back of it is an incredible painting by Bob Dylan. Done in a simple, childish manner, it depicts an Indian playing a bass, a sitar player with a bowl on his head and a musician playing his piano the difficult way – over the top from the wrong side! An elephant has also somehow got into the picture – fascinating.

Taking a metaphorical trip out in the woods at the back of the house with Ron, we talked about the group's reasons for still playing.

"We play because it makes us high," said Ron. "Not druggy-druggy high, but high! We enjoy it. We like what we are doing – the charts don't mean a thing really. We would still be doing what we are if none of our records made the charts.

"No-one really knows what we are going to do next, but I know it will be nice. We want to do some things with a film company we are hoping to set up with Alexis Kanner [Kanner played the fantastic "hippy" character in the last episode of McGoon's *Prisoner* TV series], who produced the film of 'The Universal' which was shown on *Come Here Often*."

We returned to the garden to indulge in flying some of the little model aeroplanes which take up almost an entire room of the house. It's the Faces' new relaxing kick – there is one monster "Brabazon"-like model of

some five feet in length which Steve has high hopes of getting off the ground. I chose a modest elastic-band-driven effort and wound it experimentally.

"You know, we'd really like to do some of those free concerts in Hyde Park that the Traffic have been doing recently, but we'd get all 'toughies' from Finchley who would come along to start a fight. I remember the last club appearance we did at the Uppercut. I got a note passed to me that some bloke was going to shoot my legs off, halfway through 'All Or Nothing'. I moved about very fast on stage that night!"

Ronnie recalled some further memories of good old days when he and Steve were "juice-heads" playing in a group that he swears was called Bog-Chain & The Plastics! "We'd line up two treble scotches and down them before the performance," said Ron. "Then we'd double up and go on – we'd get through the first two numbers alright, give the punters 'Farmer John' and a blues thing, then it would be up!"

"All up!" agreed Steve. "Do you remember when they threw us out after I kicked the piano to bits?"

In my best Wright Brothers manner I launched my Small Faces Mk II into the Universal and was rewarded to see it climb to

a height of approximately 14 feet before executing a double backflip and lodging itself in the top half of a fir tree.

"Ah, we've had a lot of trouble with that model," observed Steve. "And that's the amazing rake-eating fir tree. We chucked a rake up there to get one model down – it never came down again, and a broom and a..." Back to the drawing boards.

Finally, towards the end of the afternoon, Kenny Jones arrived in his blacked-out mini Lotus with the newly inserted aeroplane seats and spent some time advising Ian on just how he should fibreglass the front of his Volkswagen, which needs some repairs. Kenny said very little – as is his custom – smiled very much and went his way. *Keith Altham* •



"Dr John's album gives us a boot up the backside!"

“I want to sing and stay out of everybody’s way”

— MELODY MAKER AUGUST 10 —

THE FIRST FUSION of psychedelia and rhythm and blues” is the description applied to Sly & The Family Stone’s music, a sample of which in the form of “Dance To The Music” is currently enjoying success in the *MM* Top 30. “If it has to be categorised, that’s as close as it will come,” said Sly Stone, leader of the group, when he spoke to me from New York last week. “About 95 per cent is our own material and five per cent other material. I usually write everything and do our arrangements and producing, but the other members of the group are getting into that too.”

How much importance did he attach to having a British hit in view of the group’s two Stateside hits, “Dance To The Music” and “Life”, and three best-selling albums, *Whole New Thing*, *Life* and *Dance To The Music* (every song having been written by Sly)?

“We’ve never been in Europe but we’ve heard a lot about it. We know of so many great acts, we’re just waiting to get there. It would be much nicer to have four or five hits there,” he added.

Sly leads the group on organ, his sister Rose plays electric piano, sings and dances, and their brother Freddie, nicknamed “Physics”, plays guitar and sings, “although he can play any kind of instrument from guitar to clarinet”, said Sly. »

SLY & THE FAMILY STONE
touch down in the UK.

Sly – a producer and former radio announcer – introduces his “talented, funny” band. But his placid demeanour masks an unwillingness to compromise that proves fatal to the engagements. “We just have to get up and do something if we feel like doing it,” he explains.





Sly & The Family Stone:
(l-r) Greg Errico, Rose
Stone, Sly Stone,
Cynthia Robinson,
Freddie Stone, Jerry
Martini, Larry Graham

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bass is in the hands of Larry Graham Jr. Greg "Handfeet" Errico plays drums, Jerry Martini plays sax but can also double on flute, accordion, piano, clarinet and tambourine, and the group is completed by what is perhaps their unusual feature, Cynthia "Ecco" Robinson, described by Sly as "one of the most talented trumpeters alive – and that includes guys!"

Sly, in his early twenties, started his musical career at the age of four when he recorded a religious song, "On The Battlefield For My Lord". As a record it was played in the locality of Bakersfield, California. In his senior year at high school, Sly, as a member of the group called The Viscaynes, had another local hit with a song called "Yellow Moon."

He studied music theory and composition in college and led several groups, playing guitar and bass around the San Francisco nightclub circuit. "Then the topless dancers took over and I quit," said Sly. "Nobody cared about the music." From there he joined Autumn Records as a producer and songwriter, writing American hits such as "The Swim" and "Mojo Man" and producing records for The Beau Brummels, Bobby Freeman and The Mojo Men.

"After that, I went to a radio announcers' training school for three months," continued Sly, "and a week after I finished the course I landed a job on a major station in a major time slot. I dug that."

On stage that group are all action. *RAT*, the American underground newspaper, says of them: "They just generate rhythm right up to the rooftop and they are so together. Their material is equally fantastic – beautiful, exciting, funny, just like them."

"We don't rehearse any dance steps," said Sly. "What happens when we're dancing is spontaneous – it's just whatever happens. Arranged dance steps and routines become too showbiz and the music becomes forgotten if you do too much of this. We just have to get up and do something if we feel like doing it." *Tony Wilson*

— NME SEPTEMBER 7 —

TOPLESS DANCERS AND the resultant craze in San Francisco became so too much for a young musician that he left his job, became a record producer and later formed a group called Sly & The Family Stone. That was 18 months ago and now they find themselves high in the *NME* chart with a number called "Dance To The Music".

Sly studied music theory and composition in college and then played guitar and bass with several groups. Until the topless ladies took over. "Nobody cared about the music, so I quit," he recalled. "I joined Autumn Records as a producer and wrote 'The Swim', and 'Mojo Man', which were both hits, and produced for The Beau Brummels, Bobby Freeman and The Mojo Men. After that, I went to radio announcers' training school for three months and landed a job on a major station at peak listening time."

It was from there that Sly got down to forming the group. "Dance To The Music" and "Life" were both hits for them in America, and their albums *A Whole New Thing*, *Dance To The Music* and *Life* all sold well. All the songs were, in fact, written by Sly himself.



"I've noticed there's a better response here to what people play"

The big thing about the group seems to be their togetherness both musically, vocally and choreographically. The staid *New York Times* spoke of the "vocal games, instrumental power, rhythmic overdrive and visual wildness that they can uncork".

An underground newspaper with the unlikely name of *RAT* said of the group: "On stage they just generate rhythm, right up to the rooftop, and they are so together. They really shake up an audience. Their material is equally fantastic – beautiful, exciting, funny – just like them."

In true American tradition, there is something of the child prodigy about Sly. He said: "I recorded a church song, 'On The Battlefield For My Lord', when I was four. It was played in Bakersfield, Fresno and eight or nine other towns."

There was then a gap of some years before – while in his senior year in high school – Sly recorded "Yellow Moon" with The Viscaynes and it reached No 6 on the local pop radio station.

Sly & The Family Stone often hold impromptu jam sessions while waiting around in dressing rooms in theatres and TV studios. Sometimes they just sing together without using instruments at all. Sly described the rest of the family Stone.

"Rose, my sister, plays piano, organ and harmonica," he began. "She's a featured vocalist and dancer, too. When she joined the group she had to find her own way of fitting in because everybody else was doing everything on stage. But she had no problem there. Not only is she as beautiful as any woman around, who is as talented and as consistent as any other musician anywhere."

She sounds quite a bundle. Then on to brother Freddie, who Sly says is "funny". "He'll just make you laugh," he promised. "But he doesn't come on strong with most people. He does so many things so well, I have to watch him or he'll explode. He can play any kind of instrument, from guitar to clarinet. He writes songs and arranges, too."

"Larry Graham Jr, the bass player, loves music. He writes and sings and can also play lead guitar and organ; he constantly adds the right ingredients of bass to our sound. Unless he's with people he feels comfortable with – he's very quiet. The drummer is Greg Errico and he's always asking questions. Sometimes he asks too many questions about things, but before he makes any decision about anything, he'll know everything about it. That's beautiful even if he bugs me sometimes. He's also the world's fastest, funkiest drummer."

"Cynthia Robinson, our trumpeter, is quiet, for real and peaceful. She is one of the most talented trumpeters alive, and that includes guys! Sometimes she works too hard and I have to make her relax. We call her Super Cynthia. The last member of the group is Jerry Martini on sax, flute, accordion, piano, clarinet and tambourine. He blows life through his sax. He's very peaceful and loving."

But there's another member of the Stone family associated with the group. That's Sly's father, who is the road manager. "I've never seen anyone dislike him," said Sly proudly. "That's where he's at. He doesn't drink, smoke, swear or go to shows even. That's how I was raised."

That sounds an interesting combination of people. Also interesting is Sly's philosophy, which he says is: "I'd like to record anything I want to record, sing anything I want to sing, say just what I want to say and stay out of everybody's way." *Richard Green*

— MELODY MAKER SEPTEMBER 21 —

SLY & THE Family Stone, still a chart force with "Dance To The Music", were supposed to appear on BBC TV's *Top Of The Pops* last week. But their spot on the show was cancelled. Why? According to a spokesman for the BBC's publicity department it was because one of the group was charged the previous day with a drug offence.

The spokesman told *MM*: "In the light of the circumstances which occurred at London Airport the day before the show, Johnnie Stewart [the producer] did not want to have them on

**SLY, STONE
TOUR SHOCK**

SLY and the Family Stones'

BANNED!

**TOP OF THE POPS DROP
SLY AND FAMILY STONE**

...been called
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...promoter,
NME: "Sly
special ampli-
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September 11, 1968: Sly & The Family Stone shortly after their arrival in London for their first overseas tour. But the arrest of Larry Graham (bottom left) at London Airport on cannabis charges and other problems will cut the visit short

the programme.” So they were out of Britain’s pop show because bass guitarist and vocalist Larry Graham Jr was charged with possessing cannabis and remanded on bail until later this month.

Surprisingly, Sly Stone, leader of the group and an ex-West Coast radio announcer, treated the whole thing calmly. “I’m not bitter about it,” he said. “In fact, in the circumstances, I’d probably have done the same myself. I just hope that the people concerned with the show change their mind when they find out that the whole incident is stupid. I’d still like to do the show, it’d be groovy. And I’ve no resentment about being banned.”

Despite the hang-up of the arrest, Sly was really enjoying his first trip to London – and looking forward to his appearances for British fans. “I’ve spent the last day or so out shopping – I really dig your shops. And your way of life,” he said. “The people are beautiful... nicer than they are in the States. The situation back home is getting better, but it’s still so bad that it’ll take a long time to really improve. Here, in the short time I’ve been here, I’ve realised that the folks are more down-home. They don’t express so much rejection as they do in America.

“If they don’t understand a thing – like long hair – they come up and say, ‘I don’t understand why you have your hair like that – why don’t you explain it to me.’ In America there is just rejection without questioning. I’ve also noticed that there’s a better response here to what people play – the kids are much hipper.”

Sly, who digs The Beatles (“They are really number one and I’d love to meet them while I’m here”), Bob Dylan, Ray Charles and Aretha Franklin, said that the group put a lot of emphasis in their act on their visual appeal – they are a fun group, with lots of action on stage. “But there is not more emphasis on the movement than on the music,” he said.

The success of “Dance To The Music” has been of great importance to Sly. “It’s been like a boost. We’d been successful in the States in the year

and a half since we formed up. But to make it over here – it’s like having a part of you away from home. It’s been groovy that the record’s been accepted.”

They hope, too, that the fans who bought “Dance...” will go for their follow-up single, “M’Lady”, which has a similar feel about it. Sly, who studied music theory and composition in college, went into radio after a course at a radio announcers’ training school – and landed a job on a major West Coast station a week after he left the course. He also went into record production until he formed Sly & The Family Stone 18 months ago. But he retains an interest in radio and has been listening to the Radio One sounds here.

“I think I’d like to be in radio here. You play a lot of different sounds and get into the music more. It’d be a lot more fun than in the States.”

Alan Walsh

— NME SEPTEMBER 21 —

SLY & THE Family Stones’ British tour has been called off after a week in which the group is alleged to have refused to play any dates. A spokesman for the promoter, Don Arden, told the *NME*: “Sly insisted on having special amplifying equipment for his organ, and would not go on stage without it. We offered him a compromise, which has been accepted by people like Ray Charles and the Small Faces, but he turned it down. So we had to cancel the tour on Tuesday.”

The group’s visit has been fraught with trouble since its arrival. One of the group was charged with a drug offence, the entire group was warned about gesticulating to motorists outside a London club, Sly failed to turn up for two prearranged press conferences and then the tour was cancelled. •

1968

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SINGLES REVIEW

1968

"Could you please make it go away?": Keith Moon politely declines another aural treat while taking the *Maker's Blind Date* test

"A good looning record"

MM JULY 6 Keith Moon reviews the singles. "It must be American. Dem bones, dem bones..."

SINGLES

Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich *Last Night In Soho* (FONTANA)

John Entwistle bassline. Is it a Howard-Blaikley song? So it must be Dave Dee. Do I get that one? I prefer this to the Hungarian beer chants they usually do. No sounds of tankards clashing to the background of stomping boots. Yeah, I think that'll be a hit.

Kinks *Days* (PYE)

Memoirs of Ray Davies. No, it's the first time I've heard this. This

sounds very much like a demo with Ray on acoustic guitar. I just heard a bass drum, so Mick Avory must be on it as well. So it's The Kinks. Sounds pretty dated, like one of the songs Pete keeps under his sink. I dig what The Kinks do, but I've never thought of them as a group.

Small Faces *Universal* (IMMEDIATE)

Well that's nice. It sounds like the Faces on a sunny day. Great. Great brass. This is a side of the Faces we saw in Australia on our tour together. That was the most

enjoyable tour we have ever done. I'm sure the Faces were laughing when they made this. I laughed when I listened, anyway. It's bound to be a smash. More strength to their elbows. This should be a hit.



Magistrates *Here Come The Judge* (MGM)

Oh, very freaky. Yeah, it's a good looning record. I'm liking too many of them today. Something must have gone wrong. Sock it to me again. It must be American. Dem bones, dem bones. Yeah, the end was the best bit. I should think it'll get airplays from groovy DJs, but it won't be a hit here.

Tony Newman *Soul Thing* (DECCA)

Is this "The Wibbly Wobbly Way" by The Leaping Duodenals I've heard so much about? I've no idea who

it is, but it sounds like the theme music from a bad rebel film. Could you please make it go away?

Moody Blues *Voices In The Sky* (DERAM)

Sounds like a Chinese Move. Wrong again. Curses. I was cheating by looking at the label, but that never gets me anywhere. It's a nice record. Moodies? I'll have this one at home. But they probably need something a bit more dynamic to get across again.

Peter Thorogood *Haunted* (PYE)

Sounds like his teeth are falling out. Very Christmas carol-ish. A Mickie Most production? Alan Bown, is it? It could be anyone. Is that a violin? It's so hidden I can hardly tell. I think pop violinists have had their day. No - not a hit.

Gerry Marsden & Derek Nimmo *Liverpool* (CBS)

It's the Tradlads. I'm not listening. I'm asleep. It's obviously a show tune. I suppose hundreds of Liverpuddlians will be dancing in the streets to this. Unfortunately I can't really see it happening. Amazing, ennit?

Amen Corner *High In The Sky* (DERAM)

Is it The Foundations? Not a Notting Hill group? Yes, British, I would say. The sort of thing American groups do so much better. Who is it? Nice fellows. A remote hit.

Chris Montez *Let's Dance* (LONDON)

Oh, twist again! (After first bars) Is this a re-release of Chris Montez? This is like playing the slot machines in the old caff again. There must be a multi-revival on. I used to like this, but





it's absurd. It's like us re-releasing "Can't Explain". Sounds like a Kit Lambert production. I used to like The Everly Brothers and Beach Boys, but this was never more than background music in the dancehall. The best thing with re-releases is to have different artists on each side for collectors' items. All my old records are scratched away.

Alan Price Love Story (DECCA)

I'll have to be chained down. I don't think I've ever listened to so many records all at once. This is a friendly record. No idea who it is. It's another street musician. I have visions of a geezer pulling a handcart full of musicians down the street, with cash registers on the side. Who was it? Oh dear.



He's been doing some weird things. I should have known it was Alan Price. I can't imagine anybody else I know doing that.

Bobby Goldsboro Autumn Of My Life (UNITED ARTISTS)

Is it Bobby Goldberg? I suppose he's going through the alphabet of girls' names. His last one was "Honey" and I suppose this is about Iona or Irene. A Family Favourites kitchen-sink hit. He sounds like he's singing to a photo of his missus – pipe and slippers.

Giles, Giles & Fripp One In A Million (DERAM)

Another record? Will they never end? This is a John Sebastian-type tune. There are hundreds of these songs with the same backing and slightly altered words. The violins are in the bathroom. Good riddance to that.



"I'd like to hear her shout": publicity shot of Paul McCartney signing Mary Hopkin to Apple Records

"I said, 'This is Apple Records here...'"

MM SEPTEMBER 14 Paul McCartney explains how he discovered Mary Hopkin.

I HEARD OF MARY first in Liverpool. Justin and Twiggy had come up in their new car... showing off again, you know how it is.

Well, we were eating our pudding later that evening and we talked about *Opportunity Knocks* and discovery shows generally and I wondered if anyone ever got discovered, I mean really discovered, on discovery shows.

"Then Twiggy said she had seen a great girl on *Opportunity Knocks* and (luckily as it turned out) this was the time when we were looking around for singers for Apple Records. When I got back to London next day several other people mentioned her to me, so it began to look as if Mary was something. Twiggy's not soft. So I got her phone number from the television company and rang her at her home in Pontardawe, somewhere in Wales. This beautiful little Welsh voice came on the phone and I said, 'This is Apple Records here; would you be interested in coming down to record for us?'"

"She said, 'Well, er, would you like to speak to my mother?' and then her mother came on the line and we had a chat and two further telephone conversations, and later that week Mary and her mum came to London. We had a nice lunch and went to Dick James' studios in Oxford Street and I thought she was great. But at the same time I thought she was very Joan Baez – a lot of Joan's influence showed. However, Mary said she could do other things, and I agreed that there was no limit to her possibilities. There couldn't be a limit because she was very together.

"Well, a long time earlier, maybe a couple of years ago, I'd heard 'Those Were The Days' when Gene

[Raskin] and Francesca, American singers, sang it in the Blue Angel in London – and I'd always remembered it. I'd tried to get someone to record it because it was so good. I'd hoped The Moody Blues might do it, but it didn't really work out and later, in India, I played it to Donovan, who loved it but didn't get around to doing it.

"We rang Essex Music, the publishers of the song, but they didn't know anything about it other than that they owned the song. They had no lead-sheets, no demos. But David Platz of Essex, nice man, sent to America and got the demo and everything. I showed Mary how I thought the song should be done and she picked it up very easily – as if she'd known it for years. At first she was singing it as if she didn't mean it, which was strange for Mary, very strange. But it was her first time in the studio and it can be frightening. After a few takes, I kept showing her the way she should sing it and generally worked on it, and suddenly she got it. We just put a tambourine on it and went home.

"She really is like that girl next door – the real thing: kind and quiet and she blushes and smiles shyly. It's like when she says, 'Yes I go out with boys, but it's just kissing.' Great. It's due to her background. Normal. Her parents are good, solid Welsh parents; her father works for the local council and her mother is a very intelligent woman, so we are going to look after Mary and make sure no harm comes to her. Work starts on her album soon and we are going in all kinds of directions as she's capable of singing anything. I'd like to hear her shout. That would be really good. To hear her really shout. I know she can. Everyone can.

1968

JULY – SEPTEMBER

“There’s no hard sell”

THE BEATLES are setting up shop. Clothes, films, electronics, music... the company has a brief as diverse as the band itself. Apple starts strongly with hits by Mary Hopkin and their own “Hey Jude”. “We’re family grocers,” says Paul McCartney. “You want yoghurt, we give it to you.”



May 14, 1968,
Americana Hotel,
New York City:
Paul McCartney
(obscuring John
Lennon) announces
the formation of
Apple Corps

— MELODY MAKER JUNE 1 —

APPLE, THE BEATLES' artistic mindchild, is a feeling, an effort and a purpose. It's a feeling of frustration with the existing state of music and the visual arts; an effort, backed with the financial resources, prestige and communicative power of The Beatles, to change the status quo; and its purpose is to open the way to artistic fulfilment to writers, musicians, singers, painters who hitherto have not been able to find acceptance in the commercial world.

That's the idea, from the prolific minds of The Beatles. It's an attempt to put back into the world what they have taken in abundance – and, of course, to make a profit and have a little fun along the way. It is in short an ambitious and far-reaching attempt to create a British cultural revolution that has nothing to do with Uncle Mao's *Little Red Book*.

No-one can predict whether it will be a success or a failure. So, to try to find out whether Apple has a chance of upsetting our present pop balance, the *MM* paid a visit to the headquarters of the company in London's Wigmore Street. The headquarters are housed on the fifth floor of a fairly ordinary office building, and apart from a large and rather lovely blow-up of an apple in full colour beaming down from the wall, it's pretty much like any other modern office suite.

But that is an illusion. Because Apple has assembled a staff of sympathisers from various directions to run its component projects. The executives are from widely different backgrounds, but all share an utter devotion to the aims of Apple. And John, Paul, George and Ringo hold the reins – and they have a built-in commerciality. In fact, their devotion to Apple as an idea has imposed on them a discipline which few other activities could. Paul spends most of every working day in the offices, arriving early and leaving late. John usually arrives after lunch and stays late too, while George and Ringo work at the office on average every other day. There is an air of quiet industry about the place. The Beatles have tried, by careful selection, to create an atmosphere of camaraderie about the project. Employees feel involved and Derek Taylor, who gave up a lucrative business as a publicist in Beverly Hills, California (clients included The Beach Boys and Herb Alpert) to join the company, in fact stated: "The whole thing wouldn't work at all if it wasn't for the atmosphere of togetherness. Without that we'd split. We're not getting fabulous five-figure salaries, no-one is, we don't need them."

In fact, Taylor, a former national newspaper writer and one-time personal assistant to Brian Epstein and Beatles publicist, revealed that the whole of the Apple project to date has cost less than £100,000 – a useful sum, but much less than was speculated in the music industry.

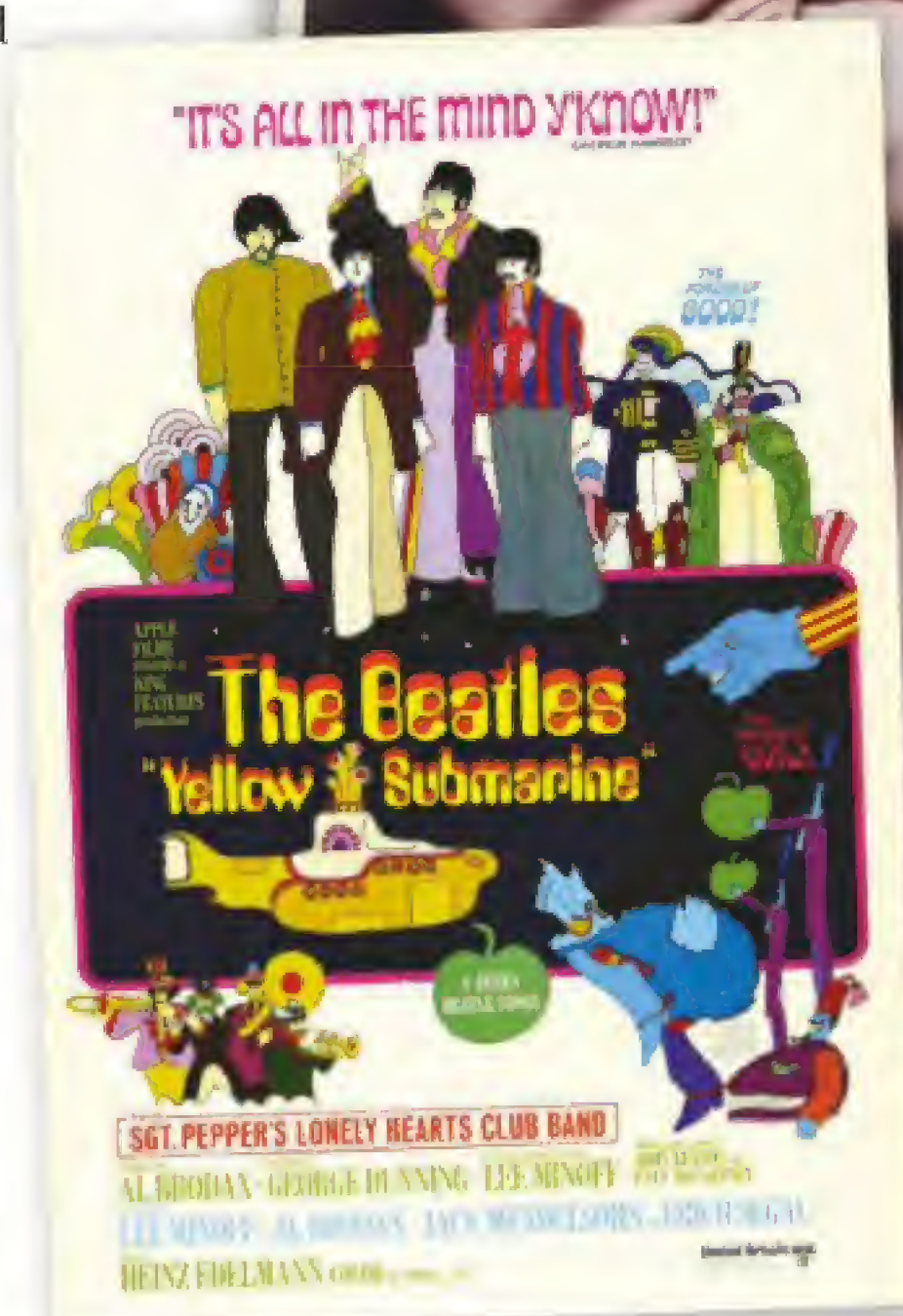
The whole of the project is called Apple Corps (get the pun?), with Neil Aspinall, formerly The Beatles' road manager, as managing director. Apple Corps is the holding company and its component parts are:

Apple Films, headed by Dennis O'Dell and Brian Lewis, which already has set deals on four feature films, including a film based on John Lennon's two books *In His Own Write* and *A Spaniard In The Works*.

Apple Records, headed by an American, Ron Kass, former director of overseas operations for Liberty Records. The company has issued no discs yet, but Peter Asher – an A&R man – said they hoped their first release would be in July.

Apple Music Publishing, one of the first projects they set up, which will handle all musical compositions acquired by the organisation.

Apple Merchandising at present runs two West End shops. One, in Baker Street, is already well known because of its wall mural, which they were forced to obliterate because of neighbours' complaints ("John said with all the trouble in the



July 8, 1968: The Beatles – with John Lennon present only as a cardboard cut-out – attend a press screening of *Yellow Submarine* at the Bowater House Cinema in Knightsbridge, London

world, it wasn't worth fighting for"). The other, at present undergoing alterations, is Apple Tailoring, with premises in Chelsea's King's Road.

Apple Electronics is headed by Alexis ("Magic Alex") Mardas, a Greek electronics expert. The company are wary of discussing his work too closely. Says John Lennon: "We have learned in this happy business world that spies in brown raincoats and sunglasses go around and you can't say anything about a product until it's out."

Another activity of the project will be the Apple Foundation Of The Arts, which will be established for the encouragement of unknown talents in the literary, graphic and performing arts. Taylor summed this up: "What we are trying to create is a situation where an unknown can walk through our door, be welcomed and talk ideas, work projects over with, say, a Beatle. If they are good, he'll be backed and given artistic freedom for his work."

Said Paul McCartney: "We want to give young people a chance to get started without going on their knees to the boss of some giant company." So far a lot has been fed into the Apple pipeline – ideas, capital, and creativity. Not too much has come out of the other end. But Apple say wait and see – judge us on results.

The point to remember is that the power for Apple is generated by The Beatles ("Without them it wouldn't carry on" says Taylor) and they haven't notched up many actual failures in their five-year career. But whether Apple is a huge success or mere pie-in-the-sky, they are at least attempting a new deal for young people in a world geared to middle age. *Alan Walsh*

"We want to give young people a chance to get started"

— NME JULY 13 —

THE BEATLES MET the press – a very rare occurrence these days – after a showing of the Apple-presented, King Features-produced full-length cartoon film *Yellow Submarine*, which I found colourful, sometimes ingenious, but overall rather boring. One Beatle was missing, John Lennon, whose yen these days is even more eastern than India.

So Paul (in pale-mauve jacket, light trousers, pinky shirt, summery tie – quite the best dressed), George and Ringo posed beside a cardboard effigy of John. Paul took up a position in front and was full of life. Ringo looked pleasant and George, with more hair than ever, looked thoughtful.

After the pictures, I was able to corner George, who told me that the *Yellow Submarine* cartoon depiction of The Beatles “isn’t us”. “There’s no true image of us. You press people have given us an image which isn’t us either.” George, in dark suit and yellow frilled shirt, said they had changed a lot (I noticed all three were much more sober and quiet and to-the-point now) and were half businessmen, half recording artists.

“It appears we are doing less, but we’re doing more, but the public don’t see it. When we toured we were seen on stage and getting on and off aeroplanes. Now we do our work in private, in offices and studios. I have written 10 songs for the new LP. We have about 40 in all and we don’t know yet which ones we’ll use. We hope to do the LP quicker.”

I remarked that now that George was clean shaven, we saw more of his face than we had for a long time. He looked younger. How did it feel to be so bare? “Great. If I cut my hair off more I’d look younger still and maybe I could join the Small Faces,” joked George.

Ringo, in a red-with-white-dots shirt and dark suit and still sporting a small moustache, told me that *Yellow Submarine* was a thing for the children. Like George, he hadn’t seen the whole film through. “Kids are the most important people in the world today. They are the future,” he said. “We do things for children. The cartoons illustrate some of our songs, that’s all.”

I asked him what he thought of the actors who had spoken their voices. “I thought they all sounded like me – and we all have very different voices, y’know. It’s not just a Liverpool accent.” Ringo told me he had already recorded his song for the next album. “It has two titles, so I can’t say what it will be called yet.” This was a tactful way of saying he can’t give out the title yet. Ringo told me he had given up his building business because “nobody bought houses where we put them up! And he had given up meditation because he couldn’t find the time for it, except in the car. “When I’m driving I sometimes close my eyes and meditate,” he drawled. Wasn’t that dangerous, I asked?

“Oh, my chauffeur drives me,” he quickly added, recalling one of the few times he had taken over with a “Move over, son” and got nicked for speeding. “The speed cop didn’t know me, I’m sure. Richard Starkey is the name on my licence. I got done for £8. So ‘son’ drives me now,” he concluded.

As always, Paul had plenty to say. He was pleased with the progress of the LP but admitted, “We get new ideas every day, but I hope it will be made quicker than the *Pepper* album.” They want it out long before the *Yellow Submarine* LP comes out at Christmas, with four rather inconsequential songs specially written for the film.

“We are family grocers,” Paul went on. “You want yoghurt, we give you it. You want cornflakes, we have that too. Mums and dads can’t take some of our album stuff, so we make it simple for them on singles.” I asked him about Mary Hopkin, the singer from Wales whom he has signed and who has been on Hughie Green’s *Opportunity Knocks*.

“She sings too much like Joan Baez. We’ll alter that. And get some

“Some people want us to go on until we vanish up our own B-sides”

good songs for her. No, I won’t write them. There are plenty of good old ones. Yes, she’ll be big. We’ve got to be positive about that.”

Speaking about himself – and he was looking very cheerful – he said, “I am alright but I could be better.” But he got angry when he heard “a worrying cat, a German, on TV ranting about all kids taking drugs”. He refuted the idea that all the kids did this and said such statements made him see red. He also thought that rock and current pop music was more serious than people think it is. He said that so-called classical music, when he listened to it, hadn’t got all that much to it. “Suddenly we realise we can do it too,” he concluded.

And his parting shot was that Dylan’s lyrics have infinitely more worthwhile poetry about them than the nauseating words of songs that Sinatra sings: “I used to think they were great, but now they are so much _____.” And he used a word more in common use in France than here.

Andy Gray

— MELODY MAKER SEPTEMBER 14 —

“**T**HERE SEEMS TO be a big cloud of anti-Beatle matter hanging around at the moment,” said Paul McCartney. “But it usually works itself out – and the fact that the record has gone to No 1 proves it.”

We were discussing the seven-minute “Hey Jude”, which despite a somewhat guarded reaction from critics had reached the No 1 in the *MM* Pop 30 within three days of release. The chief criticisms seem to be that this represents a backwards step for The Beatles and that the ending goes on much too long. I asked Paul if he thought these were valid points.

“Steps back are fine,” he retorted. “If we can make a record as good as ‘Great Balls Of Fire’ then we will be delighted. It’s only phoney intellectuals who want to step forward all the time. We felt it was time to step back because that was what we wanted to do. You can still make good music without going forward. Some people want us to go on until we vanish up our own B-sides.”

“As far as the ending is concerned, we were faced with the choice of fading it out early, which was the obvious thing to do. I know people think we’re a bit thick, but we do know that if you are to make a record commercially successful, you must make it nice and short. But we liked the end – we liked it going on. The DJs can always fade it down if they want to – like a TV programme. If you get fed up with it, you can always turn over. You don’t have to sit through it, although a lot of people enjoy every second of the end, and there isn’t really that much repetition to it.”

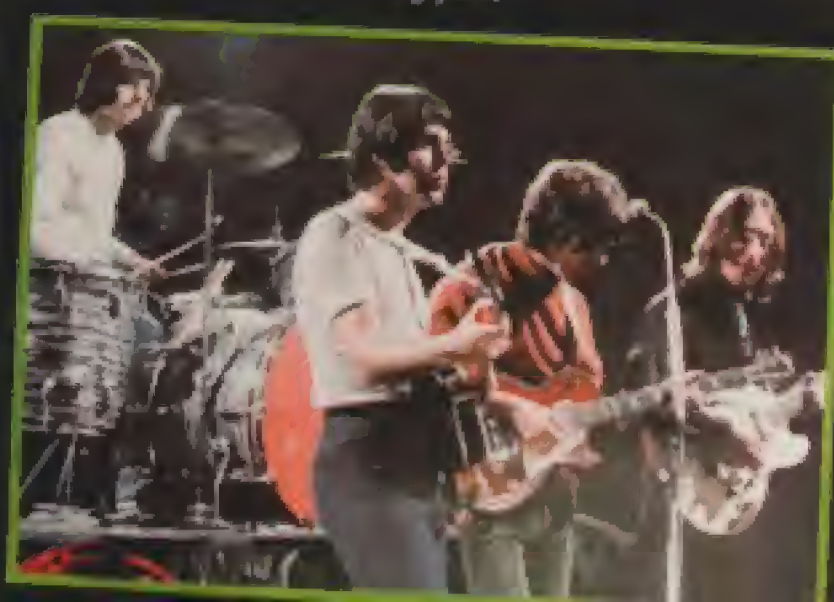
I asked how the new album was going. “We should finish it off next month,” Paul told me. “A lot of the tracks are done and we always speed up towards the end, doing tracks in a day or so.” »

REVOLUTION!

That’s what the Beatles are planning with this



THE BEATLES
hey jude



Are there any unusual tracks? "There will be a couple that people will talk about," he agreed. "People seem to think that everything we say and do and sing is a political statement, but it isn't. In the end it is always only a song. One or two of the tracks will make some people wonder what we're doing, but what we are doing is just singing songs. This business of people taking everything we say as an important pronouncement sometimes gets me down. Then I realise it doesn't really matter at all and I don't really mind."

"The knockers don't really upset us. Once you go to No 1, you can't go any higher. You are only faced with the possibility of coming down. That sort of thing doesn't worry me – though I suppose it could. I remember Brian Matthew reviewed 'She Loves You' and said it was utter drivel and the worst record we had ever made. He said it would never be a hit. It was a fantastically anti-review, and we were all worried about it. Of course it turned out to be one of the biggest ever. The reviewers have been proved wrong so often, we don't worry any more."

Paul said nothing was happening yet about the projected third Beatles feature film. Asked about Apple, he commented: "Things are going a lot better now than they have done. And we have got two hits – ours and Mary Hopkin's." I wondered if he was interested in the American underground scene and if he might see The Doors or Jefferson Airplane while they were in London. "I might," he said. "I don't plan these things really. I like that scene and I saw Jefferson Airplane in San Francisco. They are nice people. But really I'd rather see Elvis. I've never seen him and that would be nice. I saw a great TV show he did with lots of rock things in it."

"You know what I'd love to do? I'd love to produce an album for Elvis. His albums haven't been produced very well and as I am a fan of his I think I'd be able to produce him well. I'd try and get the same feel as the first couple of his albums. It would be great!" *Bob Dawbarn*

— NME SEPTEMBER 21 —

THROUGH RAIN, TEMPEST and flood, George Harrison drove up to London this week to join his mate Jackie Lomax for a cuppa tea and a chat. I sat with them in the new Apple offices in Savile Row, in comfort and style beneath the white angels and the cherubs frolicking on the ceiling in Georgian splendour. And as we talked, our chairs sank deep into the green Wilton that stretched miles towards the vast white walls of the beautiful room. It was all

"To become a rock'n'roll guitarist, I've got to neglect Indian music"



George Harrison and Jackie Lomax, whose first single for Apple, "Sour Milk Sea", is a song Harrison wrote in Rishikesh, India "but always imagined as rock'n'roll"

very posh and awe-inspiring and – had I not been in the company of such normal people – I suspect I might easily have succumbed to illusions of grandeur complaining about the terrible servant problem one gets in London these days.

We talked mainly around the theme of "Sour Milk Sea", that boom-boom kick-in-the-stomach rocker which George wrote and produced and which Jackie sings on his Apple single released two or three weeks ago. The idea of them getting together emerged somewhere around 1963, but The Beatles suddenly had a few other matters to attend to. Jackie left The Undertakers, kicked around, went to America and came back again, and only now are he and George getting the time to work out ideas.

I told George it had been a bit of a surprise to find him writing and producing this big rocking number, considering the aura of Indian influence he'd built up over the last couple of years. Was it a deliberate attempt to smash his image? George: "This is the problem; you see I've got my *Wonderwall* album coming out in a couple of weeks, and that's very Indian-influenced. But the thing with that is, I recorded it in December of last year and January 1968. I still like it, I still think it's very good. But it's not me. I'm back to being a rocker now... for a bit, at least!"

"You go through so many changes and realisations, and so often you come right back where you started. I've realised another thing, that you can write a melody and it can be absolutely anything you like. It can become a jazz song, a folk song, a rock'n'roll song – it can be anything. It just depends how you treat it. For instance, you could sing "Long Tall Sally" very sweet, or you could even do it as an Indian song if you wanted to. It's really a matter of concept."

"I'll tell you one of the things that influenced me in music in the last few months... around June I went to America because I'd promised to do a little part in this film of Ravi Shankar's. And around that time I had my sitar and something happened whereby we never got the flight back from Los Angeles, and we ended up going to New York for two nights. Well, the general influence of the music... just to go to America... it has an effect. If I was to go to the States now, this week, I'd pick up something of the vibration of what's going on. What I got over there last time was like the thing of Electric Flag and all that. That's what's going on over there."

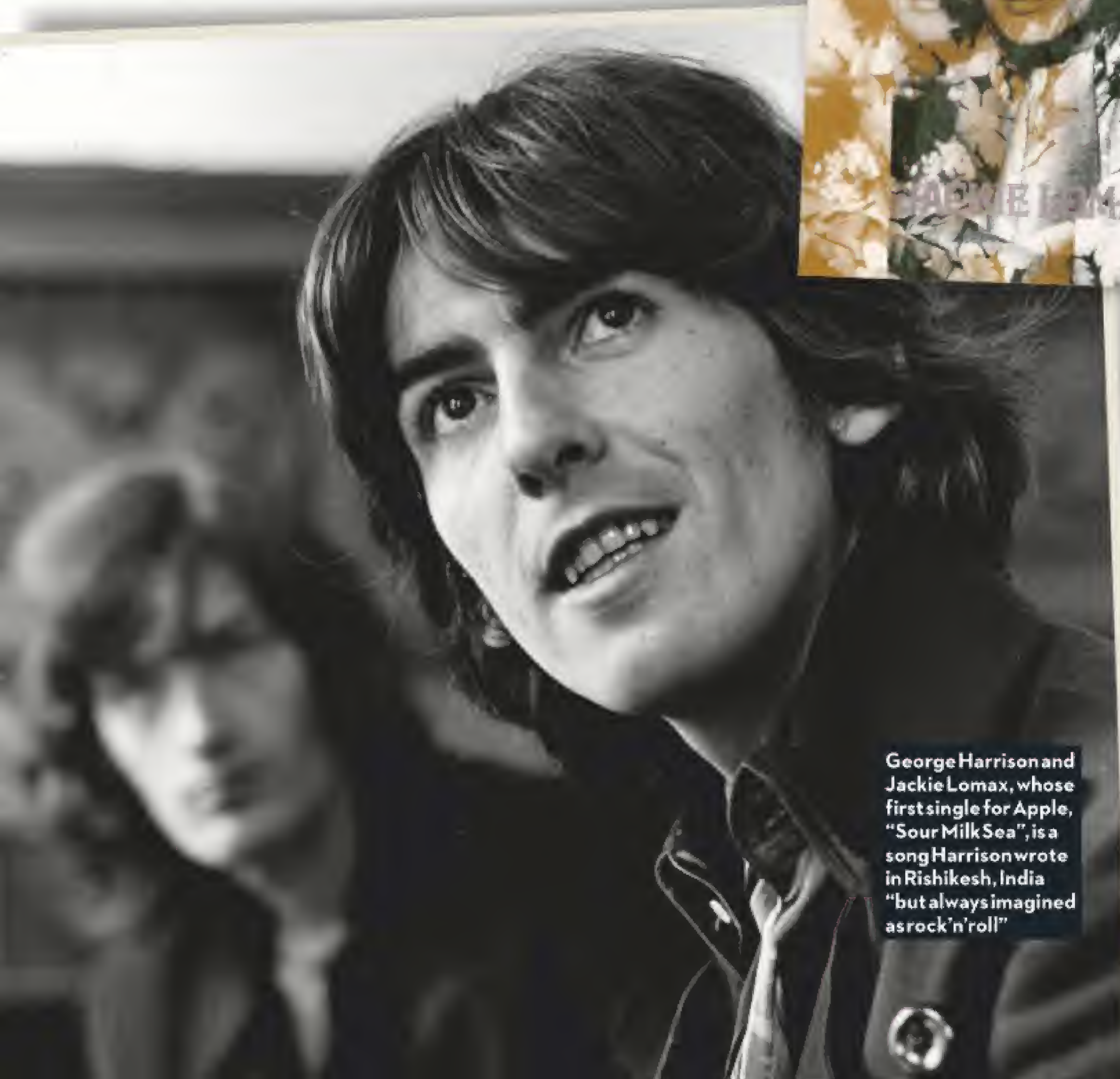
I said some people might feel what was a Beatle doing saying he was still greatly influenced by the pop music of others, when it was generally felt that The Beatles were themselves the leaders of influence. George didn't see it that way. Said he: "We are only a collection of all the things we've ever been influenced by. We don't copy, of course. But the feel of the music in the States was heavy, and I happen to like that, and it just happened that when I got to New York there were people there like Jimi Hendrix and all of them and I really like what they're doing. After that I felt, well, to go into one thing, you've got to neglect something

else. For me to go into rock'n'roll and become a rock'n'roll guitarist as I want to, I've got to neglect Indian music."

"As for me working on the rock scene with Jackie, our general idea is just to do a lot of tracks to see what comes out next. We're mainly doing Jackie's compositions at the moment, not mine. It's a funny thing, but I wrote 'Sour Milk Sea' in Rishikesh in 10 minutes. I didn't have a guitar, but was always playing it and there was only about 10 minutes or half an hour, say, of an evening when I borrowed his guitar and wrote that song."

"Even though I was in India, I always imagined the song as rock'n'roll. That was the intention."

And with sales of 'Sour Milk Sea' gathering momentum and Jackie's record looking as if it could do very well for itself if it doesn't watch out – how does George rate its chances? Answer: "I don't think it's an obvious hit, but I think it's a very good record. The whole thing of it is very good, although I think that, in a way, it goes above the heads of some people. It's not the type of record your



mums and dads and all those type of people would buy – like a Mary Hopkin record.

“The thing is, you either have the choice of trying to make a hit or trying to do what you want to do. And we made that choice. Jackie’s whole thing is rock’n’roll, and we both like that heavy, tight sound. We’re thinking of all those people who like rock’n’roll music – and there’s a hell of a lot of people who just want to hear that boom-boom sort of thing.”

Now he’s on this rock kick, however, how does George feel about some of his earlier, Indian-influenced work – “The Inner Light”, for example? He gives a grin. “That was one of my precocious things. Very precocious, I am – when I get going.”
Alan Smith

— MM SEPTEMBER 28 —

SAVILE ROW IS a rather dull side street running parallel to the curved elegance of Regent Street. The buildings are grimed with layers of London dirt – all except Number 3. The brilliant white front stands out like a newly capped tooth in a mouthful of moulding molars. Inside, workmen are putting the finishing touches to various rooms. In one they work in the presence of a huge blue, pin-striped suit that lays spread out on the floor as if the wearer, a man of immense girth, has suddenly shrivelled up and blown away, leaving his suit as a fond memory.

It was in another room, white with a green carpet stretching from wall to wall like a bowling green, that I met George Harrison last week. Prior to meeting George I chatted to Jackie Lomax, whose “Sour Milk Sea”, one of the first four singles on the Apple label, was produced by George, who is head on acoustic guitar on the record, as is Ringo, Nicky Hopkins and the phantom “Eddie Clayton”.

Jackie is the former member of a group who were called The Undertakers. They were part of Liverpool’s two-fisted assault on the pop world five years ago. “We didn’t really have much success,” recalled Jackie. “As I remember, we were starving and sleeping on a studio floor.”

Jackie managed to keep himself involved with the music world and when he returned from the United States with his own group, The Lomax Alliance, the late Brian Epstein wanted him to go solo.

The two American members of Jackie’s group eventually returned to the US and he tried his hand with a solo single, “Genuine Imitation Life”, which, said Jackie, was a flop. Then he went to see Apple man Terry Doran about songs he had written and things happened from there. George and Jackie are friends from the Liverpool scene days.

“I walked in and said, ‘Hi Jackie, I’m off to India’; now I’m back and here we are,” said George, zooming across the green carpet to join us at the table by the window. Jackie’s single appears to have been lost in the rush for “Hey Jude” and Mary Hopkin’s “Those Were The Days”. A pity because it is a very good record with a nice, rocking sound.

“It’s a glorified jam session, like the Stones record,” said George. “It’s a pity that everybody hasn’t got into it. I was pleased with the way it came out, although it’s not everybody’s cup of meat.”

Added George, “There’s no hang-up about recording his own stuff. Whether you want a hit or not, good things don’t have to be commercial. But it definitely is a good record.”

This is the aim of Apple and Jackie – to make good records without worrying about them being commercial entities. There is no hurry, no desire to hard-sell into record markets or to build stars overnight. Jackie and George are concentrating on

recording; the live appearances will come later as a part of the overall venture. Jackie eventually wants a band that can produce a “Sour Milk Sea” sound. George, currently splitting time between the new Beatles album and Jackie’s first album, said, “By the time the album is finished there’ll be a band, and then it’ll be hit the road, Jackie.”

“When people heard that I was on the Apple label they said, ‘You’ve got it made,’” said Jackie. “But I’m not really connected with The Beatles, just with George as an individual.” George took the point further. “The thing is, Jackie is with me, I am in The Beatles, and Apple is owned by The Beatles. There’s a whole big myth about The Beatles. We have to be connected with people. You get the good side and the bad side, really, just as in any normal relationship with people.

“But, you know, when we started Apple we thought that even if we don’t have a hit, as long as every record is good, that’s all that matters. We never think of anything as A- or B-sides. We just try to make them all very good with what’s around us, with the musicians, and the studios.”

Record production is one of George Harrison’s main activities and he seems to derive a great deal of satisfaction from it. “I’m getting more and more into it now,” he said. “It’s another side to the music. It’s the idea of getting it all together, trying to get everybody to do their best. It’s psychologically trying to get people to do their best without imposing on them, and without letting them freak out. I’ve learnt a lot from it. Also, it makes you aware of the musicians around the scene. You get to know who is best in their field, whether it’s guitar, organ, bass or drums. Like Nicky Hopkins, who plays as if he is not a session musician.”

It has been said that The Beatles are thinking about doing live performances. How did George feel about going on the road again? “The idea of coming out is appealing. On the other hand, some people wouldn’t like what we’d play and other people would. I’d like to be resident in a club with the amps there all the time so you could just walk on stage and plug in.” *Tony Wilson* •



May 15–18, 1968: the Apple Boutique on London’s Baker Street is repainted on the orders of Westminster City Council, obliterating the mural designed by Dutch collective The Fool

“Production is about trying to get people to do their best”



1968

JULY – SEPTEMBER



“He’ll stand and look at the audience for what seems like minutes”: Jim Morrison commences the ceremony, January 1968

GETTY



“Sex is just one of the factors”

The arrival in the UK of **THE DOORS** to play with Jefferson Airplane is hugely anticipated. While **MM** stokes the flames and reviews an eventful show, **NME** catches the fervour, chasing the band down. “I want to see Stonehenge, fire-eaters, ruins,” says Jim Morrison of his visit. “And Madame Tussauds.”

— **MELODY MAKER** AUGUST 31 —

THE BIGGEST FREAK-OUT since Babylon is likely to erupt at London's Roundhouse next weekend if advance reports on The Doors and Jefferson Airplane are anything to go by. These groups – two of the most vital and influential in America – make their British debut on Friday and Saturday, September 6 and 7. The Jefferson Airplane with a vast tonnage of lighting and sound equipment; The Doors with an equally impressive and electrical asset in the person of one Mr Jim Morrison.

Jim Morrison, superstar of The Doors, has already made a brief foray on the British scene. But, in keeping with his underground image, he promptly went to earth when half the TV producers and pop newsmen in Britain were seeking him out. But he did turn up during the shooting of TV's *How It Is*. Only to say, though, “London's a groovy scene,” and promptly disappear.

He is currently lost in the vastness of the USA. Possibly, even, he is spending his time in his wooden shack in California's Laurel Canyon. Where, to quote Elektra Records' London chief Clive Selwood, he may be writing reams of poetry, which he promptly tears up. He is also an enigma. For when Jim Morrison takes the spotlight, the audience never knows what he'll do next. “The stage lighting is very gloomy,” says Clive, recalling a Doors happening at Hollywood's mammoth Bowl recently. “Ray Manzarek will be playing a steady organ riff that seems to go on »

and on. Then Jim Morrison walks on stage in his black snakeskin pants with his chest bared and wearing a hat screwed down right over his eyes. He'll stand and look at the audience for what seems minutes. It's almost a sexual thing he has going with them. And when he ends with 'The Unknown Soldier', where he appears to leap 15 feet in the air and die on stage, all hell breaks loose. The Doors grossed \$85,000 at the Hollywood Bowl and were sold out on the strength of one advert."

Adds Roger Vorce, American agent for The Doors and Jefferson Airplane, who talked to the *MM* about the Coming Of Jim: "There's a mystique about Jim Morrison that communicates itself to his audience in a manner that recalls James Dean. His personality tends to dominate The Doors, as opposed to the 'group' personality of the Jefferson Airplane. Though here you have two singers in Marty Balin and Grace Slick.

"The Jeffersons have a complete light-and-sound show. I don't imagine you've seen anything in Britain quite like it before. There's an absolute pattern of synchronisation between colour and sound on stage. They use a big screen with rear projection. Altogether, there is five tons of light and sound equipment."

In a somewhat ecstatic analysis of "The New Rock – music that's hooked the whole vibrating world", America's *Life* magazine wrote: "The Jefferson Airplane flies the runways of the mind and the airways of the imagination. It arrives and departs at will, exploring surrealist landscapes. The Doors open and close everywhere and nowhere. Behind, there are passageways: a moon-lit drive to the edge of the night, a swim to the moon, a walk down streets of all-night movies. Sharing emptiness with the clothes-less hanger is Jim Morrison..."

Quite a prospect in store for the crowds who'll soon be flocking to the somewhat prosaic environs of the Roundhouse, Chalk Farm, and doubtless an eye-opener for the extra police already drafted to keep control. *Laurie Henshaw*

— MM SEPTEMBER 14 —

"IF THE UNDERGROUND is giving away money, not earning money, then we are not underground. We run our own scene. I guess we qualify as businessmen," said Doors lead singer Jim Morrison in London last week. He was replying to a question about whether the group considered themselves part of the "underground" at a press reception at the Institute Of Contemporary Arts.

The Doors, as far as America is concerned, are very much above ground. They don't appear for less than \$20,000 a night and now appear on average four nights a month. Their royalties for records have passed the million-dollar mark. Very good business indeed. In 1967, "Light My Fire" topped the US charts and their latest single, "Hello, I Love You", which apparently they don't like too much, has just slipped down from No 1 in the States. Their three albums, *The Doors*, *Strange Days* and *Waiting For The Sun*, have been best-sellers and all have sold a million, as did "Light My Fire", which makes them the Elektra label's hottest property.

In Britain they have yet to make the charts, although "Hello, I Love You", the seventh single to be released on the British market, looks like shaping up to be the first chart entry in Britain for The Doors. Although they are not part of the free-concert scene in the States, The Doors' individual members – Morrison, Ray Manzarek, organ, John Densmore, drums, and Bobby Krieger, guitar – sit in with other groups.

"There's a lot of room to improvise," said Morrison, when the group paid a visit to the Roundhouse last week. "We have a form that we are very familiar with, and we know it well enough to vary it. It's always different. I guess I don't like it if people laugh. If somebody yells out in a dramatic moment, it breaks the mood and it's hard to get it back."

The Doors' music often seems to carry undercurrents of violence and strong sexual overtones. Morrison denies this; in fact, "They are love songs," he insisted. "I know there is a lot of violence about, but I haven't seen much apart from what I've seen on television and movies. I think

that if someone is standing up singing and playing an instrument, what has this to do with violence?"

But what about "The Unknown Soldier", with its traumatic firing-squad sequence? Again Morrison denied any violence in this particular song and stated that it was a love song. "The violence is just a metaphor.

It's about sexual intercourse. The firing squad is just a metaphor for what's going on."

As well as the songs, The Doors' set features Jim Morrison's poetry. "The organ, drums and guitar improvise, and I do the same with words and voice," he said. Morrison is the focal point of the group. Their leader and sex symbol, often pictured naked to the waist or in leather. Long, dark-brown hair curls down to his shoulders and frames his almost good-looking face. He has been accused of being deliberately sexy on stage, and in Newhaven, Connecticut occurred the now historical arrest of Morrison on stage at the end of the show.

As a policeman approached Morrison, Jim calmly held the mic toward him and said, "Say your thing, man." A minor riot ensued and police arrested people almost indiscriminately.

Morrison himself was charged with breach of the peace, indecent and immoral exhibition and resisting arrest. He was placed under a bail of \$1,000. Later, however, the charges were dropped.

Offstage he is slightly distant. He precedes answers with a great amount of thought and is not verbose in replying. He has a tremendous self-assurance and coolness. Occasionally one

gets the impression he is sending up the questions with his answers, but it is not obvious.

At the ICA reception he stood amidst a crowd of reporters, cameramen and film technicians controlling things with ease. The bustle frayed other people's nerves but he maintained his cool. There were no signs of irritation at the shower of questions about his sexiness, the group's political or revolutionary position, or what he thought of British groups.

If anything, he was bored by the whole carry-on. He certainly confounded reports that he was rude or unapproachable. Reports which at their harshest said of him that "he thinks he is Christ". *Tony Wilson*

— NME SEPTEMBER 21 —

DURING THE SHORT time The Doors spent in London not long ago, Jim Morrison managed to get himself a reputation of being "difficult" with the press. *NME* colleagues were

returning with strange tales of Morrison's behaviour. Add to that his record company's claim that Jim can be extremely civil, even erudite, one day and be gross (or as he says "primitive") the next, and you will understand why it was with much apprehension that I journeyed to see the much-publicised Morrison towards the end of his British stay.

At Polydor, I was shown to a small room on the third floor where a good impression of a madhouse was being effected. Various ladies and gentlemen were weaving backwards and forwards; Doors organist Ray Manzarek sat at a table covered in handouts; drummer John



"We have a form... I guess I don't like it if people laugh"





The Doors in Germany in 1968: (l-r) Robbie Krieger, John Densmore, Jim Morrison and Ray Manzarek

Densmore was sitting colourfully cross-legged on a chair and next to him guitarist Bobby Krieger, behind dark glasses, surveyed the whole scene with a look of utter boredom.

Surrounded by people, but still dominating the room, was Morrison himself, tight black leather jeans and all. To add to the melee, a three-man camera crew, who had been religiously following the group throughout its stay, was filming the whole affair for posterity, or Granada, or whatever. I was sat down in front of a door that kept opening and told there was to be a press conference. Presently a young man came over, said we hadn't met before, introduced himself as part of the camera crew, and promptly asked (there is another word for it) for a cigarette. My reply was short.

Several minutes elapsed. No signs of conferences starting. So I asked if I could speak to Jim Morrison. Impossible, I was informed, even though everybody else seemed to be doing just that. Instead I chatted with Doors John and Bobby, which was made difficult by the television camera which suddenly appeared in the proximity of my left ear and by the gentleman, keeping out of camera view, who was crawling along the floor and poking a mic up into our faces. "Yes, it is a bit offputting," agreed Bobby, who had obviously seen it all before. And, yes, they had actually followed one of them to the loo.

When it became obvious there was to be no conference, I gave up waiting and approached the supposedly unapproachable Jim Morrison, whose reputation of being difficult was, I discovered, either falsehood or one of his extremes on the wrong day. He was, in fact, quite a nice guy. Mr Morrison is, of course, something of a poet and is an intense young man given to periods of deep thought (accompanied by closed eyes and intense expression) and searching answers (accompanied by intense glances skyward).

There is also about him, a hint, just a hint, that he does not take himself seriously much of the time – a trace of an inward smile on the dark, handsome features which will often be there to greet you if you look up from transposing his thoughts to paper.

What did he hope to see on his short visit? "I'd like to see Stonehenge, fire-eaters and all that sort of thing. And ruins – I like ruins. I understand you can still see bomb damage in some suburbs. And I'd like to see Madame Tussauds."

He was generous in praise of the Roundhouse audiences at the Doors-Jefferson Airplane concerts. "The audience was one of the best we've ever

had. Everyone seemed to take it so easy. It was different because in the States they are there as much to enjoy themselves as to hear you. Whereas at the Roundhouse, everyone was there to listen. It was like going back to the roots again and it stimulated us to do a good performance.

"They really took me by surprise. I expected them to be a little resistant, a little reserved, but they were fantastic. That's all I can say. I enjoyed playing at the Roundhouse more than any other date for years."

On the question of The Doors' long wait for British chart recognition – and the fact that "Hello, I Love You" had given it to them and not one of their earlier, much better singles – he replied that it was the "economic system, record company, style and sound.

"Like, 'Light My Fire' was one of the biggest selling records of all time but it didn't even make a dent here. I don't know. Sure, 'Hello, I Love You' isn't one of our best songs, but I am not ashamed of it.

"Really, I like the other side better; I was hoping they would flip it and play that, but they haven't. But now that we have got our foot in the door, perhaps they will listen a bit more."

In his record-company biography, Morrison cites Presley, along with Frank Sinatra, as one of his favourite singers. How much was he influenced by Elvis? "Along with many of the early rock singers – Little Richard, Fats Domino, Jerry Lee Lewis, Gene Vincent – he had an influence on me because of the music and the fact that I heard them at an age when I was kinda ready for an influence. It was a strong influence and they just seemed to open up a whole new world to me. They were very exciting and presented a strong, intense landscape that I had only vaguely glimpsed before."



Had there been any later or current influences? "I am much too involved in the music to pay much attention to other influences now. I couldn't be influenced like that again. I suppose the influences are what I see and read. And airplanes, especially the take-off."

As for other groups, he commented: "Everyone is so good at the moment. It is really boring. Sometimes I wish a really bad group would come along."

Morrison was courteous enough, though he gave a slight impression of aloofness, but a glimpse of his primitive self came out at the questioning of one persistent reporter. He was asked about Jagger comparisons. "I have always thought comparisons were useless and ugly. It is a short cut to thinking," he countered.

About politics in his writing? "I don't think so far politics have been a major theme in my songs. It is in there in a few songs, but it is a very minor theme. Politics is people and their interaction with other people, so you cannot really separate it from anything."

He seemed not to like answering questions on why The Doors had not stayed longer in Britain and was then asked how he saw the group. He fell into deep thought, eyes down, and finally replied: "How do you see yourself?"

His questioner pressed for an answer. More deep thought. "That's a rhetorical question and I have given you a rhetorical answer. You might as well ask me how do I see my left palm."

In such surroundings and on so short an encounter, it was difficult to get any further than the surface of Morrison's character. Perhaps on the next time round, when Jim said he'd be pleased to do a longer, quieter interview, I may be able to get a little deeper. If I can catch the right extreme, that is. *Nick Logan*

— NME OCTOBER 19 —

THE DOORS CAME. The Doors went – leaving in their wake the disappointed, the disgusted and the newly devoted to fight it out for dominance. At this stage in the proceedings, the new devoted have gone well ahead on points, taking the first round by putting "Hello, I Love You" into the singles chart and the second by getting *Waiting For The Sun* a well-deserved nibble at the albums chart.

So the day of The Doors has arrived, which it had to in time, for a group that can appeal to those who want more from their pop than mere musical candy floss – and at the same time to those who ask for nothing more than good, solid group pop and faces to scream at – could not be overlooked forever.

I spoke to two of the group during their eventful British visit. First a few words with the group's wiry-haired guitarist Bobby Krieger. He was as baffled as Jim Morrison and the legions of British Doors fans that the group had made it here with "Hello, I Love You" when all their earlier, better things like "Light My Fire" (now re-released as a single) and "Love Me Two Times" had been passed by. "Why so long? I just don't know. 'Hello, I Love You' is nice, but if they didn't pick up on a thing like 'Light My Fire' it seems strange," said Bobby.

"It could be a combination of things. The record company changing to Polydor here. Or maybe a nationalistic thing. Like Traffic and Pink Floyd hasn't really done it in the States."

Traffic, said Bobby, were among his favourite British groups. He also liked Jimi Hendrix and during the stay had been to see The Nice, who were very good, and Tim Rose, who used to play concert dates with The Doors in the States.

He also expressed a wish to see Terry Reid and The Beatles. I asked Bobby about the moods of Jim Morrison. "It depends which day of the week you get him on. He used to be worse, but I think he is getting used to it now. It is just the way he is. It's nothing to do with the group or anything like that. I think I understand him as well as anybody through being with him for three years, but I still don't understand him completely."

We got back to "Hello, I Love You". Bobby commented, "Well, I think it's a good record. A lot of people have said it is similar to the Kinks record, but we didn't think that when we made it. We cut it a year ago and then changed it afterwards so it would not sound like it, but I guess it still does."

On the appeal of The Doors' stage act, Bobby expressed the view that the sex angle was secondary but that was what people picked up on because it was the sensational thing – a view that was echoed by Jim Morrison a few minutes later.

"Sex. It is just one of the factors," said Jim. "There are a lot of other factors. It is important, I guess, but I don't think it is the main thing, although all music is a very nature-based thing. So they can't be separated. The sex thing has been picked out because that's one of the things that sell papers. They just jump on that."

Now back in the States, the group will be working on its first feature film, which Morrison is directing. He was vague about the outline of the film. "It is just developing as it goes along. On one level it is a portrait of American society today, contemporary American reality."

"American society is undergoing a lot of interesting changes, really. A lot of people there are waking up to the fact that they live in a whole world; not just one country. It is a very exciting place in which to live."

I asked him if he found the group's fans coming to him expecting him to teach them how to live. "I get incredible letters," he replied,

"but they teach me how to live rather than me teach them. They are very intelligent youngsters, very sensitive, very philosophical."

The Doors had their beginnings in the spring of 1965 in a band called Rick & The Ravens, which contained the three Manzarek brothers, Ray singing, Rick on piano and Jim on guitar.

Ray Manzarek, now The Doors' organ man, had studied Tchaikovsky but followed the blues players on Chicago's South Side. During the summer of '65, Ray was living in Venice when he met Jim Morrison. "He said he had been writing some songs, so we sat on the beach and I asked him to sing some of them."

The first thing he tried was 'Moonlight Drive'. When he sang those first lines – "Let's swim to the moon/ Let's climb through the tide/ Penetrate the evening/ That the city sleeps to hide" – I said that's it.

"I'd never heard lyrics to a rock song like that before. We talked a while before we decided to get a group together and make a million dollars."

Morrison and a college room-mate had already joked about forming a rock duo called The Doors: Open And Closed. It came from a phrase of William Blake's – "There are things that are known and things that are unknown, and in between there are doors." It seemed appropriate for the group.

So first there was Jim and Ray and then drummer John Densmore came into the picture. Ray was attending one of the meditation centres of the Maharishi in Los Angeles when he met John in his class. Bobby Krieger also met with the other Doors through the meditation school and he and Densmore are still active disciples of the Maharishi's teaching.

As four, The Doors began playing at a small, now-defunct club on Hollywood's Sunset Strip called the "London Fog". On the last night of their four-month stay they were seen by the booker for the famed Whiskey A Go Go and given the house residency there. At the Whiskey they played second billing to everybody until one evening Jac Holzman, president of Elektra Records, was talked into going to see them. The result was the hugely successful pairing of The Doors/Elektra that paved the way to so many triumphs and now looks like repeating the story here – and not before time. *Nick Logan*

"Everyone is so good at the moment. It's really boring"



Jim Morrison, some people are unkind enough to say, 'thinks he is Christ'

If the Underground is giving away money, not earning it.

above ground. They don't appear for less than 20,000 dollars a night and now appear on a night and now appear on a month.

the free concert scene in the States, the Doors' individual members, Morrison, Ray Manzarek, organ, John Densmore, zarah, organ, Bobby Krieger,

naked to the waist or in leather long, dark brown hair curls down to his shoulders and frames his almost good-looking face. He has been accused of being deliberately sexy on stage

"This was fun. This was the place for us": The Doors at North London's Roundhouse, September 6/7, 1968



"Their precision and timing are quite remarkable"

MM SEPTEMBER 14 The Middle Earth club achieves the impossible by hosting The Doors and Jefferson Airplane.

THE RUMOURS were flying. Doors drummer John Densmore was missing. The groups were arguing as to who would go on first. There was some speculation as to whether they would go on at all. The Friday-night Doors/Jefferson Airplane concert was scheduled to start at 9.30pm. The audience, over 2,000 of them, had been sitting patiently since 7.30 and they had to wait a further two hours before the action began. DJ Jeff Dexter kept thing moving with records and Pete Drummond gave him a hand.

Then the stage darkened and the audience cheered as dim figures appeared and took up positions behind drums, organ and on guitar. The stage lights went up and John Densmore, Ray Manzarek and Robbie Krieger launched into "Back Door Man" to herald the arrival of the front Doors man, Jim Morrison. He walked majestically on stage clad in a tight black leather suit, white shirt and brown shoes. The crowd applauded him and Morrison, taking up a stance at the mic, smiled briefly and belted into his first song.

His singing is every bit as powerful as The Doors' albums suggest, while the backing trio of organist Manzarek, drummer Densmore and Krieger, guitar, are really together and play with precision and timing that are quite remarkable. Wasting little time, Morrison went on to "Break On Through", "When The Music's Over", the Brecht-Weill "Whisky Bar", "Hello, I Love You" and "Natural Child" breaking into a knockout version of "Money".

For the ritualistic "The End", Morrison asked for the lights to be put out. Eventually, after

pleading and finally shouting, he got the lights off and The Doors became vague, shadowy figures with a backdrop of red dots formed by the bank of lights on the group's amplifiers.

The song began and a dramatic effect was building up when a spotlight suddenly came on, killing the whole thing. Understandably, Morrison walked off but the group kept on playing. The light went out and Morrison returned to finish the song.

During "Light My Fire" he leapt down into the fenced-off space between the stage and the audience, which was being used as a TV camera run. This caused confusion, with the cameraman becoming tangled up in Morrison's mic wire. Morrison screamed into the mic and then held it into the audience for girls to scream into. "The Unknown Soldier" became a real production number, with Morrison acting out the part of the prisoner facing the firing squad. Densmore played a roll and then Morrison crashed to the floor "dead". He lay on the floor and it seemed as though he had knocked himself out, but then he leapt up and finished the song with its triumphant "the war is over!" last line.

The Doors are undoubtedly one of the most professional groups on the scene anywhere. Everything held together well and there is an underlying feel of calculation. Their presentation projects their music to its full. Densmore, Manzarek, Krieger and Morrison,

with his great showmanship and stage sense, provide a dynamic presence. At the Roundhouse, he said: "This was fun. This is the place for us." After the show on Saturday, he commented, "This is the greatest audience. It was just like starting again."

The six-strong Jefferson Airplane, second on Saturday, lost some impact because the vocals were often inaudible against the strong backing. Like The Doors, the programme for each of their four sets followed pretty much the same lines each time. The Airplane's presentation is looser and more casual, but

any lack in visual effect was more than made up by their amazing light show.

The Airplane were swamped in colour as slides and film clips created a restless, soothing backdrop to their music. Two guitars, bass and drums built up layers of sounds against the

hard vocal work of Grace Slick, Marty Balin and Paul Kantner. Lead guitarist Jorma Kaukonen plays thoughtful, well-constructed solos and doesn't rely on speed for effect. Bassist Jack Cassady and drummer Spencer Dryden underpin the whole thing very well. Dryden is a particularly fine drummer who drives things on well on the faster numbers.

It's been said that it is impossible to get The Doors and Jefferson Airplane together on the same stage in the USA. Last weekend, Middle Earth achieved the impossible.

Tony Wilson

Densmore played a roll and then Morrison crashed to the floor "dead"

1968

JULY – SEPTEMBER



Mick Jagger and co-star Anita Pallenberg on the set of Nicolas Roeg and Donald Cammell's film *Performance*, Knightsbridge, London

“We should
be free to
express our
thing the way
we see it”

From his London office, **MICK JAGGER** holds court on censorship, the underground scene and his role in *Performance* (“I make love to Anita Pallenberg in it a few times...”). “The only obscenity,” he says of moral campaigners, “is in the minds of people who think it.”

— **MELODY MAKER** SEPTEMBER 21 —

MICK JAGGER IS genuinely knocked out by *MM* readers who voted The Rolling Stones’ “Jumpin’ Jack Flash” top British single of the year. “That’s pretty fantastic. It’s very nice of everybody who voted for the record. I didn’t think anyone liked it at all.”

The poll result came as cheering news for Mick after a year of hassles, the latest being the displeasure of Decca over the Stones’ proposed album cover, which shows a toilet wall covered in graffiti-style sleeve notes.

“If I thought that was really objectionable I could understand their not wanting to use it. I could understand that the parody of the *Lord’s Prayer* that Andrew Oldham did for the Small Faces’ record could be considered objectionable, but anybody who found our sleeve design objectionable would not be in a record shop buying Rolling Stones records anyway.

“It’s bad enough having to make records for one section of the public only, let alone having to worry what some mohair-suited distributor in Texas thinks.”

Mick was answering questions at his offices in Mayfair, London, a veritable hive of activity, with Keith Richard striding from room to room, secretaries answering endless phone calls, journalists queuing in ante-rooms and minions minioning.

Jagger was wearing a green suit and green shoes, refusing cigarettes and digging Meade Lux Lewis, Pete Johnson and Albert Ammons on the record player. “Good »

GETTY

interviewing music,” explained Mick, jiggling gently from one foot to another.

How does Mick, elder statesman of the pop scene, view the latest manifestation of social and musical significance, the so-called “underground movement”? What are his views on medicine, religion, philosophy, crime, disease, the class struggle and the influence of Christianity on the natives of Polynesia? “Oh, what? Own up! Just groove. Play another record and don’t worry about a thing.”

Er, yes, but what’s all this about the underground, Mick? “Underground? What’s that all about? I don’t really listen to The Doors and Jefferson Airplane, to be brutally honest. I went to see The Doors in America and they were very hospitable and nice people, but they did tend to go on rather too long. I saw them at the Hollywood Bowl and an hour and a half is too long for anybody. I’ve never seen Jefferson Airplane, I’m afraid.

“I don’t really groove on groups so much now. There was a period when I went to see them all. But I must say I like the seriousness and enthusiasm of the underground. Sure, I know the people and *International Times*—c’mon. But as far as the music is concerned I don’t really know what underground music is. Sometimes I don’t want to go and listen to anything, although I did see Doors.

“The underground seems to be a series of flashes, but nobody can sustain anything. As soon as anybody gets successful they are no longer underground anyway. It’s all rock’n’roll, man, as soon as anyone gets a hit and are dropped by the elite. A couple of groups have come out of that scene that are groovy, like The Crazy World Of Arthur Brown, but you couldn’t call the Black Dyke Mills Band or Mary Hopkin ‘underground’.

“What am I talking about? Just groove. Play another record! Really, one shouldn’t get into the habit of talking about music in categories. I suppose people think they know what they are talking about if they say, ‘Oh, he’s blues, and he’s jazz and this bloke’s classical.’ But usually they don’t know what they are talking about. It’s all a nice game for people to play.”

But seriously, what are Mick’s views on mediation, cybernetics, the papal encyclical and the role of the water diviner in an ever-shrinking world? “Just groove. Play a record!” *Chris Welch*

— NME SEPTEMBER 21 —

INTO THAT INVERTED coffin with the iron grill which Rolling Stones Inc are disposed to call a lift and up to the top floor where it stops with a shuddering crash, having apparently come into contact with some obstruction in the roof, I went. This is the group headquarters, known to a few as “burglar’s roost” as they have already been done over three times (note to future housebreakers: the office has been recently mined) and in which another in our exciting World Series, “The Stones Versus Assorted Reporters”, is being staged.

The first contestant is already in the ring as I arrive but comes reeling out of an outer office, clutching his ears and muttering, “He’s in good form this week,” as he stumbles dazedly out of the door. Jagger spies it’s me next wicker down and smiles carnivorously (in spite of recent visits to Cranks vegetarian restaurant), rather like the wolf at Red Riding Hood. “What a big tape recorder you have there, my dear. All the better to see you with!”

Into the conference room, where M Jagger’s second is K Richard and a silent publicist, Mr D Sandison, with lowered sideboards, sits adjudicating. I set up my equipment and M Jagger treats me to a spirited version of “Hey Jude” before leading with his left. “I thought The Beatles were awfully nice on telly last night, didn’t you, Keith? Did you like John’s hair?”

“I thought it was lovely and fluffy,” agrees Keith. “Yes, I like The Beatles,” adds Mick. “Great record.”

Adopting Floyd Patterson’s famous peek-a-boo stance, I enquire mildly whether we might see the Stones shortly on “live” TV. “We’re always doing it,” jabs M Jagger. “We’ve never stopped doing that *Top Of The Whatsits*. Anyway, I don’t think The Beatles were live. I noticed the picture sliding at the beginning of their clip and that’s something that only happens on a videotape. So I sussed it, not that it matters!”

For those of you who like to collect the colours of the contestants, M Jagger was wearing his green trousers, open-chested white silk shirt with a brilliant green, yellow and red Indian scarf and small curved scimitar on a chain about his neck. His hair had been toned a darker brown for his role in his first feature film, *Performance*, and he appeared to have stitches over one eyebrow. I commented on the nasty cut.

“That’s not a cut,” snarled MJ, defending vigorously. “That’s where the nice makeup lady was dyeing my hair, slapped her disc and spilt some of the liquid on my eyebrow—gaily laughing.”

We take up the subject of the Stones’ controversial album sleeve—the now notorious lavatory wall—and more importantly the whole aspect of censorship. “What really worries me is the principle of being dictated to over our product by our distributors. The question of who decides what we can produce. They’re trying very hard now to get copies of the songs; it’s not terribly important what colour wrapper you put on the thing, but it is important that we should be free to express our thing the way we see it.

“I am opposed to all forms of censorship. The only censorship one can have is by the artists themselves, which we do subconsciously anyway. For example, I’m not being told not to swear during this interview but I’m not being told not to.

“Neither do I agree with the idea that children should be protected against certain knowledge—children are innocent. The only obscenity is really in the minds of the people who think it. If you think something is dirty or obscene—that is your interpretation of it. For example, the Indian religions use a number of phallic symbols which are considered obscene by many western eyes. We tried to keep the album within the bounds of good taste—it’s not really toilet graffiti.”

MJ has kindly sent a book on this subject to Decca chief Sir Edward Lewis, who has promised to read it. On the question of certain songs like “Street Fighting Man” being “subversive”, Keith was into the fray. “We’re more subversive when we go on stage,” said Keith, “yet they still want us to make live appearances. If you really want us to cause trouble, we could do a few stage appearances.”

Is there really any chance of that? “Oh yes, we’ll be troubling a few rabbles shortly,” said Mick, who glanced down at a copy of *Cashbox* on the table and added, “I see Elvis has a new album out—It’s Almost Love or something.”

Would the solution to a lot of their difficulties be to have their own label like The Beatles’ Apple? “The Apple label is still really EMI,” said Mick. “I mean, they distribute for Apple, and if The Beatles wanted something out which they did not approve of, no doubt it could be stopped. That doesn’t really interest me.”

What does interest Mick? “Making music interests me, but unfortunately you can’t buy it at the moment, which is a pity because we’d like to get on with making the next album.”

Doesn’t making money interest him? “Not really,” uppercuts MJ.

Perhaps Mick would like to tell us something about what is on the new album, should we be lucky enough to hear it. “Well, there’s a samba,” said Mick



“As soon as anybody gets success they are no longer underground”





October 29, 1968: Jagger as Turner in *Performance* - in a scene filmed using John Lennon's white Phantom V Rolls-Royce

reflectively. "It's called 'Sympathy For The Devil' and that's my personal favourite, and my favourite ballad is 'No Expectations', and then there is a country lament with latter inserts called 'Dear Doctor'."

Perhaps Mick would like to tell us something about his new movie, *Performance*, on which he has just begun work. "I make love to Anita Pallenberg in it a few times, of course - she's my leading light in the film. I'm not going to tell you any more about it because it doesn't come out till next year."

What kind of a story is it? "A love story!"

What role does Mick play? "A lover!"

And that was all Michael Philip Jagger was saying this time! *Keith Altham*

— **NME NOVEMBER 9** —

THE INTRIGUING POSSIBILITY of catching Jagger with his pants down while involved in a passionate love scene with Anita Von Pallenberg, or his nude bath scene with James Fox, sent me scurrying down to the film set of Lowndes Square last Friday, to catch the Rolling Stone in action.

The house itself was full of filming equipment. Electric cables trailed everywhere and upright arc lamps stood like blind sentinels in each corner of the room. A cast of thousands sprawled on the settee upstairs - I spoke to him!

"Mick still on set?" I enquired. "Mick who?" he asked, and then pointed in the general direction of the cellars. I stumbled on under the stuffed stags' heads on the walls and down the steps to the basement, where I fell over a little man in a grubby white overall fixing a cable.

"I've an appointment to see Mick Jagger," I explained. "He's bleedin' gorn home," sniffed the little man, vexedly.

"Will he be back on set later?" I enquired. "Hmm - couldn't act his way out of a toffee bag," retorted the little man, scrambling about on the floor.

I finally found a phone and rang the Stones' personal secretary, Jo Bergman. "I'm on set, but he's gorn," I said. "That's 'cos he's sitting right next to me," she replied. "Sorry about that - perhaps you'd like to talk to him."

"We're doing an expectant father a week in *NME* and I'd like you to be the first in the series," I addressed Mick. "Vacate yourself from the »

Memo from Jagger

NME Oct 19 Mick on Jim, Janis and flagellation.

MICK JAGGER is very much in the news, with his impending parenthood with Marianne Faithfull and his no-marriage-for-me stand against convention. He has also been answering some other questions for *Keith Altham* which we print below:

What do you think of the controversial Jim Morrison of The Doors?

I've only met him once, so it's not really fair to judge. He's a nice cat - nice guy - very groovy, but whew! (And MJ blew through his teeth, indicating I knew not what.)

How do you go for Canned Heat?

They're a good blues band. Big Brother & The Holding Company are a good new group, but I read that Janis Joplin was leaving.

What is your new movie with the Stones going to be about?

It's a family film with Keith, Brian, Anita [Pallenberg], all of us. It will be made in Africa later this year. We want to get out of the country when it's cold.

Will you write music for the film?

Yes, but it's not a musical. It's a mad film.

Have you seen Marianne in *Girl On A Motorcycle*?

I never go to the pictures. There's a very good whipping scene in it you shouldn't miss.



immediate vicinity," said Mick (or something to that effect). "It serves yer right – come up to the office."

One taxi later, I arrived at the office to find Mick doing much business on the phone, secretary Maggie on the phone about Keith's Egyptian frieze (yes, he does want to keep it, folks), TV director Michael Lindsay Hogg, with cigar, doing an impression of Bertram Mills, and old Uncle Tom Keylock and all (the all-weather road manager) nursing five-week old baby Keylock. While Mick did his business, I did a little enquiring as to the health and wellbeing of the other Stones. It appears that me old mate Brian, now happily back in the social circulation, took a great fancy to the 10-foot-high cut-out of Tiny Tim at the Playboy Club reception.

So taken with it was Brian that he took it with him when he left and on to a party at photographer David Bailey's next evening, where it was apparently a great success. What Brian was doing with it at four in the morning in the middle of Parliament Fields is slightly obscure, but I feel it does illustrate that he is once more enjoying life, and that can only be a very good thing.

"Charlie was in the office all day yesterday," volunteered Maggie. "He's a lovely fella to have around, always happy and amusing."

"I've always wanted to buy something for Charlie," said Tom. "He's so difficult, though. I mean, things like LPs and such don't mean anything, and then I saw this handsome horse carved out of one solid

"Getting better all the time"

NME Nov 23 A Stones chronicler chews over *Beggars Banquet*.

KEEP CHANGING my mind about *Beggars Banquet*, which is The Rolling Stones' new album, in the sleeve which has now been passed fit for human consumption. The first time I heard it four weeks ago, Mick took the precaution of getting me "stoned" before I listened to it, thus ensuring I could remember little of it afterwards. At that time, I thought it was great. Last night I thought it was just good. This morning I thought it was better. One thing is certain – "Sympathy For The Devil" is a Stones classic – brilliant lyric and beautifully built.

"No Expectations" might be a cowboy song and all the critics are going to trip merrily over one another referring to the country & western influence – "a country lament with latter inserts", as Mick describes "Dear Doctor". All those who have been "outcasts all their lives" have produced "Jigsaw Puzzle", which Jimi Hendrix and Dylan will enjoy, amongst others. Pearls before swine, indeed.

Danny The Red's theme song starts the second side, "Street Fighting Man", with the most metallic guitar in the world grinding on and Jagger putting words to a time. But maybe you were not in San Francisco or Chicago or Paris or Prague or Berlin, and maybe you think the students are just a coincidence anyway. What do you mean you can't hear the words? Can't you feel it in the air?

Ramblin' Mick Jagger turns up on "Prodigal Son" and the Incredible String Jagger on "Stray Cat". Someone has not been listening to the words again, I'm glad to say.

Finally, Mick Jagger, his orchestra and chorus play a vocal tribute to Sir Edward Lewis with "Salt Of The Earth". Now I'm back to believing the album is great; it's getting better all the time. *Keith Altham*



piece of wood. I gave it to him yesterday. I've never seen anyone so knocked out."

Mick, I ascertained, had not had much time for anything with his early calls on the film set these last weeks, but was experimenting with a "Moog synthesizer" and had seen The Mothers Of Invention's recent concert. Mick flitted briefly into the outer office where we were assembled.

"I've been three months shut up inside houses. I've got to get some fresh air," he said, adding, "It's the makeup that gets me down," before disappearing into the ladies' toilet. I should hastily add at this point that the gents' was not working. I was able to ascertain during his absence that a new plaque has appeared on the Stones' office wall bearing these words: "Go placidly amidst the noise and haste and remember what peace there may be in silence." It is apparently from a script found in Old Saint Paul's Church, Baltimore – 1692.

At Mick's reappearance I enquired whether we might sit down for 15 minutes to do our famous idiot-reporter-

interviews-famous-pop-star routine. "Begin now," commanded Mick, settling in an easy chair, running his finger thoughtfully along his cheekbone and fixing me with his most cooperative smile. It was obviously going to be difficult. The non-appearance of the album, *Beggars Banquet*...

"I've lost interest in that situation. It's been a complete waste of energy. We agreed to them using a different sleeve in the end and it still hasn't been released yet. They change their minds all the time about it – come and go. Now that I've finished on the film, we're going back into the recording studio to get a new single out by Christmas. I haven't written anything yet, but we'll do it the usual way by getting it

together in the studio at the time."

Would Mick be using his "Moog synthesizer"? "Maybe – I haven't had time to do much with it yet. It's really a machine for making electrical musical sounds – I saw someone in LA using it and decided to buy one."

Was he satisfied with his own performance in *Performance*? "Yes."

Had he seen any of the rushes yet? "No."

Is Jimmy Miller still to be their record producer on the next single? "Yes."

Did you enjoy the Mothers Of Invention concert? "Yes."

Fortunately Tom broke up the "yes-no" interlude at this point by bringing in his little offspring for exhibition.

"Is that yours?" asked Mick, smiling paternally. "Yes," said Tom.

"How amazing," said Mick. They swapped a few words while I tried to think up some questions which he could not reply to by answering yes or no. The subject of what role Anita Pallenberg played in the science-fiction film *Barbarella* was brought up and someone suggested "David Hemmings" but was not taken seriously.

Did Mick feel that with all the stark nudity and emphasis on bringing home the true horror of war and violence in films, we might eventually get a reaction which would take us back to films like those Anna Neagle and Michael Wilding used to make? "Who were Anna Neagle and Michael Wilding? No, I don't think so. People always wanted to see Christians eaten by lions – people always go to films like *Barbarella*; they love being disgusted. Some people even watch those *Palladium* TV shows. I was brought up with a bellyful of the telly and now I don't watch it at all. I hardly ever go to the pictures, because I can't stand sitting in all that cigarette smoke or queueing to watch a lot of flickering images."

Does his own film make any moral statements? "Oh yes – moral statement a line, Keith!"

What was Mick's reaction to the discovery that their gold discs awarded for over the million sales by Decca when played revealed they were albums by country & western star Ferlin Husky (not Jim Reeves, as one paper reported), Buddy Holly and *The Tales of Hypotenuse Turtle* (not *Bambi*, as reported in the same paper). "More tinsel, Keith – plastic awards. They're a load of old silly billies up here in the office!"

Any reaction at all to his first crack at acting? "What really bugs me is the makeup," says Mick. "That's what really bugs me."

Further repartee was prevented by the telex machine, which appeared to be having the equivalent of a nervous breakdown and was relaying all Andrew Oldham's (their ex-manager's) messages to their office and





Early hours of December 12, 1968: the Stones – with Rocky Dzidzornu on percussion – perform live on the set of the *Rock And Roll Circus* at Intertel TV Studio in Wembley, North London

informing us that CHRIS JAGGER'S MONEY IS AVAILABLE AT KATMANDU BANK.

Mick staggered brokenly back to the inner office on reading this and phoned Keith Richard. "Hello, Keith. Yes, I'm alright. I'm having a lovely time – having a maniac afternoon at the office. Yes – I've spoken to them; they don't know what they're doing, either. It's all getting a bit beyond me..." *Keith Altham*

— MM DECEMBER 21 —

IT WAS A group fan's dream, when the giants of pop held a three-hour jam session, while rehearsing for *The Rolling Stones Rock And Roll Circus* last week. Eric Clapton and John Lennon on guitars, Mitch Mitchell on drums and Mick Jagger adding a few vocals, formed a supergroup that would rock most propagators of rhythm into a cocked hat. "This is so like the Stones used to sound," said a road manager as the sounds of "Sweet Little Sixteen" boomed through the corridors of Intertel Studios, Wembley.

The rocking and booming began to be a bit too much for the office workers of Intertel, however. A posse of tea ladies brought tidings that work was being interrupted by the strains of "Peggy Sue" and the supergroup had to up amplifiers and drums and move downstairs to another room.

Cans of beer were laid on and Eric steamed into far different blues playing from The Cream. Less pressurised, he seemed to be playing far more interesting ideas in the relaxed surroundings. But the group wanted to be left in peace to rehearse for their spot on the *Circus* and discouraged any kind of audience. "I don't think they want anybody in with them," said Jagger as he dashed about getting the show together and trying to find Keith Richard, who hadn't showed up and was supposed to be on bass.

A reporter who had been in the room and happened to be carrying his interviewing tape recorder was hustled out and his recorder checked to see if he had dared record any of the music. Let's face it – a piece of tape like that would be worth all of 12s 6d down the market.

Mitch Mitchell was in a more communicative mood than most of the superstars, and even proffered a can of beer, which was gratefully accepted. "Coming back from the States, you miss all the chances to jam you have over there, which makes this get-together so great. Where else can you play over here? In the States, everybody plays together. I had a

"I hardly ever go to the pictures... all that smoke"

play with Dave Holland, Miles Davis' bass player, and I'm doing an LP with Larry Coryell. There are a lot of strange things happening.

"There aren't any categories in music – but there are routes. It's like being an actor who can play several roles. A musician can take several routes in the blues or jazz.

"Yeah, it would be nice to record this group. But super sessions are a bit pretentious. They tend to be ego trips with everybody trying to out-blow each other. They can be so artificial. We're opening a club in New York in March, which will be a studio as well, where groups can

record in a natural environment."

In the main studio, gentle chaos ensued with a tiger dozing fitfully in its cage, the odd dwarf or two wandering about in top hats and huge bow ties, and the stars of stage, screen and gasworks looking dreadfully bored, with the exception of Keith Moon, as always enjoying himself heartily.

Keith was attempting to play his drums encased inside a glittering clown's suit, complete with pointed hat and white makeup. He looked pretty terrifying, but it didn't stop him kicking up a storm as The Who thundered into "Mini Opera", their contribution to the *Circus*.

Jethro Tull were also on hand, upsetting photographers by saying, "We don't pose, man," to which a photographer later muttered, "I don't want them to start juggling – just stand still." And the Tull also mimed to some fine music, their infectious and highly groovy "Song For Jeffrey", featuring Ian Anderson on flute and legs.

The clowns practised some dry-stick – that's slapstick without any slap – Miss Marianne Faithfull wandered about looking frail, Lennon, Yoko and Julian were heavily photographed, a horse called Trigger cantered in and a group of workmen muttered darkly about letting the tiger out to get at some of the dignitaries.

The *Circus*, when it is completed, bought and screened by the lucky purchaser, will be an hour of group hi-jinks and music, carrying on the spirit of the old *Ready, Steady, Go!* show. As well as the Tull and Who, there will be knife throwing, trapeze sets and fire eating.

During the first-day rehearsal, which began at midday, there were 17 items to run through. By five o'clock only three or four acts had been dealt with. If the superstars aren't knifed, scorched, slapsticked or eaten by mistake, the *Rock And Roll Circus* looks like a winner. *Chris Welch* •

GETTY

—13 since
record hit

1968

OCTOBER — DECEMBER

THE WHO, THE HOLLIES,
JULIE DRISCOLL, THE
CREAM & MORE

DAVY HERE WITH TOUR NEWS



“I never thought I’d get a band together”

MELODY MAKER OCTOBER 12
Jimmy Page unveils his “New
Yardbirds”. Or, as we will shortly
know them, Led Zeppelin.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO The Yardbirds? One of the great mysteries of our time, ranking with the Devil's footprints, the Mary Celeste and the Five Penny Post, is the disappearance of a group once hailed as the most progressive in Britain.

When one thinks back, the group that starred Keith Relf and had such distinguished alumni as Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck and Jimmy Page on guitars were trying experimental pop long before today's underground groups. But unfortunately they were either too early or lacked the drive to carry their breakaway from the original blues formula through to the public. They found, as have so many British groups, more responsive audiences and better money in America.

Once, they had an enormous following here, but this naturally dwindled with so few appearances and even fewer records, but prior to their departure to the States they had a period of vacillation. The departure of Eric, first for a round-the-world hitchhike (or something), seemed a serious blow to the group. Keith hailed the arrival of Jeff Beck with much excitement, describing him as “The Guv’nor”. Jeff’s guitar work had tremendous commercial appeal and numbers like “Jeff’s Boogie” raised the group to its highest status — they even started getting hits.

But there were management problems — Paul Samwell-Smith (bass guitarist) left to »



"It's blues, basically":
Led Zeppelin's first
photo session for
Atlantic Records in a
London street - (l-r) John
Paul Jones, Jimmy Page,
Robert Plant and John
Bonham, December 1968



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concentrate on production, never to be heard of again. Jeff got fed up and wanted to quit. Keith went through a period of infatuation with Bob Lind and released a solo single, "Mr Zero". Nobody quite seemed to know what The Yardbirds were doing. If you asked them, there would be a lot of shouting, denials, grumbles and bold plans announced. Then Jeff left to form his own group. Now, sadly, even Keith Relf, Chris Dreja and Jim McCarty have left, leaving "new boy" Jimmy Page to form a New Yardbirds.

Jimmy is well spoken, good-looking and good-natured. He was once one of Britain's youngest session guitarists, his ability to read and his feel for modern pop making him much in demand. He gave up the security of the studios to hit the road and play his own solos. Now Page tells his Yardbirds story and describes his new group.

"We didn't do any gigs in England for two years, so no wonder we lost popularity. But just before we split, we did a couple of colleges that were really fantastic. We were a happy group and used to get on well socially until we got on stage and Keith lost all enthusiasm. I used to say, 'Come on, let's make an effort,' but it had all gone. When they split, I don't think Jim wanted us to leave, but Keith was depressed. I think it did us all a favour, because the new chaps are only about 19 and full of enthusiasm. It was getting a bit of a trial in the old group."

The lineup of Jimmy's new band (and he's not sure whether to call them Yardbirds or not) includes John Paul Jones (organ and bass), Robert Plant (vocals) and John Bonham (drums). They made their debut in Denmark.

"It's blues, basically, but not Fleetwood Mac-style. I hate that phrase, 'progressive blues'. It sounds like hype, but it's more or less what The Yardbirds were playing at the end, but nobody knew about it because they never saw us. We're starting work on an LP and we're going to the States in November. Robert can get up and sing against anybody. He gets up and sings against Terry Reid! Those two are like brothers together."

"I thought I'd never get a band together. I've always shied off leadership in the past because of all that ego thing. I know old Eric wanted to get a thing together with Stevie, but neither of them like leading. I didn't want The Yardbirds to break up, but in the end it was too much of a headache. I just wanted to play guitar, basically, but Keith always had this thing of being overshadowed by Jeff, which was nonsense. It was great when we had the two lead guitars."

Jimmy says all this with a smile and no ill-feeling. And he is far too excited about the future to worry about the past. "It's refreshing to know that today you can go out and form a group to play the music you like and people will listen. It's what musicians have been wanting for 20 years." *Chris Welch*

"He fell back with his head bleeding"

MM OCTOBER 12 **The MM**
Pollwinner lets fly.



MISS JULIE DRISCOLL has occasionally caused a mild furore when she has forcibly expressed herself on such subjects as pre-marital sex, nudity, underwear and the state of British pop. It is statements like these - often laced with a few colourful expletives - that have given rise to beliefs that her vocabulary might have a London docker covering his ears.

Certainly, Jools is not one to mince words. One could hardly imagine her resisting the advances of an over-ardent admirer in the stilted language of a heroine in a Victorian melodrama. As Brian Auger puts it: "If fellows were to pester her, she'd probably tell them in very broad cockney where to get off."

In fact, Julie, by her own admission, would do more than that. And did, in fact, take pretty positive action on one occasion.

"I used to get in terrible rages when we first went on the road," she recalls.

"I remember one time - when I'd never been on stage. These five geezers came around backstage and said they wanted some souvenirs. I didn't like their attitude, and wouldn't give them any. So they tried to get my bag. I really got riled at this. I went on stage in a terrible temper. Then they tried to grab at my legs, and hooked an umbrella around Long

John Baldry's legs (this was back in the Steam Packet days). So I just grabbed the mic and threw it at this fellow's head. He fell back with his head all bleeding.

"This trouble wasn't caused by those who came to hear the music. It was just a bunch of yobboes who wanted to make a nuisance of themselves. It's because of scenes like this that some promoters tend to treat groups like dirt. Not so much when they have become a chart name, but it has happened because some groups have wrecked the band rooms and behaved like vandals and hooligans. Really, they weren't cut out to be musical groups in

the first place. But they have tended to spoil things for other people."

The broadminded Miss Driscoll is not likely to blush if the conversation gets a trifle earthy in her presence. "In general conversation, with things that don't concern me personally, I don't care. For instance, the fellows talk

about all sorts of things. Like girls in the nude and strip clubs. I don't object to nudity. But there's an obscene way of displaying the human body, and a very beautiful way.

"I wouldn't object to strip clubs. But if I went to one and saw a girl standing there with huge boobies, it wouldn't mean a thing to me. I'd probably laugh. But I feel sorry for those

"It really is a rat race. One minute you're on top and everyone wants to know you..."

REX FEATURES

Only Jimmy left to form the new Yardbirds



Julie Driscoll, whose hip-wiggling version of Bob Dylan and Rick Danko's "This Wheel's On Fire" with Brian Auger & The Trinity hits UK No 5 in June 1968

things out for myself. As far as relationships with men were concerned, I learned not to become too emotionally involved. So that if I did not see them again, I was

never bothered. I didn't want to feel too much affection for people.

"My work was the most important thing for me. This comes first. If somebody tries to shove it second, then I just don't want to know.

"The only thing I don't like about this business is the insincerity. It really is a rat race. One minute you're on top, and everyone wants to know you. The next minute, you may be right out. And then nobody give a damn. Imagine what it's like to be rejected! It's not happened to me, but it must be horrible.

"I intend to be in this business for a long time. I don't want to get married at the moment - but I might change my mind in a few years' time. I think differently now from the way I used to. Maybe I'll settle down and have children, but at present there's too much to do.

"I don't think that far ahead. I'm not very religious. Religion doesn't bother me unless people take things to extremes. But even then, if people want to be like that, who's to say whether they're right or wrong. I don't agree with the Pope's attitude on birth control. It's a bit old-fashioned. But I don't get all steamed up about it.

What's the good of getting steamed up? You only hurt yourself. Like when you're sitting in a car and a guy starts beeping his horn behind you. Most people get uptight, which means they're using up all their energies. More sensible to think, 'That guy behind me is the one who's all uptight.'

"Although I only went to that psychiatrist for a short time, he taught me how to relax. Nowadays, I read lots of books on the art of relaxation. Like *Relax And Live* and books on yoga. I don't go to extremes on this, but I do the stretching exercises and the various postures. I find them very helpful. And so are the books on diet, like Gayelord Hauser's *The New Diet Does It*. Diet is terribly important to me. It enables me to cope with the sort of things I have to cope with. I've become much more relaxed than I used to be. And much more tolerant, too."

With Jools the cynosure of all eyes, was there any feeling of jealousy in the Brian Auger camp? "We did have second thoughts about adding a girl to the group back in the Steam Packet

days," said Brian.

"After all, it can be pretty difficult on the road for a girl. We didn't know how it would work out. But it has been fine. Jools is interested in the sort of thing we're doing and we treat her like a sister."

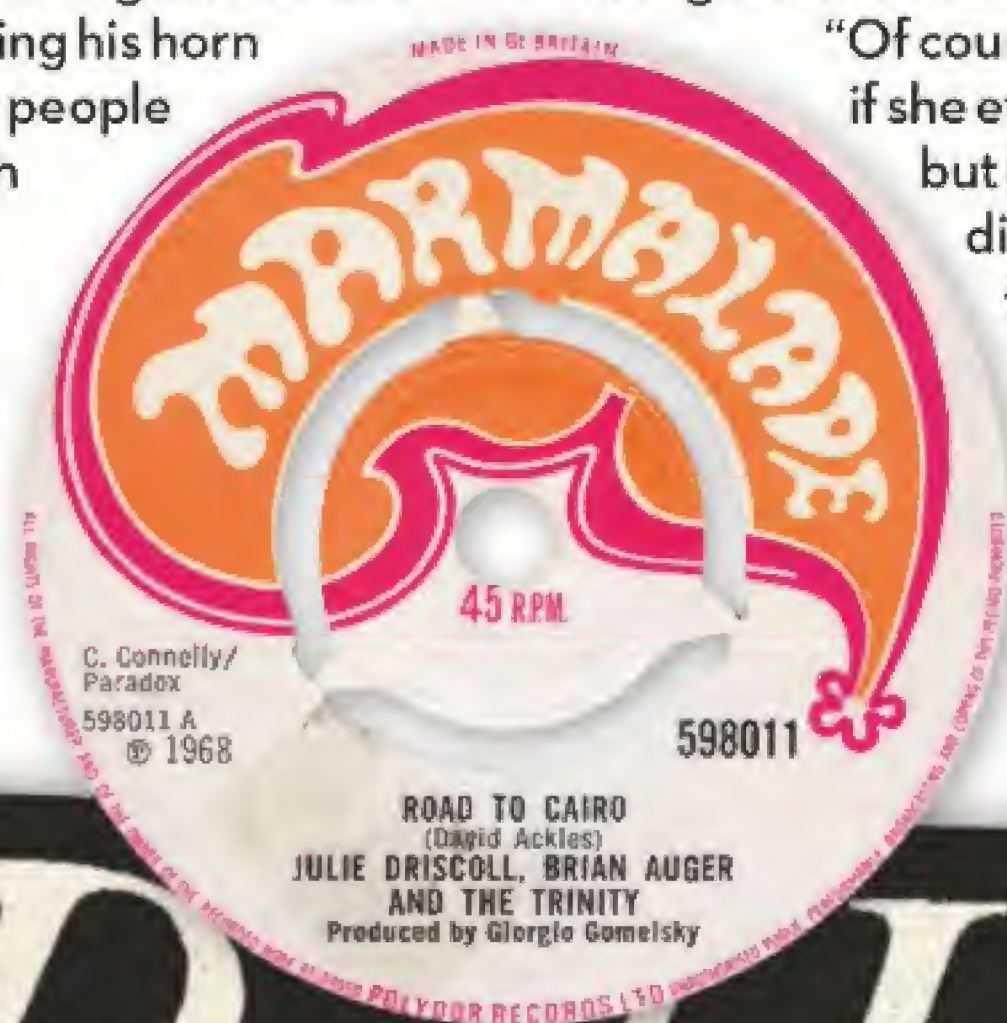
And Brian is lavish in his praise for the 'image' projected by Jools. "It has allowed us much more freedom to do what we like musically," says Brian.

"We've had our success with Jools more in the pop field, but now I can do things like our new LP, and feel it will be acceptable." Supposing she left? "Well, she's already had offers and turned them down. She'll only do things that really interest her. She was offered a part in a film opposite Mick Jagger but didn't take it because she thought it was a load of tripe.

"Of course, we'd miss Jools if she ever left the band, but it wouldn't be a disaster. We'd never try to replace her. Maybe we'd augment the band. Maybe we'd go in another direction."

Laurie Henshaw

"She was offered a part in a film opposite Mick Jagger but didn't take it"



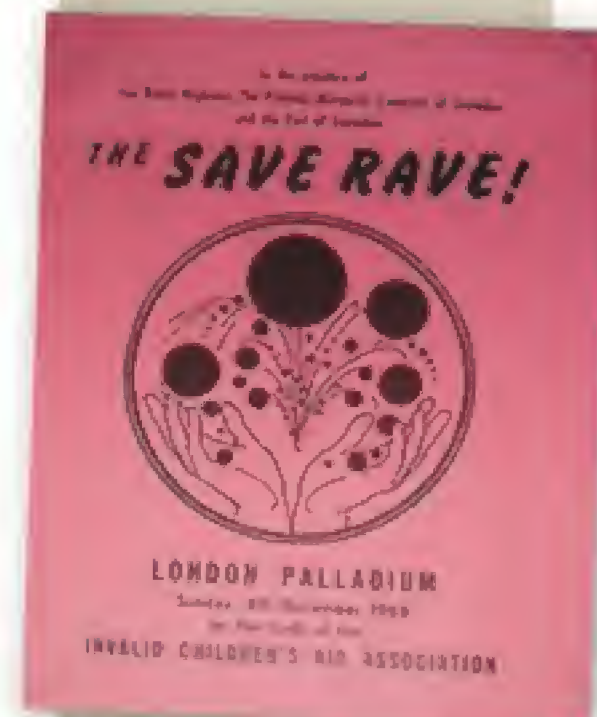
The Real Jools

ON MEN, MARRIAGE AND MUSIC

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► It is now confirmed that Scott Walker will star in his own BBC1 series in the new year, with transmission probably starting in March. He will star in six half-hour shows to be screened at a peak hour, with big-name guests featured in each edition. **NME NOV 2**

► The Beatles are to give three live concerts in London next month. Mary Hopkin and Jackie Lomax will also appear. Venue for the performances will be London's Chalk Farm Roundhouse for three nights starting December 15 or 16. The shows will benefit charity and a one-hour TV spectacular may be built around the shows. Apple executive Jeremy Banks told the *NME*, "The concerts will be a mind bender!" **NME NOV 9**



► Graham Nash, a founder member of The Hollies, plays his last "live" date with the group this Sunday at the Save Rave charity show at the London Palladium. Tony Hicks told the *MM* on Monday: "We haven't yet found a replacement for Graham." **MM DEC 7**

The marriage of Peter Noone - Herman of Herman's Hermits - and Mireille Strasser takes place next Tuesday (8) on his 21st birthday. The ceremony will be held at the Church Of Immaculate Conception, Farm St, Mayfair at 4.30pm **NME NOV 2**

So I just grabbed the

continued from previous page

"I don't agree with the Pope's attitude on birth control. It's a bit old-fashioned. But I don't get all steamed up about it."

There's an obscene way of

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The Hollies on
BBC2's *The Bobbie
Gentry Show* in 1968



“We go through a love/hate thing”

After several profitable years, by 1968 **THE HOLLIES** are torn. The path favoured by Allan Clarke promises a greatest-hits album, Sweden (“good money, good everything”) and the cabaret circuit. The other, very tempting to Graham Nash, leads to America, David Crosby and Stephen Stills. Can The Hollies survive?

— **NME MAY 18** —

I HAVE QUITE A job setting up this interview. First of all, it's raining. Then I end up with a loser taxi driver who doesn't know where the address is, and who keeps stopping at florists and chemists for advice, then coming back to the cab and giving me a thumbs-up sign and saying, “Don't worry, mate, we're on our way.” Then we arrive at our destination (a deserted mews with the rain belting down and nowhere to shelter), and I hammer at the door without reply.

After this, I stagger miles to the nearest phone box, wait whilst a lady allows her poodle to have a conversation down the line with some unknown friend, make a call and find I had the right mews but the wrong number, stagger back, and then I can't find the house anyway.

The monsoons have come, I am cringing against a wall very wet and cold and lost and lonely, when from somewhere above I hear a distant voice crying, “Oi, Smivvy. Over 'ere!” I look up and around this deserted mews, but find my vision restricted by giant drops of rain hammering down onto the windowpanes of my glasses. Then, suddenly, I see him, y'actual Hollie, y'actual Graham Nash, waving from the upper-storey warmth of a house cunningly disguised as a Post Office garage.

Within moments I am inside, warm, sipping hot black tea – and involved in one of the most intriguing interviews I've had since the one I had recently with Ringo Starr.

There must be those who now, frankly, find an element of tedium in the doings and sayings of Mr Nash. (He admits to the possibility; he says he knows he's egotistical.) But on the eve of The Hollies' major spring tour with The Scaffold and Paul Jones, few of his critics could deny that what Graham Nash says often makes a heck of a lot of sense. »

GETTY

PALACE THEATRE - MANCHESTER
Manager: T. M. TULLOCH
 ONE NIGHT ONLY — TWO PERFORMANCES
SUNDAY, 19th MAY at 5.45 and 8.15 p.m.
Remedy Street Enterprises Ltd present
SPRING TOUR '68
THE HOLLIES
SCAFFOLD
Mike Vickers Orchestra

1968

OCTOBER–DECEMBER

When we met, he sat there looking like an amiable present-day D'Artagnan: buckle shoes, black trousers, deep-blue shirt, hair lightened by The Hollies' recent visit to the Land Of The Rising Sun. He speaks quickly, articulately, and you get the impression that every comment is literally a new thought being spoken aloud.

He told me, "I believe in a completely different musical direction to that in which The Hollies are going, and right now, I feel as if I'm letting myself down not doing as I want. I also need to be alone a lot to get the best out of myself as a songwriter... It's very stimulating for me, and it's something I enjoy."

"I can't say if I'll be leaving The Hollies soon. I can't answer that. All I know is that last year I came close to it twice, and it could happen at any time again."

What it boils down to, says Graham, is that the rest of The Hollies have valid musical beliefs and so has he... Most of them now happen to be different, that's all. He says he wasn't happy with the last album by the group—there were mistakes and things he didn't want, but there came a point when he shrugged his shoulders and accepted them. He doesn't want to have to do this in the future, and this is why he feels it might be better if he thought about carving out a solo career—both as a songwriter and as a performer.

"That way," Graham told me, "I answer to myself and to the public. At the moment, I'm just getting bored with the recording scene. It's selfishness on my part, and I know it. I want to do everything. I want to write songs and sing them and produce them and mix them and have a say in the cover. This is because I think I'm right. Songwriting is now one of the biggest things in my life. I could be consumed completely in the fire of writing songs."

Apart from this deep-rooted urge to fulfil himself within his own solo recording scene, Graham's wish (with or without The Hollies) is to be part of a recording operation where he will no longer have to rub shoulders with "small-mindedness". He talks bitterly of artist's difficulties—up against the brick wall of their record companies—and sadly of the fact that people like him so often end up fighting the wrong people.

"We have to fight record companies for album covers, man," he says, "and journalists to make them tell people what we really said. It shouldn't be."

How about his relationship with Allan Clarke, his friend, his buddy before and since the advent of The Hollies? Graham smiled a wry smile and walked from one side of the room to the other looking out at the rains as he spoke.

"Allan depends on me to a certain degree," he said, "as I depend on him. For instance, I sing far better with him. And the rapport between us is fantastic. I think we go through a kind of love-hate thing, although I'm not too keen on him at the moment!"

"But mostly, I think Allan is now searching for something I was searching for nine months ago and which I have now found. I now have strong religious beliefs. I believe in God, very much... God is the spark of life in everything... in us, in animals, in wood, in things."

"I now never kill anything. I remember that even when I was a kid I would apologise if I killed anything, like a fly. Now I am beginning to develop a complete respect for every form of life—I was in Spain for a few days and there were some ants on a log I put on the fire. But I got all of them off."

This complex and self-analytical Graham Nash frankly admits that he doesn't know his own mind when it comes to his future with The Hollies—he might leave, but then perhaps he could continue to record with the group and as a solo artist—says that spending the rest of his days performing in a small folk club would make him just



"We still irritate each other, a lot, of course..."

as happy—admits to being a big spender—and happily tells of an old astrology book (he's Aquarius) that depicted his character with frightening accuracy.

Bearing in mind that The Hollies once announced the end of their connection with the pop-package business, I asked Graham if he had any comments on this upcoming series of dates with The Scaffold and Paul Jones.

"I look at it this way," he said—"it's a halfway stage. And it's a damn good show, a bit like an old-time variety ball. There's a good straight singer, a comedy act and then us as a larger

musical item! You could even have someone coming on with a card marked 'Act No 3'. People want entertainment these days. They're fed up with 10 group guys and a million amplifiers and noise."

Ever blunt, ever honest, dedicated to good, but probably getting a few backs up in the process. That's Graham Nash. But I'm sorry—I can't help liking him. *Alan Smith*

— NME SEPTEMBER 14 —

IT WAS A nice day, so to round it off I went out to St John's Wood Recording Studios to find The Hollies putting their finishing touches to another Top Fiver, before adjourning to a nearby tavern. Graham Nash didn't join us because he was driven off in a big car to see his doctor, prior to the group going to the States before the next Scandinavian visit.

In the pub, I sat down with Bernie Calvert (The Quiet) and Allan Clarke (The Chat), and within drooling distance of Allan's plate of ham and tomato I placed my faithful tape recorder to catch a conversation that was

mostly happy, but always honest. One understandably good reason for The Hollies being happy at the moment is that they have an LP standing at No 2 in the NME album chart without having had to work on it at all—it's a string of all their old smashes like "Bus Stop" and "On A Carousel".

Said Allan, with purpose in his voice and a piece of ham in his mouth, "In

HOLLIES SORTED OUT!

IT WAS A nice day, so to round it off I went out to St. John's Wood recording studios to find the Hollies putting the finishing touches to another Top Fiver before adjourning to a nearby tavern. Graham Nash didn't join us because he was driven off in a big car to see his doctor prior to the group going to the States before the next Scandinavian visit.





The Hollies in 1968:
(l-r) Allan Clarke,
Bobby Elliott, Graham
Nash, Bernard Calvert
and Tony Hicks

The Hollies we've sorted a lot of things out in the past few months. We know each other even better than we ever did. We still irritate each other, a lot, of course. But no, our arguments have never come to physical violence. Never. It couldn't, because we're too good with words, all of us. Another thing is that if I'm having an argument with Bern and I'm wrong, the others will back him up. And then I realise in the end."

I mentioned that when I was in Sweden with The Hollies last year I noticed that Allan was living hard – up late, out of bed early. Was he still flogging himself? Answer: "Ah, well that was only once. Usually Sweden is very easy. You do two folk parks a night. You finish the last one by midnight and you usually stay in the town where you finish. So you get to bed by one, and you don't have to start again till three o'clock the next afternoon. So what with the fabulous weather in the summer, it's great, beautiful. I'd go there anytime. Good money, good everything."

As The Hollies are now aiming themselves more at the cabaret scene, I drew Allan's attention to that "cabaret is the graveyard of failed pop groups" remark from The Moody Blues. He thought about it, and then he said, "I agree with it to a certain extent. You see, when groups have finished getting hit records, right, they never get booked for tours. So the next thing they can go to is to play the clubs. Right? So they can go to the clubs, and they can play a thousand clubs in England and still earn bread.

"That's where The Moody Blues have got the thought from. But what he doesn't realise is that there's nowhere for a name group to play in England except the good clubs. The pop tours are dying, so where else in England are you going to play? In the ballrooms... are you going to get satisfaction out of ballrooms?

"The thing is to go to a club, get five grand a week, and why argue with that? And you're going to do what you want to do, and you're going to educate and entertain them. So where's the rub?

"And what about some of those cabaret places. Talk Of The Town? Whisky A Go Go in the States, the Batley Variety Club? So they're graveyards? Not likely," concluded Allan, thinking of The Hollies' mighty success at Batley, where they topped Louis Armstrong's business! *Alan Smith*

— NME DECEMBER 14 —

TO THE MOSCOW Road, London W2, where Mr Graham Nash had news and views and also the company of Mr David Crosby and Mr Stephen Stills, who sat in the light of a gas fire and joined him in new songs they love to sing. The ex-Holly and the ex-Byrd and the ex-Buffalo Springfield have formed a group which is not

a "group" – more, they say, a gathering of friends who will come together to sing and play from time to time.

Their music is magnificent, their hopes are high, and they know what they're up against, their ideals are ideal, I wish them luck and when they happen (as they will) I trust these rebels with a musical clause will continue to be as individual as they are.

"What's happening," says Graham, "is that there have been an awful lot of musicians who have been obvious 'individuals' within groups, wanting to go a different way than the major body of the group. It's been true in my case, it's true in Stephen's case, in Sebastian of The Lovin' Spoonful's case, Mama Cass, the Cream – you know, with Clapton, etcetera – Buddy Miles. You name 'em... Traffic broke up... all of them trying to 'make music' without having hang-ups about the business side."

"What we've done, Steve and Dave and I, is sung together from time to time over the last year. Twice when I was with The Hollies, and four times on my own since. I've crossed the Atlantic four times just to sing with these two people. The affinity between us is a strong one. But we don't want to be a group, just individuals, no collective name or anything. That would brand us. The first thing is that we can all perform together if we wish, because there are no contractual hang-ups... although there are in the recording side. We have a situation in America where Stephen is on Atlantic, I am on CBS, and David – wise old David – is completely free."

Wise old David smiled and plucked his guitar and said it had taken him a whole year to get that way, deliberately degrading himself by telling people he was not worth it and was not going to make records any more anyway. Graham added that since leaving The Hollies he had found his faith in two people particularly fortified.

"One of them is Ron Richards, The Hollies' producer. He kept his word in that when I decided to leave The Hollies, I decided to leave my publishing firm, too, because I no longer wanted to be tied up in business with Allan and Tony. Ron said fine and checked with Dick James, who was also just great and said, 'Fine, go your way,' and wished me luck. As far as songwriting is concerned, I'm just going to sit around at the moment. It's

a bit hazy but I envisage that what I'll do in the future is to be part of a mother company with the others, but still with our own individual companies inside it.

"If everyone has their own company," he alleged, "then you don't get the hang-up that I went through, which was when we had a three-way partnership and a lot of the time only one wrote and the other two were copping two-thirds of the bread. Now the progression of business freedom is utter mental freedom."

The three of them argued mildly for a moment about the where and when of their first public appearance, then realised they were sounding "just like a group" and said, "Say, would you like to hear our music?"

I said I would and I'm glad I did, because they were sensitive things like "Lady Of The Islands" and urgent-yet-gentle songs like the Nash original "Marrakesh Express".

God help me from sounding pretentious, but the Nash, Crosby, Stills coming-together brings forth music to care for. They have a beautiful and utterly distinctive sound.

Right now this group which is not a group is feeling its way, not too sure about its plans but only too happy to make music. I watched them as they sang – elated in the act, consumed by the rhythms and in the words.

Upstairs I was shown a magnificent recording studio in which they try out their work before going elsewhere. The facilities are superb. Everything is right and going for Nash, Crosby and Stills, and now I stand back and wait in hope.

Alan Smith •



Graham Nash: singing with ex-Byrd David Crosby and ex-Buffalo Springfield Stephen Stills "twice when I was with The Hollies"

1968

OCTOBER-DECEMBER



February 1, 1968: early sighting of the McCartney thumbs up prompts some perplexity during production of *Yellow Submarine*

"It's definitely about my dog"

NME NOVEMBER 30 Paul McCartney explains the origins of his songs on the new Beatles LP.

— ALBUMS —
REVIEW
— 1968 —

PAUL McCARTNEY HAS been talking about The Beatles' new double album and he is understandably and humanely chuffed at the cover versions of his songs.

He appreciates that "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da" is currently the fave rave, but I've a feeling he has reservations about the number of versions and whether this could affect the hit chances of one or the other. (And why shouldn't he worry about things like that; is there shame in success?)

There is now no secrecy over the real composing credits for various Lennon-McCartney numbers. Paul is obviously "Ob-La-Di" and he also admits to tracks like "Martha My Dear". "It's definitely about my dog Martha," he says, "but that's only because the thought happened to come into my head when I was writing the song. You see, I never usually

write a song and think, 'Right, now this is going to be about something specific.' It's just that the words happen. I never try to make any serious social point. Just words to go with the music—and you can read anything you like into it."

Both he and John began work on the songs on the new album in India. "Rocky Raccoon," for instance, was composed on a roof at the Maharishi's place. Says Paul, "I was with John on this roof, and we were just sitting around playing guitar and we were with Donovan and just enjoying ourselves. I started playing the chords and originally the title was 'Rocky Sassoon'. And then the three of us started making up the words and they came very quickly and eventually it became 'Raccoon' because that was more like a 'cow-ie'.

"The way the words just come into your head is like John writing his books... I don't know how he does it, and he doesn't know how he does it. But he just writes, and people who do create and write do it like that. It just flows into their heads and then into their hands."

Of his other compositions, he said on Radio Luxembourg last week:

Blackbird: This is just one of those pick-and-sing songs. It doesn't need anything else in the backing because as a song there's nothing to it. We added a blackbird sound at the end, but that's all.

Why Don't We Do It In The Road?: We've always been a rock group, The Beatles. It's just that we're not completely rock'n'roll. That's why we do "Ob-La-Di"

one minute and this the next. When we played in Hamburg we didn't just play rock'n'roll all evening because we had these fat old businessmen as well—and saying, "Play us a mambo or a rumba." So we had to get into this kind of stuff.

I Will: This is pretty smoochy stuff. We have to do it. That's why there's a great variety on this LP and in everything we do. We just haven't got one bag, The Beatles. On one hand you'll get "I Will" and then you'll get "Why Don't We Do It In The Road?". It's me feeling both of them, the same feller, and I wrote both of them. I can't explain it but there we are."

Birthday: The Girl Can't Help It was on television. Fats Domino, Gene Vincent and Eddie Cochran were in it, and we wanted to see it, so we started recording at five o'clock and just did a backing track, a very simple 12-bar blues thing with a few bits here and there. We had no idea what it was going to be. We'd just say 12 bars in A then we'll change to D then we'll do a few beats in C. Just like that. We went back to my house and watched the film, and then back to the studio and made up the words. It's one of my favourites because it was instantaneous. It's a good one to dance to.

Helter Skelter: I read a review of a record which said that the group really goes wild with echo and screaming and everything and I thought, "That's a pity, I would have liked to do something like that." Then I heard it and it was nothing like; it was straight and sophisticated. So we did this. I like noise.

Honey Pie: My dad's always played fruity old songs like this and I like them. I would have liked to have been a 1920s writer, because I like that top-hat-and-tails thing. *Alan Smith*



The BEATLES



taken to irritating lengths, while the playing with stereo tracks to bring winds, whispers and wails from speaker to speaker is novel but only superficially satisfying. If the term "acid rock" means anything, this is indeed the acid test for such disembodied experiments; one that might satisfy those looking for spiritual depth in a strip of magnetic recording tape, but will disappoint those who hunger for true musical experience *Chris Welch* (MMNOV 9)

The Byrds *Sweetheart Of The Rodeo* (CBS)

Quite a lot of musical talent went into this one - the full lineup is Roger McGuinn, Gram Parsons, Lloyd Green, John Hartford, Jay Dee Maness and Clarence J White (gtrs), Chris Hillman (bass gtr, mandolin), Roy Huskey (bass), Earl P Ball (pno), Kevin Kelley and Jon Corneal (drs). The result is an average sort of country-flavoured set complete with various guitarists doubling banjos. Not typical Byrds music, which is rather a pity. Tracks include: "You Ain't Going Nowhere", "I Am A Pilgrim", "The Christian Life" and "Life In Prison".

(MMOCT 12)

Jefferson Airplane *Crown Of Creation*

(RCA VICTOR)

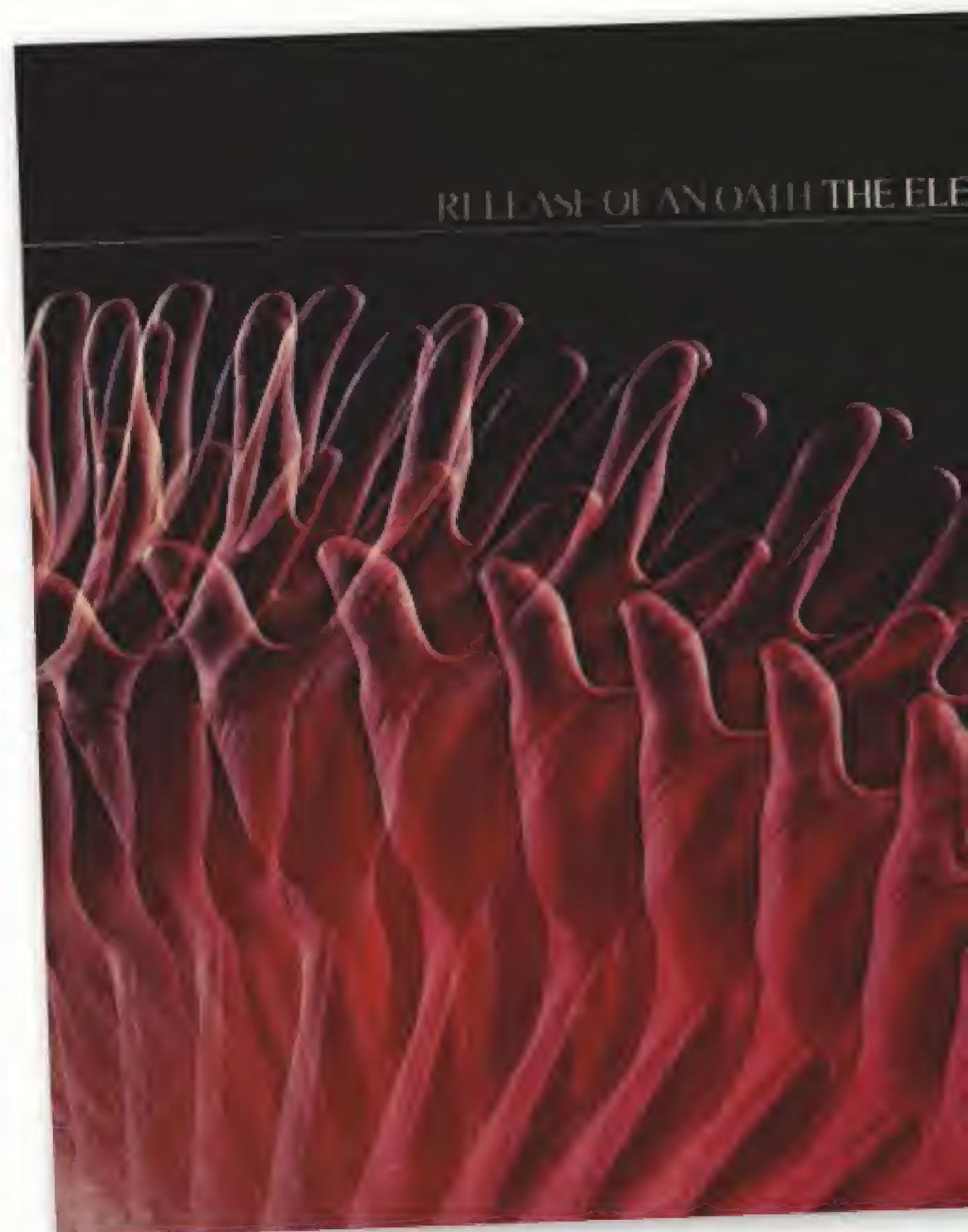
In the past, I've expected great things from Airplane, one of the biggest American groups, but their albums have been a mixture of good and bad material. At last, they really take off in this new album. Abandoning the pretentious abstract music of their last effort, the Airplane have gone back to the style of a year ago and sound all the better for it. The album opens with "Lather", a weird, slightly menacing sound, full of atmosphere, reminiscent of "White Rabbit", a single released about a year ago which should have been bought by the million but wasn't. Once again Grace Slick, the beautiful lead singer and writer, puts everything into this song. Each track is full of interest. This is one of those rare albums where every song comes off. The rest of the group back Grace's singing perfectly and it

is a pleasure to listen to them: they really know how to play and complement each other so well. Other titles: "In Time", "Triad", "Star Track", "Share A Little Joke", "Chushingura", "If You Feel", "Crown Of Creation", "Ice Cream Phoenix", "Greasy Heart", "The House At Pooneil Corners".

(NMEDEC 14)

Electric Prunes *Release Of An Oath* (REPRISE)

After two average albums, the Prunes almost faded out. Then they teamed with composer/arranger David Axelrod, who on their last album, *Mass In F Minor*, turned them to a vastly different field. This superb new album is a progression from that, with the



group incorporated into a dull classical orchestra (in fact, the title is the only place the Prunes are mentioned on the sleeve), but I assume they are still led by Jim Lowe, lead vocal and rhythm guitar. Although every track is excellent, "Kol Nidre" stands out. It is a Jewish hymn, with the orchestra blending with the Prunes' electric guitars, and is full of atmosphere and emotion. The other tracks are along the same lines, each a well-balanced combination of classical and modern music. One of the year's best records for anyone wanting to sit down to a completely different sound. Other titles: "Holy Are You", "General Confessional", "Individual Confessional", "Our Father Our King", "The Adoration", "Closing Hymn". (NMEDEC 14)

ALBUMS

Jimi Hendrix Experience *Electric Ladyland* (TRACK)

"Voodoo Chile" is the stand-out track from a vast acreage of sound from the Experience in a mixed-up, muddled, monstrous and menacing two-album package, which may be the last we shall hear of them in their present form. Jimi produced and directed, and whether his work in the control booth is a success is a matter of opinion. To many people the essence of Hendrix is his natural blues guitar playing, sensuality and onstage showmanship that made the Experience, with brilliant young British drummer Mitch Mitchell and bassist Noel Redding, one of the most exciting events on the group scene



exploded in early 1967. When their musical emotionalism - most effectively presented in short, spontaneous bursts - is spread over long sessions, without any apparent arrangements and injected with interesting but mindless electronics, then impact is lost and attention is liable to wander. "Voodoo Chile" is superb, with an electric atmosphere and a guest-star organist who sounds remarkably like Stevie Winwood, plus an imaginative, decidedly non-rock'n'roll-like drum solo. Apart from Bob Dylan's "All Along The Watchtower" there are few memorable compositions, and

the general impression is that the trio and friends went to the studios totally unprepared and just blew to see what would happen. The guitar is often heavily distorted, use of the "wah-wah" pedal is



“We were going to come up against trouble”

In November, Chas Chandler, the production and management guru behind **THE JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE**, quits working with the band. With the future now uncertain, Chandler tells **NME** about the dreams and schemes behind the band's spectacular successes so far.

— **NME** NOVEMBER 16 —

IT WAS THE man they call “the walking hill” – burly ex-Animal Chas Chandler – who transformed the unknown guitarist playing at the Cafe Wha? in New York’s Greenwich Village into the superstar that he is today. Chas feels that he has now done all he can for the Hendrix Experience and has sold his interest in the group to his partner Mike Jeffery, but he still looks back with justifiable pride at the accomplishments he helped engineer for what must be one of the most unlikely idols of our age.

It was Linda Keith – at that time Rolling Stone Keith Richard’s girlfriend – who first bought Jimi to the attention of Chas, who was playing out his last four weeks with The Animals in America.

She recommended Chas see and talk to Jimi in New York Village. “I was half convinced to sign up before I even heard him play,” Chas told me. “We had a talk in a little restaurant before he played at the club – I remember thinking, ‘This cat’s wild enough to upset more people than Jagger!’

“By the time I heard him play ‘Wild Thing’ and ‘Like A Rolling Stone’, I was certain and when he »

GETTY



March 2, 1967: manager Chas Chandler with Jimi Hendrix during a private performance at London's Marquee club alongside The Who for German TV show *Beat Club*

did a version of 'Hey Joe' – a number I was planning to record as my first independent venture from The Animals with another artist – that clinched it. As soon as I convinced Jimi that he could buy amplifiers in England – he seemed to be under the impression we were all still using gas over here – he was all for coming to London."

Chas eventually took all the other Animals down to see Jimi, and although they raved about his musical ability, none could see the commercial potential. Undeterred, Chas took his manager Mike Jeffery down to see him and he agreed to come in as a co-manager. In September 1966 Jimi arrived at London Airport and was nearly put on the first plane back when the immigration officers discovered he had no work permit.

"We had already had trouble getting Jimi his passport and birth certificate as he had lost his parents somewhere and this was nearly the end," said Chas. "I was fortunately able to rustle up a one-week provisional visa and later we got it extended to three months."

Chas schemed to promote Jimi as the giant bogeyman of all time and following a photo session they selected all the more gruesome shots of Jimi which made him look like a big nasty!

But before he could be launched, a group had to be formed to back him who were almost as way-out as Jimi and musically sound. "When Jimi was playing in New York he had a trio, but I felt the drummer was not good enough, and he had a brilliant guitarist – a boy called Randy California who is now making a big name for himself with an American group called the Spirit – who was only 16.

"Back in England I had been approached by Noel Redding, who wanted to join the newly formed Animals as he had heard there was a vacancy for a lead guitarist. I told him that the vacancy had not been filled but I was looking for a bass player for Jimi. I took Noel round to a hall where Jimi was rehearsing and lent him my bass. When I came back an hour later he was 'in'."

Chas had also heard that Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames had broken up and about a new and brilliant young drummer they had called Mitch Mitchell. Along with a few other hopefuls, Mitch played drums for Jimi, who was so impressed with his bass-drum work that he was immediately signed up as the other member. "Things began happening incredibly fast after that," recalled Chas. Jimi sat in one night with Brian Auger at Blaises and French pop star Johnny Hallyday was in the audience. "He wanted us for a short French tour which finished up at the Paris Olympia – one of the biggest theatres in the world. That was to be our first gig."

The wild man of pop, as he was becoming known to the musical trade press, was already making a big noise and drawing plaudits from established "in" musicians like Eric Clapton. The Experience did a week in Germany where Chas advised Jimi what to keep in the act and what to leave out. It was time for the big bad guitarman to meet the British press.

"There was obviously going to be a confusion when the press met him face to face," admitted Chas. "In spite of the fact we had built him up as a villain he was, by nature, a 'gentle' man and even contrived to look rather handsome when we allowed him to smile. I stopped worrying about it when I realised the press would be as confused by the contradiction as everyone else and that it would give them something to talk about. Jimi was now an enigma – was he or wasn't he nasty?"

A press reception was organised at the Bag O' Nails and those that Jimi could not impress with his incredible musicianship he managed to grab with his guitar antics – playing with his teeth and leaving the instruments still vibrating and playing on stage. I remember thinking to myself that here was a very talented man but could he break through the ten-by-eight glossy pin-up barrier that pervaded popdom? I thought not and made to leave shortly before Jimi's act closed – I got halfway up the stairs out of the Bag O' Nails and heard "Wild Thing".

It brought me back to my seat and I, too, realised at that point Chas had something more than just a clever guitarist up his sleeve.

"I wanted the Harold Davison Agency to book Jimi," Chas told me, "so I invited Dick Katz down to The Scotch Of St James one evening to hear

Jimi in a jam session. Jimi broke a string on his first number, but still managed an incredible set. I turned to Dick and said, 'He broke a string, you know.' Dick was glued to the stage – he is a musician himself. 'That had not escaped my attention', he said. 'I can't wait to hear him with six!'

"Paul McCartney was also sitting at our table and leant over to say he hoped Dick and Jimi signed up as he would be a giant! After Jimi had played 'Like A Rolling Stone' I noticed Kit Lambert get up the other side of the club and almost knock over a table in his attempt to talk to me. He wanted Jimi for his new, independent Track label."

Everything was geared for something sensational to break – the machinery and the men were in motion and Chas knew he had made the breakthrough after the Experience played Hounslow Ricky that same night as the press reception.

"We went on before the new Animals," said Chas. "I'd never seen an audience like it – you could have heard a pin drop between numbers. They were transfixed by Jimi and you could almost hear a quick intake of breath when he came on stage, and make a slight movement backwards. They were both frightened and excited, and that was exactly what we wanted."

Apart from Jimi's playing there was already considerable comment in the musical press about the suggestive quality of his act. "To me there has never been anything wrong with his act," said Chas. "It was just good clean healthy sex! He was never vulgar but it was obvious that we were going to come up against trouble. On his first major tour with The Walker Brothers we had the Rank circuit up in arms over the act. They sent down investigators and when I knew they were there we toned down the act. When they went away we went back to normal. The first night we knew we had to pull something sensational to get a good press reaction, and so the guitar that burst into flames was contrived.

"Of course, we all maintained it was an accident and Jimi even wore a bandage the second house to make it look good. In fact we soaked it in petrol and deliberately set light to it – the organisers were running round in circles trying to find the culprit and examine the guitar which had mysteriously disappeared. I distinctly remember Tito Burns waving a fist at me and shouting, 'You can't get away with things like this, Chas – if we find that guitar I'll have you prosecuted.' Underneath his overcoat I could just make out the charred end of an electric guitar!" *Keith Altham*

— NME NOVEMBER 23 —

WITH HIS FIRST three hit singles, "Hey Joe", "Purple Haze" and "The Wind Cries Mary", Chas Chandler, who produced the records and managed The Jimi Hendrix Experience, had established the enigma of "the gentle wildman" and Jimi himself was looking around for fresh fields to conquer.

"Britain had been our first target and Europe was our second," Chas told me. "It was in Munich in those few first experimental appearances that I realised his enormous visual attraction and there that the 'smashing routine' really began by accident. Jimi was pulled off stage by a few overenthusiastic fans and as he jumped back on the stage he threw his guitar on before him. When he picked it up he saw that it had cracked and several of the strings were broken – he just went barmy and smashed everything in sight. The German audience loved it and we decided to keep it in as a part of the act when there was a good press about or the occasion demanded it."

It was in Sweden that Jimi finally established himself as a legend on the Continent, and following a Beach Boys concert which attracted a crowd of over 8,000 (a record for that venue), Jimi brought in a staggering attendance of 17,000.

"I always maintained that Jim would be a huge commercial success and an event like Sweden confirmed my conviction that he would be the biggest artist of his kind in the world."

In the initial period of his success Chas encouraged Jimi to speak his mind with the press and on more than one occasion Jimi said that he thought he was the world's worst singer and only really hoped to be appreciated for his guitar work. "He used to plead with me at recording sessions to submerge his voice under the track so that the music

"Jimi was
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THE JIMI HENDRIX

... the man they call "the walking hill" — burly ex-Animal Chas Chandler who transformed the unknown guitarist playing at the Club ...

By CHAS



"There was obviously going to be confusion when they met him face to face": (l-r) Mitch Mitchell, Jimi Hendrix, Noel Redding and Chas Chandler take questions from the German press in Hamburg, March 17, 1967

almost drowned him out. I never felt that he was as bad as he seemed to think. It's not the range, pitch or techniques that are so important to a pop vocalist – it is the emotional communication and sincerity. Jimi had plenty of both and, of course, the more he sang the better he became. I think he's a good singer now."

After cleaning up in Britain and on the Continent there was one very obvious field still to conquer – America. "There is nothing like success in your own country," Chas admitted, "and Jimi, is after all, an American. It was stage three in our operations to launch him in the States where we planned an all-out attack on the album market. Singles were redundant as far as we were concerned – even The Beatles were turning their attentions to the LP market.

"Somehow Jimi was synonymous with stereo, and that was how we had to project him in the US. People have often underestimated the importance of stereo radio in the US, which is very good and receives a lot of attention. Some stations, of course, do not play albums and so we release singles over there for that 40 per cent who did not. Generally pulling them off LPs."

One of the first encroachments into the American market was when Jimi rather incongruously appeared on the Monkees tour – rather like putting Count Dracula on with Snow White!

"An awful lot of people were against that move. I was against it in principle but we knew that putting Jimi on with The Monkees would get him a blaze of publicity across America. And we had an agreement with Dave Clark (the American DJ) that Jimi could be pulled off after a few days. When it was decided to take him off we concocted that story about the American Daughters Of Revolution objecting to his act and saying he was obscene. That did the trick and we hit every newspaper in the country with Jimi coming up with little gems about how he had been replaced by Mickey Mouse!"

With this neat little publicity stunt Jimi captured the imagination of the underground press and they were only too anxious to defend someone who had affronted the dignity of the Establishment. Jimi was soon in with the West Coast and the hippy element.

"The initial impact was made previously with Jimi's first appearance on the Monterey Festival, which created quite a stir," said Chas.

I can vouch for that myself, as I was there when he brought a 10,000 capacity audience to its feet with his guitar antics and incredible improvisation. "It was the albums that eventually brought Jimi's incredible musical talent home to the American people, and at one time we had three best-selling albums in the American charts," continued Chas. "A certain element decided he was a part of the 'LSD thing' and we encouraged that to make them happy. All kinds of weird and incorrect significances were attached to the songs he wrote."

I asked Chas when it was that the realisation overtook the group that they were in the league of superstars.

"Everything seemed to move so fast, but I think it was on their first major tour here with The Move, which opened at the Royal Albert Hall, that it really hit them," said Chas. "Noel and Mitch were shaking like leaves and even Jimi was petrified to go on stage. They realised that they were a part of something bigger than themselves and I had to get a bottle of Scotch in to restore some courage all round."

I asked Chas if Jimi was ever made to feel that he was more of a circus attraction than the talented musician he undoubtedly is. "Jimi is also a showman and a bloody good one!" emphasised Chas. "I've never thought of him as a freak attraction and I'm sure he does not. Tiny Tim is a freak attraction; Jimi is a phenomenon!"

Travelling with Jimi and the boys has been more than just an Experience for Chas and he has more than one tale of the amazing scenes that greet Jimi now at every concert, where he earns, on average, over \$30,000 a performance in the States.

In Connecticut recently Chas found himself in jail after a fracas with the commissioner of police. "It was just prior to Jimi and the boys going on stage and all the lights round the stadium were full on and glaring down. It ruins an artist's entrance and the dramatics of the spectacle, so I asked for them to be lowered. I was referred to another man – 'It's up to him,' they said.

"I walked up to this man who was not in uniform or anything and politely asked that the lights be lowered. 'Beat it, fatso,' was the reply I got. Surprisingly enough, I did not get excited – I must have had a sixth sense about him because I just said, 'Look, if you don't lower the lights the boys don't go on – and then you will have a riot. I'm the group's manager.'

"The next few minutes were a blur of uniforms and handcuffs and Chas found himself sitting in the Bridgeport jail some hours later. Unbeknown to Chas, the man he was addressing had been the local commissioner of police. In view of Chas's decision to quit the Experience because of all the travelling involved, I asked him whether the reports about Noel and Mitch giving up were true and the group splitting up altogether?

"I wouldn't blame any group giving up touring," said Chas, "but I can't see the trio splitting up – they've come too far to go back. What will probably happen is that Jimi will spend more time at home in America and naturally Noel and Mitch will want to come back to England. They may only get together for rare appearances and record sessions, but I'm sure they will go on."

What about the man who helped make Hendrix and took an important part in establishing what, at one time, was the third greatest group in the world – The Animals. Will he stay in the business?

Chas smiled and threw up his hands. "It's all I know," he smiled. And the smile was the smile on the face of a tiger. Chas has achieved too much now to be underestimated in the pop business and it is certain we'll be hearing a lot more from the big man. *Keith Altham* •



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"In America we have to find instant hits": Pete Townshend in Griffith Park, Los Angeles, February 27, 1968

“People think he’s all mouth”

But **THE WHO**’s next LP (provisionally called “Deaf Dumb And Blind Boy”) will change all that, says Roger Daltrey. Pete Townshend explains its rudiments. Keith Moon supplies mirth and the background to singles like “Dogs” and “Magic Bus”. Live, the band unveil a sensational new show (“all seats, all prices”) in Walthamstow.

— MELODY MAKER NOVEMBER 9 —

THAT’S A NASTY letter. What’s that all about?” enquired a menacing, dramatically dressed Roger Daltrey, clutching a copy of the *MM* and noting a communication by reader D Hutchinson of Edinburgh expressing the opinion The Who had “sold out” and “the Yanks can have ‘em”.

Roger looked as though he might rip the *MM* in half at any instant, dash out into the street and institute a personal search for the author and possibly strangle him with the silver chain he habitually wears at this throat. Instead he contented himself with growled imprecations, which, had they been audible above the dull thumping of Keith Moon’s nine-drum kit a room or so away, were doubtless of a forceful character.

Pete Townshend and John Entwistle, wearing expressions of aggressive indifference, clutched their guitars, and while they would not move from their important tasks in IBC’s recording studios, London to seek the detractor, should he suddenly appear in their midst by some quirk of fate, there would be no hesitation on their part in breaking instruments over his head, one felt.

The Who’s resentment at such sweeping generalisations can be easily understood when most critics and their fans agree the group are now at an all-time peak of enthusiasm and creativity. As people, they have mellowed and rounded. Their ability to react to people and situations with lightning speed remains, with sharp eyes and tongues at the ready to encourage honesty, or crucify stupidity.

Their new album, which has been taking up most of the time before their tour with Arthur Brown, which opens tomorrow (Friday), is Pete Townshend’s pop opera, a project he has been talking about for years. In a break between Pete, John and Keith laying down backing »

GETTY

tracks, the entire group and co-manager Kit Lambert adjourned in a neighbouring pub.

"The LP is about a deaf, dumb and blind boy," explained Pete under a glass of some dull English beer, designed to distend stomachs and the profits of the breweries.

I cupped my hands to my ear to hear above the noise of Kit Lambert guffawing at some jest.

"...A deaf, dumb, blind boy who's maltreated as a youngster," Pete was saying, "who develops his consciousness. When he does get his sight and hearing back at the age of 22 he becomes a divine, beautiful figure who is idolised by millions. But as a kid lots of things happen to him. His homosexual uncle who is supposed to be looking after him rapes him, for example. But none of these things worries him too much. The music is coming together and sounds very good. We want to try and get it out before Christmas. It's the most serious project we have ever worked on."

Back in the studio, Keith and Pete opened a bottle of wine after a considerable struggle, and celebrated with an impromptu dance of glee. Young technicians controlling the eight-track recording machine surveyed the scene in the studio below from their lofty control room with an imperious gaze. Pete switched from guitar to piano for one track and a most violent, funky touch rather like a cross between Louis Armstrong and Cripple Clarence Lofton, making quite a few 1926 type mistakes into the bargain, causing him to make frequent stops.

"If Pete makes a mistake, carry on so John doesn't have to keep doing it," breathed the languid voice of the Lord High Controller over mighty speakers. Later Pete took over the controls to get a satisfactory balance and a good drum sound, revealing his own advanced technical knowledge.

While Pete was fiddling about, John Entwistle, bass player and songwriter extraordinary, told me, "I've written a couple of the songs for the opera. People might say it's sick, but it's not really. It's got a very happy ending," he added hopefully.

"We've been recording for about three weeks. Roger is singing the main parts while me and Pete sing harmonies behind him, all the 'oohs' and 'ahs'. Success in the States has really pulled us together and everybody gets on well with everybody nowadays!" *Chris Welch*

— NME NOVEMBER 16 —

THE WHO ARE possibly the last of the late great British groups (saving the enormous potential of the Small Faces) who remain to face us "live" from the stage. Their continued success is largely due to the tall bony figure of Pete Townshend, who cares so intensely about what he is doing.

Last week he finished tracks with the group for their next album, "Deaf, Dumb And Blind Boy", which is likely to give the group an entirely new significance from that of "the guitar-smashing bunch" that they have been labelled in the past.

"'Magic Bus' was written about the same time as 'My Generation'," admits Pete. "I can no longer sit down with a straight face and write things like that, although I was quite serious about them at the time. Mind you, I still don't know what 'Magic Bus' is all about."

"It was recorded at a time when we had just returned from our first trip to America, having been conned left right and centre, and no-one really wanted to make a single except Kit Lambert, whose job was to see that we did. We all got absolutely paralytic drunk one lunchtime and by the time we arrived at the studio no-one cared what we did. 'Magic Bus' was just a lot of fun – Keith bashing about and Jess from The Alan Bown Set singing in that Stevie Winwood-type voice on the record. We were just all enjoying ourselves."

"It's very difficult to know just what is going to be a hit for us now, especially in America where we were not able to do those discs like 'Happy Jack', 'Pictures Of Lily' and 'I'm A Boy' which were a novelty in England because they had the strange attraction of being 'sweet songs' sung by a violent group. In America we have to find instant hits, and that's really what 'Magic Bus' is."

When I interviewed Pete he was clutching an old poster of *Gone With The Wind* in one hand – which he sacrilegiously referred to as "that cowboy picture" – and a pint of bitter »

"We've imposed a fine system!"

NME October 19 Keith Moon explains, among other things, how good behaviour is ensured on a Who tour.

MR MOON, WITH the little chocolate-button-eyes and the big button brain, is back in Britain from his long run in the US with The Who. He is here to officially declare the British pop season open – he says! This then is the unexpurgated, tape-recorded interview Keith did at the *NME* offices, where he had occasion to tear into the *Amateur Gardening* offices adjacent to *NME* and terrorise the inhabitants by yelling "WEEDS!" at the top of his voice. I offer no explanation for what is to follow, except to say I shortly expect a Fry's Shooting Star award for being the best straight man of the year!

What kind of reaction did you get on this last US tour? It was the kind of reaction we had in the early days here when we had the big mod bit going for us. We got standing ovations wherever we went, with the exception of the War Memorial Hospital.

Are you thought of there as an "underground" group? More overland really – the more ordinary, there-you-are-sir pop group.

Do you fall into the category of people like The Doors? No – they fall into their own. The category we fall into is The Who.

There does seem to be a tendency for hotel doors to mysteriously blow off their hinges when you are resident – were there any incidents of this nature? No. All in all our road managers were very good. We've imposed a fine system, you see, and anything that they do is taken off their bonus at the end of the tour. We've decided that this categorically must stop, because it is a danger to living people. I mean it's very nasty!

So how are you received now in hotels? Open arms – open arms! A friend of mine drives us to most of the hotels, a coloured chap who knows most of the managers, and of course they are only too pleased to see him. And whenever he arrives they say, "Hello... Hello Sunshine," they say, because that's his name. "Come in," they say, and we do.

Were you present at any of the riots in places like Chicago? Unfortunately we organised them rather badly and most of them got started too early. They were not supposed to begin until we got there.

Is your act still the same "smashing" routine? We've tried to stop that, but wherever we go there's always some little kids yelling "Smashyerguitar, smashyerguitar" and you can't let them go away disappointed, can you?

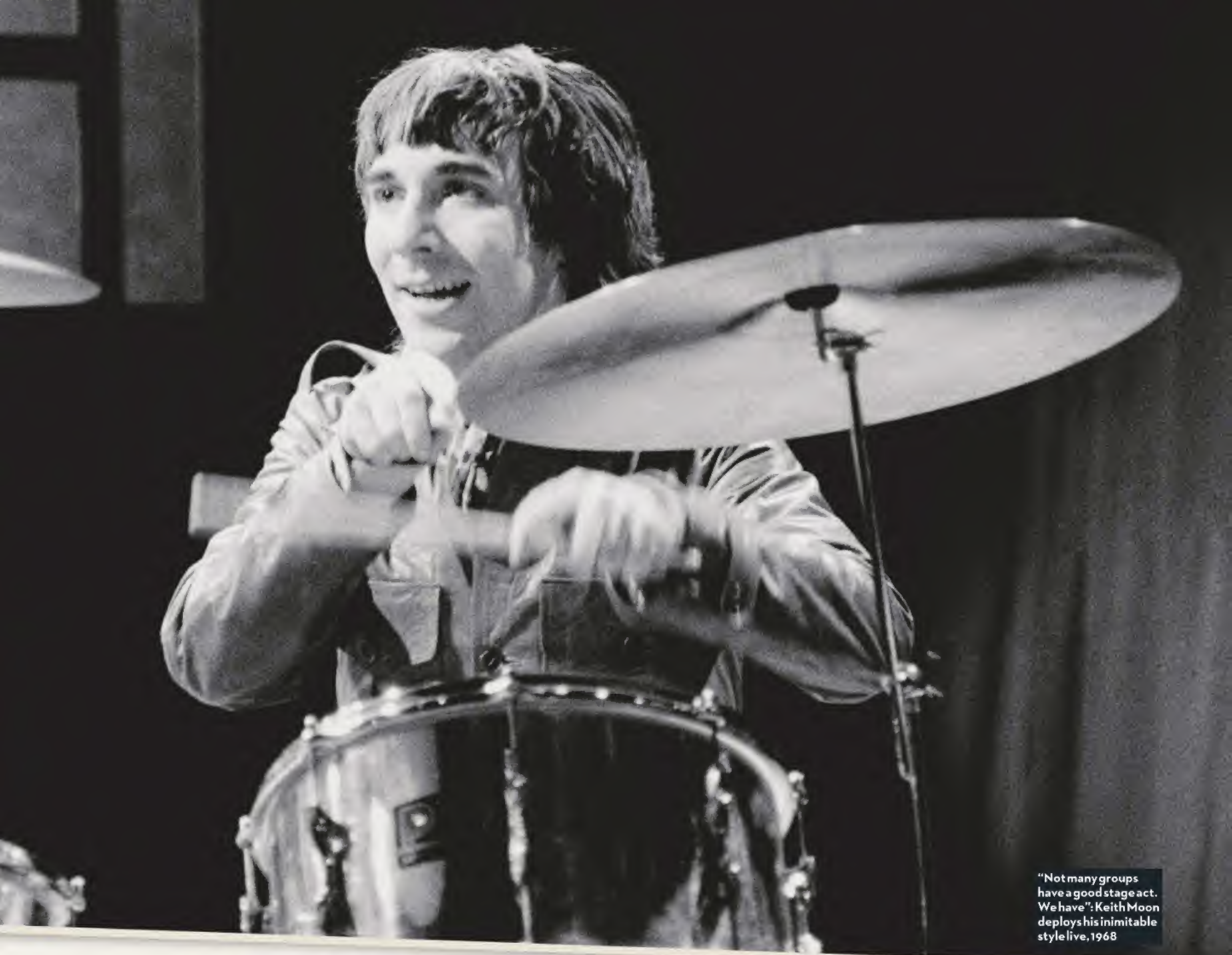
KEITH MOON'S ASK-IN GETS YOU UP-TO-DATE WITH WHO

MR. MOON, with the little chocolate-button eyes and the big button brain, is back in Britain from his long run in the

Conducted by
KEITH ALTHAM

when we had the big mod bit

INCIDENTS OF THIS NATURE? No. All in all our road managers were very good. We've imposed a fine system, you see, and anything that they do is taken off their bonus at the end of the tour. We've decided that this must stop, categorically must stop.



"Not many groups have a good stage act. We have": Keith Moon deploys his inimitable style live, 1968

What sort of reaction do you get to your albums in the US? All those that we have done, we've never been able to look back and say, "Oh yes." The one we are doing now, "Deaf, Dumb And Blind Boy", is really the first time The Who have been put over as a group.

Why is it that you feel so dissatisfied with your LPs? Really it is a question of time. We are very much in demand as a stage band. Not too many groups have a good stage act. We have. Consequently the time we have to devote to albums is not enough, but we've reached the point now where we feel we must make that time at the expense of personal appearances.

It has been said that you lost money on your first US tour? Can you explain this? It's true, of course. There was a time when we could go over and come back with less than we went with, but you have to start the machine moving. If you have some money to invest in something you think is worthwhile, you do it. The second tour we broke even and this third tour we have just completed has finally made us a profit. When I say third visit I'm not counting the weddings and 21st birthdays we went over for, of course.

Do you think pop tours in Britain have any future? There just isn't the audience. There is not a lot of point in our working over here any more, because it simply isn't worth it. We get

approximately £4,000 for a job in America and £500 for the same job in England. Then of course in the States you pay a very low tax – none of this 19/6 in the pound fiasco – you send it to a small country like "Margarine", which is just off the group of islands and you leave it there until you need it.

What went wrong with the last, lamented single "Dogs"? Why didn't it make the charts? 'Cos it was rotten and it was rubbish! We liked it at the time, because it was fun recording it. We realised it was a mistake as soon as we saw it was not selling. Then we said to each other, "It's not selling – it's a mistake!"

Do you think there is any need to differentiate between what you release as singles in America and what you issue here? Not really. We generally release it here first, but it's just a record company thing really. It's timing, you see – it takes longer for the tapes to get to America. Those tea clipper runs across the Atlantic aren't what they used to be.

You didn't release "Dogs" in America, of course? We all forgot about it, really. We forgot to even release it! Now that you've reminded me I'll have to forget it all over again.

"We get roughly £4,000 for a job in America and £500 in England"

If someone wants to see The Who live, does it now mean we will have to go to America?

No, we will be making some trips up and down Oxford Street. We've fitted our cars with "tannoys" and we're going up in a long line behind each other singing and dancing. It's a variation on the free Hyde Park Concerts.

Would you do a free concert? Yeah, I'd do it.

Would the rest of The Who do a free concert?

Ah, there you've got me. It could happen if we all happened to turn up somewhere at once. We'd all say, "Ah, there's a coincidence," and start playing. We are of course doing a few concerts with Arthur Brown next month – seats at all prices.

In the six months you have been away, have you noticed any major changes on the pop scene? Paper Dolls' skirts are shorter – legs are fatter.

People are all still waiting for the next "big thing" in pop – do you think there will be one? Well, we're back now.

So ended the ASK-IN and Keith went looking for rice puddings and yoghurt to throw at the people frequenting the "In" clubs. *Keith Altham*

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in the other. He held forth at some length about the deficiencies of Radio One.

"Radio One was supposed to replace the pirates and it has not," said Pete emphatically. "The reason so little is happening that is new is that the ex-pirate DJs who helped to make groups like us and the Stones are not allowed to feature that kind of new talent anymore. John Peel is the only DJ I know who has a free hand, and that's basically why his programme is better than anything else—most of the discs on the other shows are selected by programmers with one eye on the charts and not a musical idea in their head.

"Groups like Steppenwolf, who had a great disc released, 'Born To Be Wild', are hardly ever played on the BBC—they don't know they exist. Because it is so important and is virtually a monopoly it also inhibits what you write and you have to ask yourself if they will play it.

"To an extent, that was why we released 'Dogs'—because we knew they would pass it as fit for human consumption. They make me incredibly cross and angry when they dictate to the very people who they were supposed to replace [the pirate DJs] how it should be done."

There is no doubt that Pete is incredibly easy to interview, although his deeper philosophical ideas often weigh down his argument and you find yourself lost in a sea of imponderables.

A recent interview in the American underground paper *Rolling Stone* became so heavy he almost sank under his own intellectual weight and the inner man lay bare and almost embarrassingly vulnerable.



"They really had me over a barrel with that interview," admits Pete. "Everything just came spilling out—sometimes I get so involved that I wish I could preserve Keith's humorous approach to matters. I say about 10 paragraphs and he comes along and destroys them with one lunatic word."

It is the most frightening involvement that Pete has with his new album, "Deaf, Dumb And Blind Boy", which makes it so difficult to write about it. He has been working on the project for nearly two years and has obviously thought long and deeply over the problems. It is far from a "sick" subject, although too much attention to the subject might make it so.

"I wanted to get an appreciation of things through the eyes of someone or something that was not preconditioned by the bias of the senses," said Pete. "I thought of looking at life through the eyes of animals, adolescents and finally the deaf, dumb and blind boy. The boy registers everything in the

form of musical vibrations. That is if he is struck a blow he does not feel pain—he experiences something like the chord of G. In the beginning he is abused by his family, raped by an uncle and given drugs like LSD to help his condition.

"Because of his disabilities he develops a technique which enables him to become a pinball-playing champion. His sight begins to come back and he becomes obsessed by his own reflection in a mirror—then his hearing is restored when his mother shatters the mirror.

He finally ends up as a kind of national hero who lectures on his disabilities and how he overcame them—a kind of cross between Billy Graham and a rock'n'roll star. He founds a holiday camp (this is Moon's idea) where all the people try to become like him by wearing eye patches, ear plugs and having corks in their mouths.

"In a way I am mocking myself, because the album contains ideas and attitudes which are very important to me personally and by placing them in front of The Who they have destroyed them. It helps you put something into perspective sometimes if you can take something you really care about and laugh at it. In a small way the album is a solution to the way that might achieve divinity, because I have no faith in evolution and science only reveals another two things to be revealed."

Shocked? Puzzled? Sickened? Whatever your reaction it should be something positive, and that is what amongst other things Pete is looking for. I think it is also fair to point out that a great deal of the influences behind the work which he has explained here you might not find on the LP. You will be left to your own deductions of many of the tracks.

Other business discussed included The Who's tour, which is currently on the road, and how much longer they will continue to do live appearances. "You tend to forget what it's all about if you stop appearing on stage," said Pete. "You work out in a recording studio with instruments and all the technical hang-ups and then got out and face an audience in somewhere like Newcastle and it soon comes home.

"Someone recently wrote how good our act was and what a great guitarist I was—personally I think I'm just a flash ____!" Keith Altham •

"Radio One is virtually a monopoly – it inhibits what you write"

The Who: helping their guitarist "put things into perspective" by laughing at things that are important to him while working on the album that will become *Tommy*



PETE TOWNSHEND KEEPS THE WHO LIVE

THE WHO are possibly the last of the late great British groups (saving the enormous potential of the Small Faces) who remain to face us "live" from the stage. Their continued success is largely due to the tall boney figure of



Who and 'Bus' cut together!

“So much frenzied effort”

NME November 16 The Who click into gear second time around on a “combustible” mixed bill.

THE WHO’S “MAGIC Bus” looked like driving on right through the night as Messrs Townshend, Moon, Daltrey and Entwistle brought the Who-Arthur Brown-Joe Cocker package opening night to a guitar-smashing, drum-crashing, trouser-splitting climax at Walthamstow Granada on Friday!

But the group had looked far from happy with their first house performance and the long face of a murderous-looking Pete Townshend, returning to The Who’s dressing room, told its own story.

“They’ll really knock into each other and get themselves together for the second house,” commented a perceptive spectator in the wings. And that was just what they did – in an act that underlined how far ahead The Who are when it comes to entertaining an audience.

The thing about this highly combustible package of touring talent, compiled by Kit Lambert and Chris Stamp, is that all are 100 per cent artists and, as David Coleman was fond of repeating during that other recent display of athleticism, all we can ask for is that the performers achieve, or better, their own personal bests.

Earlier, in the dressing room, after I had experienced a typical Moon welcome and Pete Townshend had complained that the reviews of the tour hadn’t been very good so far (on the opening night!), Roger Daltrey descended from the chair he was sitting on, generously offered me his drink and when I mentioned “Magic Bus” remarked that The Who would prefer to be known as an album group!

In the past, albums hadn’t worked for them. “Quick One was the nearest we got to something good,” admitted Roger, “and live albums are no good because there is so much leaping about on stage and it wouldn’t come over. But the next album we hope will be it!”

This is the pop opera Mr Townshend has had in mind for many moons and it is now nearing completion. “He’s been talking about it for so long people think he’s all mouth,” said Roger, “but he really has written some fantastic stuff. For a while it seemed he was up against a brick wall and his writing was at a standstill. Now suddenly he has soared above it and got it together.”

I had my early doubts about their performance when I later watched The Who do the second house. But the momentum picked up and there was a marked improvement as they went through “Can’t Explain”, “Summertime Blues”, “Tattoo” and



the mini-opera from the Quick One LP, until all the attack and fire of The Who at its best was there on the shattering finale of “Magic Bus”, which went on and on, even after the curtain had closed and the audience was rising to go home.

It was nice to see so much frenzied effort, and it means that when Keith tears his shirt and trousers in shreds (to reveal black underpants), when Townshend rams mic into guitar and guitar into floor, it comes not as a distractive gimmick but as an integral part of the act.

“I’m glad we’re not staying in the same hotel as them,” sighed Arthur Brown earlier in the day, as we sat and listened to the mounting crescendo from The Who’s adjoining dressing room. Did Arthur think package tour audiences were his audiences? “It’s becoming increasingly obvious that we haven’t got an audience,” Arthur replied. “I’d much prefer people to know what we are doing before they arrive and not come if they don’t like it. Really an audience has to see us four times to understand us.”

At the end of this tour, the Crazy World returns to the States, where “Fire” has just left the Top 10. Did he see a danger of our good British groups being lured away by dollars and the larger potential of the American market; could it happen to the Crazy World?

“America is so big that, whereas in England you may find five ideal places to play, you will find 80 or maybe more in America,” said

Arthur. “Obviously we are going to be pulled by the money. We will spend a lot of time in the States and in Europe, but we will leave a lot of time for England, too. I think we have a responsibility to play here in England.”

The Crazy World is playing better than ever now that

organist Vincent Crane is back in the lineup.

“He is really incredible,” says Arthur. “He has so many directions. And Carl Palmer, the drummer, too, is brilliant. When he joined us he was a soul man but his outlook has changed.”

I wondered if there had been any trouble from the safety brigade over Arthur’s fiery act and he said he’s had a letter from one theatre with a mammoth list of regulations. Obscene language and suggestive movements were among the prohibited items, so he began practising obscene breathing, which was not

mentioned in that particular sub-paragraph of a sub-section of a regulation!

I left him talking about the men in white coats who had stood in the wings armed with fire extinguishers during his first house performance.

Perhaps that was not totally unconnected with the gremlin that hit Arthur’s second house act. Lights were dimmed; the audience sat in intense expectation waiting for the curtains to open. They stayed shut and an apologetic compere, Tony Hall, returned with the news that Arthur’s fire had gone out and was at that moment being rekindled!

Arthur soon made his delayed appearance with head afire and, winging in on a colourful luminous cloak, he went through “Nightmare”, his next single, into an act that followed closely the pattern of his Crazy World LP.

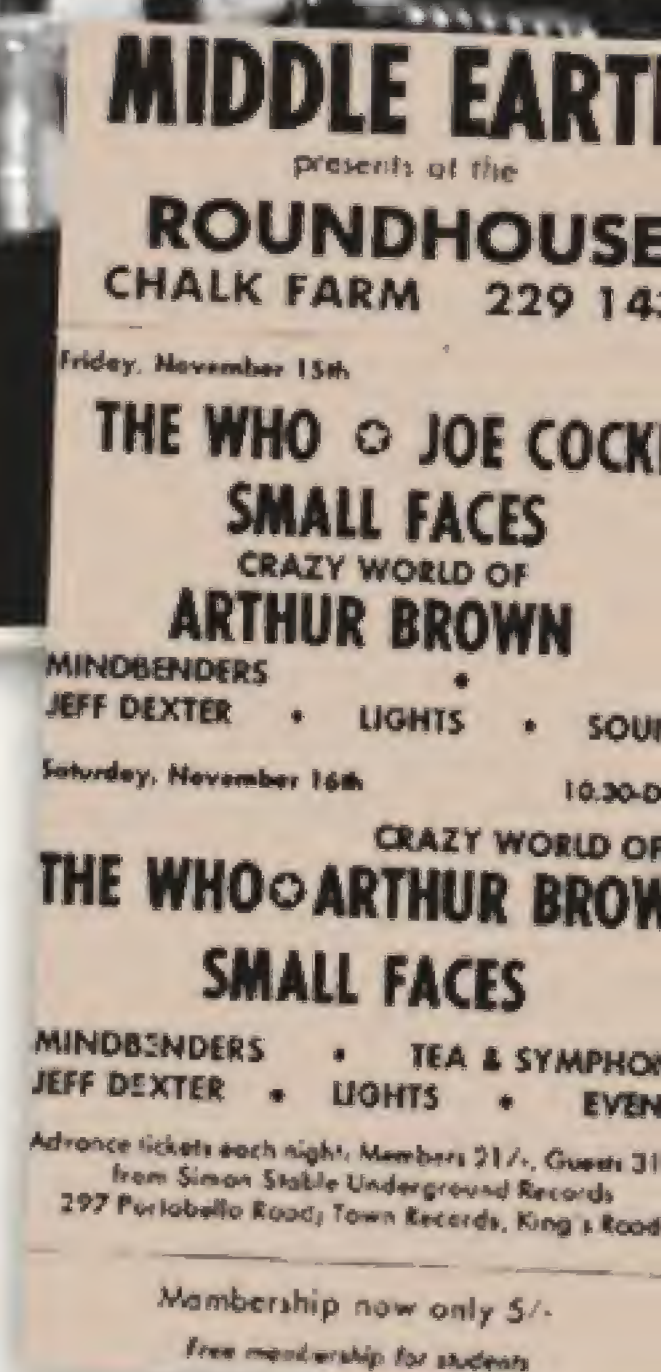
“Fire”, the finale, brilliantly embodies all that is best in the Crazy World Of Arthur Brown. Strobe lighting was used towards the end with the effect of slowing down Arthur’s death dance across the stage and making it utterly compelling viewing.

Arthur’s group warrant special mention, as do Joe Cocker’s Grease Band, who were tremendous and heard to best advantage on Joe’s opener, the Moby Grape’s “Can’t Be So Bad”. Joe Cocker’s ability to get inside a song and wring every ounce of it was expressed best through the beautifully moving Dylan number “I Shall Be Released” and his natural closer, “With A Little Help”. We all know Joe has a great future; it should be known that the Grease Band has too.

Earlier, Joe seemed apprehensive, saying they’d have to feel their way through this, their first tour, and base the act on audience reaction. And by the second house he had dropped “Let’s Get Stoned” in favour of “Marjorine”. But he was still not happy. “Four numbers are just not enough time to get us over,” he said.

Also on the bill were a new-look Mindbenders, who seemed to be on and off in a flash, but managed to show promise, and Yes!, a new group, who seemed to lack a direction. They have a good brain behind them, however, in their manager – Roy Flynn, of Speakeasy fame. Nick Logan

“Magic Bus” went on and on – even after the curtain had closed



“The potential, especially Eric’s, is ridiculous”

At the height of their fame, **CREAM** have split. Each member is beckoned by new directions: a film and new musicians (Eric Clapton), electronic music (Jack Bruce), even sculpture (Ginger Baker). At London’s Albert Hall in November, the group perform a spectacular leave-taking.

— MELODY MAKER AUGUST 17 —

PETER “GINGER” BAKER will be 29 soon, and after 13 years of beating drumkits into submission, he is at last able to relax and enjoy the fruits of success. His image among Cream fans is of a violent extrovert, mixing Irish blood with triple Scotches, and prone to throw drums at anyone who steps out of line.

His long, ginger hair, ferocious, weather-beaten expression and black leather jacket might convince the public at large that he is a recruiting officer for Hell’s Angels. Yet he is a family man only too happy to stay at peace with the world. He has now moved into a discreetly expensive part of Harrow, where large, obviously expensive cars jostle for a parking space, and Ginger can find peace to indulge in sculpture and feed tropical fish.

The financial rewards of the Cream from their months of touring America, where Baker, Eric Clapton and Jack Bruce became superstars, have given Ginger security and comfort for his wife and two children after years of hitting the long and hard road. Many good drummers have emerged since the days when Baker first shook the group scene with his »

GETTY

Eric Clapton, soon to be showered with confetti by members of the audience, Royal Albert Hall, London, November 26, 1968



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playing with The Graham Bond Organisation. While some may have equalled his speed, none have inflicted their own personality on a drumkit to such an extent, or offered such drama and excitement.

Mr Baker arrived in Fleet Street to transport the *MM* to Harrow, in a Jensen FF, a car practically tailor-made for his personality. He tends to drive with the same determination and relentless vigour that characterise his more explosive solos, so it is just as well that designers have produced a vehicle that can corner at 40mph on wet roads without sliding and a braking system that refused to lock the wheels.

"This is the safest car in the world," said Ginger, taking off in Park Lane, and only prevented by Ministry Of Transport regulations from going up to 30,000 feet. "I got the car cheap," admitted Ginger. "They cost £6,000. I got it for £5,000. It's the best car I've ever had."

My feet pressed imaginary brakes as the g-forces pushed me back in the seat, and we overtook the crawling inferior products of domestic motor design, left sniffing and clanking at the traffic lights. Even taxi drivers, doing their usual tricks of shooting out of side roads, or cutting up on the inside, sensed a beast was among them, and one sight of the monstrous bonnet kept them at bay.

We flew into Harrow at some nameless speed and if any stockbroker happened to be peering through his curtains he would have seen the tall man in heavy boots, black leather jacket and red trousers, with flaming hair tied back in a nautical knot, stomp home rather like a Viking returning to his castle after pillaging Mercia.

Ginger, his wife Liz, and children Ginnette "Netty" Karan, aged seven, and Leda "Lou", aged five months, moved into the house five weeks ago, and already Baker the artist and handyman has been at work. He has bought antique furniture, carpets, decorative weapons and the most fascinating acquisition, an 8ft-long fish tank that stretches the length of the living room wall, and provides an excellent alternative to television. In the garden, he has been chopping down trees and building a workshed and a fish pond, while in the loft he has a studio for painting and designing. In the workshed is a modern piece of sculpture made from concrete, fibreglass and steel. "I've been working on it for three years. Inside is an electric motor that flashes and sparks lights through the fibreglass. It also makes a terrible noise."

An excellent dinner was served by Mrs Baker, eaten in candlelight, while a cold, wet August wind howled grimly round the chimneys. "It's fantastically quiet here," said Ginger, carving chicken for Netty, "which is really nice and just what I need. I never want to play drums at home, or anything like that, just an occasional go at the practice pad."

"I had a blow with Phil Seaman recently and I hadn't played for five weeks. Now I've got sores on my hands. I also had a sit-in at the Bull's Head with Georgie Fame, and I must admit to having a ball."

Since the Cream returned from America and Eric's announcement that they were breaking up, rumours have been rife about Ginger's future. It was expected that he would form his own band. But while taking care of some "special brew" in the living room after dinner, Ginger declared his surprise at the early decision to quit.

"We've broken up for our holidays now, but we won't finish working until the end of the year, and we may even do a few more things after that. It depends how we feel. It can't go on forever, and I'm going to retire in three years' time anyway. I think Eric wants to move on to do more things musically than with the Cream, and rightly so. If you listen to *Wheels Of Fire*, there are none of Eric's things on it, which is wrong. What it boils

down to is we all like to write and get our musical ideas across, and it seems the only way we can do this is separately. I've talked to a few people about this.

"Musically, there is a rift. In America, me and Eric had the idea of knocking it all on the head, but I was still a bit surprised it came out so soon, because we are still working to the end of the year. This idea of just doing one

"We all want to get into different things: (l-r) Jack Bruce, Ginger Baker and Eric Clapton



"There is a rift... Eric's been feeling a bit frustrated"

concert here, I don't agree with at all. I'd like to see us do a tour here."

Is *Wheels Of Fire* the last album by the Cream? "We've got a lot more. We did four days of recording in San Francisco, and I'd like to do another studio album and show off more of Eric's ideas. I think he's been feeling a bit frustrated. All our records have been good, but material has been the problem. The best number we did was 'Tales Of Brave Ulysses'."

Did Ginger like his solo on "Toad"? "There's some good things on it. A couple of impossibles and a couple of things that didn't come off. Half of it didn't come off. Phil Seaman heard it and said half of it DID come off."

Does he ever panic if things start going wrong in a solo? "No. But you get some brick walls floating about. If you worry about them, then you're in trouble. Most people play by thinking all the time. Not many just turn on."

"No, I'm not forming a group," was the reply to the next question. "At one time I talked to Robert Stigwood, our manager, about each having our own band, doing a show, and coming together as the Cream at the end. I thought it was a good idea. I don't know what will happen now, but I think it would be insane not to carry on for another nine months, and use the rest of the things the Cream can do."

"The potential, especially Eric's, is ridiculous. There are more things that should be played and written. But apart from these hang-ups, I feel very happy. I've been playing for 13 years and now I've got some security for my wife and kids, and that's the important thing."

I observed that there were lots of good young drummers coming up. "Are there? I don't think so. And those jazz drummers are the worst. Jazz is dead. Who wants to know about all that bebop-a-lula stuff? You're only any good if you can play 'the changes'. Changes? What's that all about? What we're playing is jazz. It's what the people like. I like people and I like to play music they like. It's nice to hear their applause."

"Well, you're just an egomaniac," said Liz, keeping one eye on the Baker boots. "But I don't think you're weird." *Chris Welch*

— NME SEPTEMBER 28 —

TOPUTIT mildly, the Cream's Ginger Baker is not one of the most informative of people I've ever interviewed. Two or three weeks ago I went to see Ginger at his manager's offices, loaded with a host of questions which to my mind have yet to be satisfactorily answered... on the group's future and more pointedly on the reasons why this union of awesome potential is to be no more.

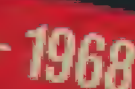
Far from elucidating any information, I came away more baffled than when I arrived. Although not the most verbose of people, it wasn't I think

GETTY



And what of the future? "We all want to get into different things that would not fit into the framework of the group. There you all need to sort of travel along the road together. We've never been like that. We all came from different places with different ideas. Eric's decided in his own mind that he is a blues guitarist, purely and simply. And I think he is the ultimate blues guitarist. He feels that is his bag and he should progress as that. I think Ginger is a bit tired. He plays very hard; he is a very physical »

Goodbye Cream, you gave us fine music. *Chris Welch*



1968

OCTOBER–DECEMBER

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drummer. I don't know if he could have kept up the pace."

Among Jack's current interests is electronic music (electronic being the best description, though much of it is various instruments at different speeds, played back or distorted). He played me a "composition", only his second, and the whole bank of equipment sprang into menacing life. Weird contrast had been achieved by inserting snatches of a child – Jack's wife's young sister – reading poetry against electronic distortions, to alarming effect.

"I want to get into things like that, that the Cream couldn't do, and writing for larger groups of musicians. But I keep changing my mind. Most of the time I don't feel I want to form a group. But things I would do would have to be for a group. The easiest and most enjoyable thing would be just to get a group together. I enjoy playing to people. The trouble is I have too many plans. But I will continue writing with Pete Brown. He really has done a lot for this group and I think he should get credit for it."

As for the Cream's future until the split comes, they are to record the entire US tour with producer Felix Pappalardi. "There are a lot of songs in the can but they are sort of sub-standard. So if we don't record any more they will just put out all that stuff, which we don't want to happen." Jack explained.

We chatted on, about the studio Jack is going to build at his new house... a piece of equipment called a Moog synthesizer he is trying to get hold of... Eric's "intellectual blues"... Alvin Lee – "I've heard he's pretty fast" – and new groups.

"There is a group in the States which could be big," said Jack. "No-one over here will have heard of them; in fact no one in the States has heard of them. 'Cept I can't remember their name," he laughed. "Oh yes, The Touch, that's it."

Jack, who confessed he was always forgetting things, offered me a lift to the station in his Ferrari but couldn't remember where he'd left the keys. Four cars and no keys!

Still, he did find them in the end. *Nick Logan*

— MELODY MAKER OCTOBER 12 —

THE CREAM ARE not now likely to split, it was exclusively revealed to *MM* this week. According to an authoritative source close to the group, the Cream will probably stay together as a group instead of splitting up at the end of the year as previously announced.

The group are currently on a "farewell" tour of America and were scheduled to perform their final London concert at the Royal Albert Hall on November 26.

But manager Robert Stigwood flew to America last week "to talk over again their plan to disband at the end of the year". Before he left for San Francisco, Stigwood told the *MM*: "I have given a great deal of thought to the possibility of Eric Clapton, Jack Bruce and Ginger Baker staying together and I shall try and persuade them to do so."

When the group announced earlier this year that they had agreed to break the group up, they said they would form three separate groups which would be managed by Robert Stigwood. Their American tour, which opened last Friday in San Francisco, will last six weeks and is estimated to earn the group \$650,000.

In this year's *MM* Pop Poll, guitarist Clapton was voted Top Musician in both the British and International sections. •



"Thrilled by the reaction"

A FANTASTIC AND HIGHLY emotional send-off for the Cream almost gave the group second thoughts about breaking up after their brilliant final performance at London's Albert Hall on Tuesday last week.

Said Eric Clapton after the show: "I was thrilled by the audience reaction – it was just too much!"

Eric, Ginger Baker and Jack Bruce were on top form for two sell-out shows and the audience rose to give them a standing ovation, refusing to leave their seats until three encores had been played. Youngsters jumped on stage to shower Eric in confetti and fans yelled, "Play your own choice!" as a cacophony of requests filled the air.

"They've all gone mad," muttered Ginger from behind his battery of drums.

The group have worked hard and produced fine music for over two years, and now is the time for them to branch out and do new things. A happy and surprised Eric talked about the Cream's farewell and his future this week.

"The show stunk; it positively stunk!" said Eric (and for reader Jim Thug, of Leyton, who takes everything seriously, he was joking, of course).

"We haven't played here for – well, I don't know how long – over a year, and I had no idea we were so popular. I was amazed we played to such full houses. I didn't think anybody would remember us. Of course, it gave us second thoughts about breaking up, but it would be unfair to change everybody's plans now.

"I've enjoyed playing very much. Those encores were a bit strange! I'd like to have done a couple more numbers, but our equipment was giving trouble before we finished the first time. It was really a fine evening for me, and I felt very excited. Before we went on, I was as nervous as I have ever been. I always remembered English audiences as being rather cold, yet they were so great."

What's happening next? "We've got an album to do – some of it live. We recorded three studio tracks in London last week. We want to get it finished and out as soon as we can. Also, I'm probably going to

Melody
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OCTOBER 12, 1968

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including –

CREAM NOT
TO SPLIT UP



TRUTH ABOUT
TOM JONES



MARY'S LIFE
AT THE TOP

"I had no idea we were so popular": Eric Clapton is taken aback by the concertgoers' response. "They've all gone mad," is Ginger Baker's view



MM December 7 Supported by Yes and Taste, the Cream bid goodnight with a brace of dates at the Royal Albert Hall.

do a film in Hollywood." Pause for gasp of surprise. Wot - acting?

"No, producing. It's an idea I've cooked up with some friends and I'm putting the money behind it. I can't tell you the subject without destroying the point of the film. It's like an Alfred Hitchcock thriller where you can't come in after the start, or give away the ending. But I can tell you it will be in Cinerama with eight-track sound.

"I've also started writing songs and I want to start work on my own album about Christmas. I want to work with American musicians because most of the good English musicians I know are already in groups and seem settled. I saw John Mayall in America, and we jammed together. His guitarist, Micky Taylor, is very good, frightening. But it's a strange thing; John seems to be going back. He's playing exactly the same as in the old days.

"I worked with a couple of American musicians in New York, Chuck Rainey on bass and Herbie Lovelle on drums, who I'd like to bring here to record. But first I want to get into my house in the country and get some solitude."

Opening the Tuesday-night concert were Yes, a highly impressive group featuring nice harmonies, good lead vocals, a balanced sound and clever arrangements. Their music

was intelligent and tasteful.

They played a selection from *West Side Story* that went on a trifle too long, but featured some fine drumming. Some of their stop-timing and use of dynamics was quite electrifying.

John Peel must be Britain's only at once intelligent, funny, informative and popular compere, and such a relief from all those dire idiots who have made us cringe with embarrassment at most so-called "pop" shows. He linked the act with a kind of quiet cheek and non-pushy confidence that brought much laughter and applause. Actually, he should learn a few stock jokes and in a few years - the Royal Variety Show!

The Taste proved a personal disappointment, although they were well received, apart from somebody laughing heartily during a particularly passionate blues ditty. Perhaps they were nervous, but the lead guitarist seemed to be playing a lot of dodgy chords, and "Summertime" did not convince. I'll never know why groups fall for this tune. The Mark Leeman Five were playing it four years ago - and it was lousy then.

The Cream were so great it seemed more of a shame than ever they are splitting. All the famous tunes were there... "White Room", "I'm So Glad", "Sitting On Top Of The World",

"Crossroads" and "Toad".

Jack Bruce still ranks with Stevie Winwood as one of the few great British group singers, and he attained a peculiar intensity to his performance, while his bass playing was both driving and inventive. Ginger - using no less than seven cymbals and a selection of tom-toms that practically allows him to roll up and down the scale - played one of the most fluid and splendidly together solos I've ever heard. At the climax, Jon Hiseman, who was sitting next to Dick Heckstall-Smith, leaned over to shout to me, "Nothing could beat that except the Titanic!"

Ginger went straight ahead, without a pause for mental "brick walls", as he calls them, without losing interest. And it was great to hear him use such a lot of snare drum as well as the rolling double bass drums and tom-toms.

"Play your own choice," yelled a fan during the storm of applause, and after "Sunshine Of Your Love", Eric treated us to "Steppin' Out".

"Thank you, Eric!" was the yell this time, and there was a warmth and atmosphere that took one back to the old days of Zoot Money and Spencer Davis-type groups, although really I couldn't remember a reception like it. Chris Welch

THE HISTORY OF ROCK

1967



FROM THE ARCHIVES OF
NME & MELODY MAKER
THIS MONTH: 1967!

STARRING...

JIMI HENDRIX

"I don't like to stay
in one place"

THE PINK FLOYD

THE BEATLES

BEACH BOYS

TRAFFIC

DUKE ELLINGTON

ROLLING STONES

CREAM

BEE GEES

THE MONKEES

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1965



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THIS MONTH: 1965!

STARRING...

THE BEATLES

"We're growing up!"

BOB DYLAN

ROLLING STONES

THE BYRDS

JOHN COLTRANE

WALKER BROTHERS

THE WHO

MARIANNE FAITHFULL

PLUS! YARDBIRDS | SONNY & CHER | KINKS | ANIMALS | BURT BACHARACH

THE HISTORY OF ROCK

1966



FROM THE ARCHIVES OF
NME & MELODY MAKER
THIS MONTH: 1966!

STARRING...

BOB DYLAN

"I don't want to lie to you"

THE BEATLES

BEACH BOYS

STEVIE WONDER

ROLLING STONES

THE CREAM

ROY ORBISON

THE WHO

SIMON & GARFUNKEL

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Readers' letters

MM OCT-DEC "The White Album", blues bashing and concertgoers who rustle...

BEATLES: DEEP OR DISMAL?

Today I am selling all my eight Beatles LPs. Gone are the four smiling faces delivering good tunes and melodic backing. Now we have to listen to monotonous, gimmick-ridden, sensationalist trash. Yet The Beatles are still defended by the musical papers as though they were the pivot of the shaky world.

MUNRO TEALE, Southport, Lancs (MM Dec 7)

Many critics are under the impression The Beatles' new LP is going back and is not original. This is not so. Many artists will follow The Beatles along this line. The tunes are simple, yet deep and sincere – a great change from the meaningless din of Hendrix and the Cream.

DIANA FENTON (Miss), Douglas, Isle Of Man (MM Dec 7)

One thing emerges from The Beatles' new album – they are no longer a creative talent. They struggle desperately to mimic Donovan's fairytale meanderings while trying at the same time to "blow our minds" in the shape of some pitiful Hendrix-style music.

PAUL HODGES, Bromsgrove, Worcs (MM Dec 7)

Beatles – clothe your bodies and let us see your lyrics naked. I find your dressed-up lyrics confusing and your unclothed bodies rather ordinary.

TOM HOPEKIND, Wormley, Herts (MM Dec 7)

Pop progressives call for a more meaningful approach to music. The Wallpaper-Bubblegum sect cry out for simplicity. The Beatles succeeded years ago and as a result have deservedly retained their position at the top of the scale.

CEVANS, Tredegar, Monmouth (MM Oct 19)

SURNAME SOLECISM

Somebody please have a word in Tony Blackburn's ear and tell him it's Mary Hopkin, not Hopkins.

R HARRISON, Great Yarmouth. (MM Oct 19)

THE BRIT BLUES DEBATE

I feel very strongly about blues groups such as Fleetwood Mac, Chicken Shack and John Mayall

having a bad influence on teenagers with their unkempt and scruffy appearance. I cannot comprehend their increasing popularity, and fail to find anything attractive about the noise they produce, which everyone I know thinks is rubbish. The proof is their position in the chart. Has John Mayall ever had a No 1?

GEORGE PIGGOT, Epsom, Surrey (MM Oct 5)



Surely Mr Piggot is joking? So John Mayall, Fleetwood Mac and Chicken Shack play rubbish and the proof is their lack of hit records? As far as I can see the Pop 30 is hardly a very accurate guide as to what is rubbish and what is not.

I would point out to Mr Piggot that all three groups have had records in the LP chart. But perhaps Mr Piggot failed to notice this in his eagerness to inform us that nobody he knows like them.

GUY COOPER, secretary, Leicestershire Blues Appreciation Society, Loughborough (MM Oct 19)

As John Mayall has said: "Blues is a reflection of a man's life", and since most blues is about the basic trouble, worry and dissatisfaction of life, do you really think, Mr Piggot, that a bluesman could portray these feelings sincerely if he wore a suit or flower shirt which suggests the opposite?

PADDY CASE, Oxford (MM Oct 19)



No, George Piggot, John Mayall has never had a No 1. Neither have Maria Callas,

Yehudi Menuhin, Ravi Shankar, Spike Milligan, the Band Of The Coldstream Guards, the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and one or two others. How does "everyone you know" feel about these artists?

JACKIE HAYDEN, Sandyford, Co Dublin (MM Oct 19)

COMBINATION PLATTERS

For those MM readers who are trying to choose between pop, blues and soul, I suggest they listen to some of the old Hendrix and Cream LPs. These records combine all categories and provide entertainment for all.

MISS JANE GOULD, Rushden, Northants (MM Oct 19)



GO WITH GROOVES

Isn't it about time even Chris Welch (MM 21/9/68) dropped the idea that a group should be judged by its live performances? All the best groups – Beatles, Stones, Cream, Doors, etc – sound better on record. There need be nothing phoney in this. Since we live in the electronic age, why not take advantage of it and allow the inventive resources of both groups and engineers to produce the fullest possible effect? Pop, in the end, means records and not £2 tickets at the Roundhouse.

JANE FEAVER, Newcastle-on-Tyne (MM Oct 5)

SHOUTING OUT

Mary Hopkin gets to the top with a melodic, simple, sincere tune and Paul McCartney says in the MM that he wants to make her "shout". I would have thought her success was a clear indication that this is just what isn't wanted. Could it not be that "shouters" may be on the way out?

JOAN BRENT, London (MM Oct 5)

EARS VS EYES

No wonder people get fed up performing at London clubs. Last night at the Marquee I was permanently having to strain my ears to hear Duster Bennett and the Fairport Convention over the noise of magazine pages being turned. No less than three people had their noses buried in copies of *Melody Maker* and were obviously completely unaware of anything that was going on on stage. This seems a waste of money to me as they could surely read anywhere without paying to go into a club. As they were reading the MM perhaps they will see this letter and take the hint – if they must read they should go somewhere other than a club where people are trying to listen.

MISS GIL ANDREWS, London NW2 (MM Dec 14)

Are you converted to play stereo LP's?

You can play stereo LP's on mono players. But you need a special BSR cartridge first. Otherwise the sound is very flat. For the records, ask at your record shop. They'll know all about it. And they'll change the cartridge for you. It'll cost you about 30p. Then you can play stereo and mono records on the same player. OK?

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1968

MONTH BY MONTH



Coming next... in 1969!

SO... THAT WAS 1968. Hope you dug it. But that's far from it from our reporters on the beat. The staffers of *NME* and *Melody Maker* enjoyed unrivalled access to the biggest stars of the time, and cultivated a feel for the rhythms of a diversifying scene; as the times changed, so did they. While in pursuit of the truth, they unearthed stories that have come to assume mythical status.

That's very much the territory of this monthly magazine. Each month, *The History Of Rock* will be bringing you verbatim reports from the pivotal events in pop culture, one year a month, one year at a time. Next up, 1969!

THE ROLLING STONES

FILM EXECUTIVES CONFESS to finding *Performance* "unintelligible", but that may be the least of Mick Jagger's concerns. As the year progresses, however, it becomes apparent that The Rolling Stones are entering their finest hour.

DAVID BOWIE

AFTER SEVERAL YEARS of promise in beat groups, a young and delicate creature strikes out on his own. He comes from an Arts Lab in Beckenham. "There isn't one pseud involved," says Bowie. "All the people are real – like labourers or bank clerks."

THE BEATLES

FILMS. PEACE. JAMS with Dylan and Clapton. Solitude. The four Beatles have never seemed less like a group, but paradoxically are working harder than ever. "I don't want to talk about Paul without him being here," says John Lennon.

PLUS

Blind Faith!

Bob Dylan!

Fleetwood Mac!

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THE HISTORY OF **ROCK** 1968

Every month we revisit long-lost *NME* and *Melody Maker* interviews and piece together *The History Of Rock*. This month: 1968 — the complete guide to the year that rock got the blues. “I’ve been waiting so long/To be where I’m going...”



Relive the year...

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THE DOORS CONVERTED LONDON

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AND LAUNCHED APPLE**

...and **JIMI HENDRIX**, **THE ROLLING STONES**,
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shared everything with *NME* and *MELODY MAKER*

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